













*Friendly  
China*







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China*

TWO THOUSAND MILES AFOOT  
AMONG THE CHINESE

By  
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# *Chronology of Chinese Dynasties\**

Hsia .....	?	-ca. 1766 B.C.	
Shang (also called Yin) .....	ca. 1766 B.C.	-ca. 1122 B.C.	
Chou .....	ca. 1122 B.C.	-	256 B.C.
Western Chou .....	1122-771		
Eastern Chou .....	771-256		
After 256 the state of Ch'in effectively controlled most of China; its ruler took the title of "Emperor" in 221.			
Ch'in .....	221 B.C.	-	207 B.C.
Former (Western) Han .....	207 B.C.	-A.D.	8
Hsin (interregnum of Wang Mang and revo- lution) .....	A.D.	9	- 25
Later (Eastern) Han .....	25	-	220
The Three Kingdoms .....	220	-	265
Wei ....	220-265		North China
Shu Han .	221-264		Southwest China
Wu ....	222-265 (280)		Southeast China
Western Chin .....	265	-	316
Eastern Chin .....	317	-	420
Six Dynasties (includes Wu and Eastern Chin)	220	-	589
Sui .....	589	-	618
T'ang .....	618	-	906
The Five Dynasties .....	906	-	960
Northern Sung .....	960	-	1127
Southern Sung .....	1127	-	1279
Yuan .....	1260	-	1368
Ming .....	1368	-	1644
Ch'ing .....	1644	-	1912
Republic of China .....	1912	-	....

\* Courtesy of the Freer Gallery, Washington, D.C.





## *How to Pronounce Chinese Names*

THE CHINESE speak with a singing effect and the meaning depends on the intonation, context, and relative emphasis, which in writing are expressed by a particular character or several. This cannot be done with our alphabet, but English, German, and American authorities have proposed systems of spelling according to the way either one heard Chinese pronounced; they naturally differ; the Chinese dialects also differ, but the following suggestions will suffice to give the reader an approximation to the pronunciation.

Vowels are pronounced as in Italian or French, usually not as in English; consonants as in English, with few exceptions.

*a* as in *father*

*e* or *é* as in *men*

*h* as *h* or as *hs* before *i*

*k* as in *king*, but softer

*ki* still softer, as *g* in *gone*

*k'* as in *kick*, very hard

*o* as in *mote*

*t* soft, as *d*

*t'* hard, as in *tilt*

*u* as *oo* in *boot*

*ai* as *i* in *ice*

*au* as *ow* in *how*

*ei* as *ey* in *they*

*ou* as *o* in *show*

*ui* as *we* in *we*

*ch* as *ch* in *church*

*ch'* as *g* in *gone*

The list might be extended, but these suggestions will enable the reader to form an idea of the Chinese pronunciation. The correct tone, intonation, and emphasis can be attained only by long practice. Sooner an Irishman with a strong brogue might speak mellifluous French.

See "Syllabary of Chinese Sounds," by Dr. Friedrich Hirth, in *Research in China* (Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1907), Vol. I, Part II, chapter xviii.

[EDITORIAL NOTE: Spellings of well-known names in present use are according to *Webster's Dictionary*.]



## Preface

THIS BOOK presents the narrative of a long walk through China during nine months of 1903-4, as recorded in letters written at the time. It is an intimate, personal account, published at this time to promote an understanding of the Chinese people, whose steadfast self-respect and unalterable philosophy of life are forgotten in the turmoil of recent political events.

The trip was made about two years after the Boxer troubles had been put down. That uprising against the foreigner, directed by officials under orders from the Empress, had not aroused the people outside of the treaty ports and missionary centers. When courteously approached, individuals responded courteously, according to their manners and customs. They constituted a friendly China. I am confident the masses have not changed.

The expedition originated in scientific curiosity to learn something of the geography and geology of Asia, primarily with reference to our very remote ancestor who appears in this narrative as Adam Trilobite. He is indeed remote, his most direct modern descendant being the king crab. The studies in geology resulted in a monographic work entitled *Research in China*, published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D.C., in 1907.

The story carries the reader from the scientific and diplomatic circles of Washington along our route, through certain familiar capitals of Europe and across Siberia to Peking; thence into eastern China to the Province of Shantung and back to Peking at Christmas time. The next lap led westward, up to the Buddhist monastery of Wut'ai-shan, on the eastern border of the Tibetan plateau, and thence south to the great city of T'ai-yüanfu, scene of a massacre by Boxers. Proceeding southward, we reached Sian-fu, a capital city three thousand years ago, and, crossing the Tsinling Shan, the central mountain ranges of China,

we descended to the Yangtze River above the First Gorge and closed the trip at Ichang, the head of steamboat navigation.

I was accompanied by Eliot Blackwelder, geologist, and by R. H. Sargent, topographer. The maps, executed by Sargent, were the first of their kind of any considerable area of China for accuracy and topographic expression and won for the expedition in 1910 a gold medal from the Geographical Society of France.

It has long been my habit to illustrate my letters by pencil sketches. I pursued the practice in China and a number of them are herein offered to give the reader a graphic suggestion of what I saw. However, I must admit that I did not actually see the Rain Dragons of the Liu-yüé-ho, though I have no doubt the coolies thought they did. I have chosen as their representatives two which I sketched in the Oriental Section of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876.

If you would like to meet the Friendly Chinese and share our experiences among them I invite you to come along.

Forty-five years have elapsed since we walked across China. The Chinese have suffered invasion and civil war. Their leaders have adopted Western ways of thinking, Western forms of organization. They have failed, and China is threatened once more by conquerors from the North. They may prevail, they may rule, even as the Mongols and Manchus have ruled—as tax gatherers. But the Chinese people, Chinese principle, remain and will remain unchanged, unchangeable.

That principle is self-respect; self-respect which binds the individual to his forefathers and to his posterity in a bond that death does not dissolve.

To our shallow past, to our limited perspective, the blows that China has received seem vital. History says: "Not so."

China is a fathomless pool of humanity. In its depths, in the womb of time, germinates a future worthy of the great past.

BAILEY WILLIS

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*Friendly China*



I

*Washington, D.C.*

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO CHINA TO LOOK FOR ADAM  
TRILOBITE?—WHO WAS HE?—WALCOTT'S INTEREST IN HIM—  
\$25,000 TO EXPLORE CHINA—A GEOLOGIST AND HIS HOME—  
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS—WHAT THE AMBASSADORS SAID  
—*OLENELLUS* A DESCENDANT OF ADAM TRILOBITE—  
HOW WALCOTT FOUND HIM IN VIRGINIA—I NEED  
A PALEONTOLOGIST—ELIOT BLACKWELDER

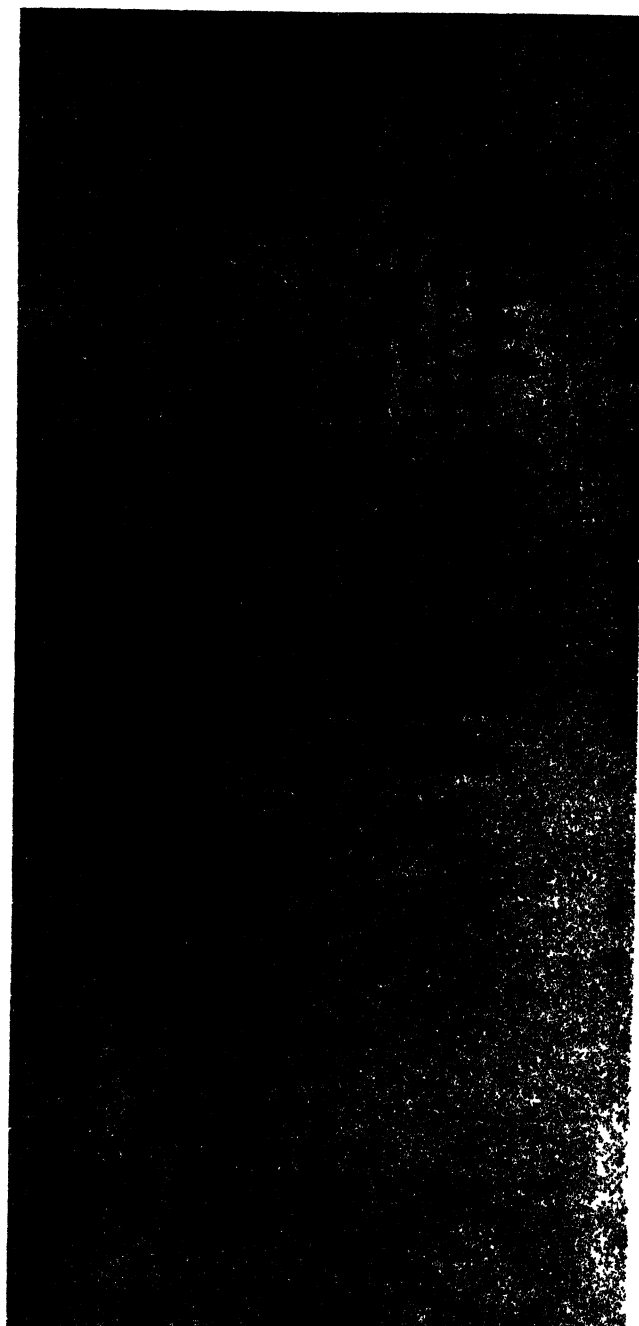
MEETING ME one morning in the spring of 1904, in the hall of the United States Geological Survey in Washington, the Director, Charles D. Walcott, inquired casually: "Would you like to go to China?" I had not been thinking of going to China, but I knew that I would be glad to follow in the footsteps of the great geologists and explorers, Ferdinand von Richthofen and Raphael Pumpelly, whose reconnaissances in the 1860's had initiated geological research in that still unknown country.

Walcott was Director of the Survey, a trustee of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and in the confidence of Andrew Carnegie himself. He had a grant of \$25,000 for a cherished project and was offering me the opportunity. It had to do with fossils. As a country boy the Director had caught crayfish. As a student he had collected fossil trilobites, the remote ancestors of crayfish, in the limestone of Trenton Falls, New York. Now from crayfish to trilobite the family line extends back many million years; from trilobite to a primordial common ancestor, to Adam Trilobite, how many more millions? And what had Adam Trilobite looked like? How near the beginning of life was he?

It happened that a clue to the answer had been found by Stuart Weller, paleontologist, when geologizing with me in the Rocky Mountains of Montana in 1901. The cliffs that there face eastward over the Great Plains consist of ancient strata in which are preserved black fragments of what might have been the carapace of Adam Trilobite or of his near relatives. They are fragments of chitin, a horny development of skin, like a callous. The forms suggest legs or other parts of something akin to trilobites, but they are so compressed and distorted that they leave much to be desired. It was hoped that something more definite might be found in China, where von Richthofen had observed old limestones of indefinite antiquity, that spurred Walcott, the indefatigable scientist, to ask me: "Would you like to go to China?"

The international relations of China with the European powers interested me little or not at all. I had heard of the Boxer Rebellion, that revolt of conservative Chinese against the intrusions of foreigners. I was told that hundreds of missionaries and thousands of Chinese Christians had been massacred; that the Empress had ordered foreigners in Peking to be killed; that our legation had withstood a long siege. But that was all over, two years past. The Chinese had been punished, they were good, except perhaps for a few fanatics in the interior.

I called upon the Chinese ambassador to Washington with a letter from Walcott, and was received with grave courtesy. As a Chinese, the Ambassador cherished a profound respect for learning; being an American graduate he appreciated the exalted spirit of inquiry that directed research, even to remote and visionary ends. He chose the characters for my visiting card by which I would present my name and standing to anyone I might meet. They were three in number: an ideograph pronounced Wei, a second Li, and a third Ssü, i.e., "Willis," when correctly pronounced. And if translated they described me as an honored, distinguished scholar. The Ambassador was not being merely polite. A scholar might command respect and be safe in China where a common man might not.



*Wei*

Distinguished

*Li*

Honorable

*Ssü*

Scholar

My Chinese visiting card



The Ambassador passed from courtesy to cordiality with a friendliness that I attributed to his respect for Walcott and the Carnegie Institution. He assured me of the co-operation of his government, asked for a definite itinerary at the earliest possible moment in order that officials along the route might be advised in advance, and urged me to call upon the great viceroy, Yuan Shih-kai, in Peking soon after arriving in the capital. And he suggested, as though it were an afterthought, that it might be well to advise his colleagues in Washington of the scientific purpose of the expedition.

I did so in person. The Englishman took it for granted that any difficulties would be overcome and simply advised me to be guided by the British ambassador to China in Peking. The Russian spoke of the interest of the Czar in scientific research, particularly in Asia, and gave me the impression that I would be well received in St. Petersburg. The French ambassador was politely indifferent. It might be just as well to postpone the trip till foreign control was extended to the interior; the risk, however, would be mine. The German ambassador alone seemed definitely opposed, yet he too was diplomatic. It would hardly be possible to explore freely beyond the protection of foreign influence. The Carnegie Institution would be wise to postpone the expedition. In time conditions might change for the better—"*sich verbessern*." The fanaticism of ignorant mobs constituted a very real danger, which was unpredictable. And he related the experience of a German traveler about whom a crowd of villagers had gathered as he sketched a monument. A child seated herself on it and he included her figure in the sketch. They thought he had stolen her spirit. They fell upon him and beat him. He was fortunate to have escaped with his life, which he owed probably only to the fact that the district had recently been punished for Boxer activities. I got a notion he was trying to frighten me. However, he agreed to advise Berlin of my strictly scientific purpose.

Only later I learned the reasons for the German's attitude. He knew that in following the footsteps of von Richthofen I



must traverse the provinces of Shantung in the east and of Shansi on the western central plateau, where there are extensive coalfields. Germany had her eye on them. She wanted no interference. The pretense of searching for a fossil ancestor was pretty thin. In Peking, I realized that France and Russia also might be distrustful. There the British ambassador to China showed me in confidence a secret map, "which I am not supposed to know exists," said he. On it were sketched the boundaries for a partition of China. Germany would take all of the eastern part of the country north of the Yangtze River, comprising the great river plains and the coalfields; Russia would come down to Peking. France would come up from the southwest. To secure British assent it would be necessary to leave her the Yangtze Valley, which she controlled anyhow, since she had Shanghai. It might have been had not Japan defeated Russia. But I really meant to look for Adam Trilobite.

I was not at all sanguine of success. Adam might be as well hidden as his descendant, *Olenellus* of Cambrian age, who lorded it over the organic world some four or five hundred million years ago. Like Genghis Khan he dominated his realm and, like that and other human dynasties, his declined and vanished. Individuals were entombed here and there at the bottom of some shallow sea, and covered by succeeding layers of sediment. If one could split the rock on that plane *Olenellus* would lie exposed to view. Many of the family and relatives had been found and placed in cases, duly labeled as marking the Cambrian age of the rock.

It happens that in the Blue Ridge of Virginia there is a very hard white rock, a quartzite, in which no fossils had ever been found and the age of which remained unknown. Walcott was convinced it was of the Cambrian and he had searched long and diligently for *Olenellus*, the date marker, but in vain. He and I spent a hot July day at a glaring white exposure on the bank of the Potomac, where the covering soil had been blasted away for the railroad. All day we broke and broke the obdurate quartzite, seeking, hoping, to split it where *Olenellus* lay. In

vain. Said Walcott: "Let us take the train to Staunton. Near it there is a pleasant little inn." In the morning we sat on the porch looking across the Valley of Virginia to the Blue Ridge, four miles distant. The quartzite formed a minor frontal ridge, which was cut through by an inconspicuous ravine. "Come on," said Walcott, "Olenellus is waiting for us there. He has been waiting a long time—too long." As we entered the ravine, where a brook rippled enticingly over the scarcely rounded waste from the ridge, Walcott picked up a slab. On its flat surface it bore the fossils we sought. They were numerous, no more so than at the exposure by the river, but the weathered rock split on the bedding planes where Olenellus lay. That possibility Walcott had foreseen; else we had returned empty-handed to Washington, as others had done before us.

Could I hope to be as keen in seeking the burial place of Adam Trilobite in unknown China?

I would have been glad to have had an experienced paleontologist as my companion. It is a special breed of geologist, one with a searching eye to detect a line, a shadow, an irregularity in the surface of the rock, which betrays the broken edge of a shell or its petrified form beneath the surface. But paleontologists are apt to become petrified too. The older, experienced men I invited regarded the chance of complete failure in seeking the Adam of trilobites as too serious to warrant the waste of time: one of them, indeed, frankly said he could not risk his assured contribution to science on such a hazard. He might be killed, the loss would be irretrievable. Eliot Blackwelder, a graduate student at the University of Chicago, placed a more modest estimate on his future worth or thought it might be enhanced by the experience. He came along and the record of his career in research and teaching has long since justified his decision.

Our route was laid through Europe and Siberia. We were to attend the International Congress at Vienna in August, as official delegates from the United States, and there were some weeks available for study and preparation. These I spent at my home

on the Fox Islands, off the coast of Maine, where two little mariners trimmed the sails of their toy boats to the stiff Atlantic breezes, while I laid my course around the world.



## II

### *Boston to London*

THE ATLANTIC IN COLOR AND FUN—THE IRISH COAST—  
BANTRY CASTLE, OUR ANCESTRAL HOME?—LONDON, FAMILIAR  
LONDON—SIMPSON'S SINCE 1723, THE SAVOY, THE AMERICAN  
QUICK LUNCH—LORD LANSDOWN SENDS US ON OUR  
WAY WITH HELPFUL INTRODUCTIONS

WITH a steady ship and a following sea, the big, blue rollers hurling their whitecaps after us in a stiff nor'wester, little fleecy clouds scudding away toward the horizon, beyond which lie Europe, Siberia, and China—our destination. What more could a man want? Well, I would like to see Margaret over there in that deck chair. The whitecaps remind me of the time when in a dinghy race off the Fox Islands we jibed—and capsized. As I pulled her on to the keel, she came up gamely, laughing but scolding a bit. If I had just hung on to the sheet a moment longer till she brought the boat up this would not have happened. She held the helm, of course.

She would like the lights and shadows of this sea, if I could catch them. I climbed an iron ladder, not used by passengers, to the top of a deckhouse and snuggled down behind a lifeboat to try. The sketch was nearly finished when the bo'sun and a jack tar came around on business. "Werry nice, Sirr, werry nice," says the bo'sun, with a but-you'd-better-get-down kind of tone.

"And no objection to my coming up again?" I interjected, putting a shilling in his horny palm. "By no means, Sirr, by no means. Would you like a small bench, Sirr? I'll bring you one."

That was this afternoon, while the sun was still slightly veiled, though the eastern sky was blue and the ocean under it was blue,

so deep a blue, so cold a blue, and yet so warm a color in the shadows that I found no pigment to express it. Could I have ground to powder my seal of lapis lazuli and mixed it with heart's blood, I might have painted those deeps of color.

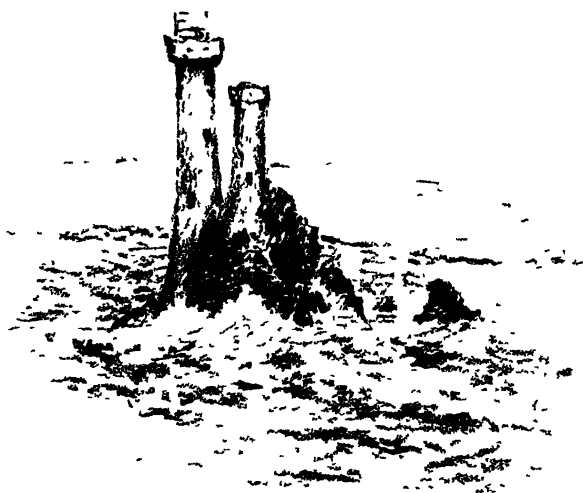
We left Boston yesterday, July 28, and the *Saxonia* is making 350 miles a day toward Queenstown. It promises a speedy passage, my third. Of the first, in 1870, I remember little. I do recall, however, the winter in Torquay, Devonshire, and much of the four years in Europe, the training in a German public school (severe, but salutary), and climbing in the Alps. On the return voyage, in 1874, I was a serious-minded youth, headed for the education of a mining engineer at Columbia's School of Mines, in New York. I then had no intention of becoming a geologist, but here I am at the head of an expedition to China for geological exploration—and I'd rather paint.

Eliot, Eliot Blackwelder, graduate student of Chicago, takes after his ancestors of the Schwartzwald. Steady, thorough, he is applying himself determinedly and with some success to the study of Russian. He already pronounces *p* as *r*, *h* as *n*, and can write *smashtchina* with one letter. I am supposed to be acquiring Chinese, the Mandarin Kanhua, and am not altogether discouraged. I have hopes.

We play shuffleboard and become acquainted with unused muscles and fellow passengers, with whom we sympathize. But today, when I asked the gaunt old sailor who does it to chalk up the board on the deck he said reprovingly: "Not today, Sirr. This is Sunday." The choice between service in the salon, the Captain officiating, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, and a Catholic priest being embarrassing, I made my devotions in solitude on the after deckhouse, worshiping the ancient sun god. He was veiled, but shimmered through mist and cloud, and the sea vibrated responsively with tones of emerald and purple.

We have made good progress and will reach Queenstown about Wednesday noon. As we went to dinner this evening a news bulletin from the *Philadelphia*, which passed somewhere below our horizon, said the new Pope had not yet been chosen on

Saturday. So in mid-Atlantic we are in touch with the news of the world. Our prospective schedule means Liverpool and London Thursday. Could we run up the Bristol Channel, we would be in Bristol some six or eight hours sooner by steamer and London by rail in two hours instead of four. But Liverpool, with its eight miles of docks and nearness to the manufacturing districts of middle England, is The Port, and Bristol, though now trying to attract trade, cannot hope to compete with the established order.



Fastnet Light

While dressing this Wednesday morning I heard someone say: "Land in sight," and when I got on deck there was a line of hills in the mist, the sentinels of County Cork. For centuries men have looked anxiously out from this Irish coast, perhaps fearing the Spanish Armada or watching for the war dogs of Britain. We passed the Channel Fleet, seven big battleships and three cruisers, too far away to see details, but looming large enough to suggest the power they represent. They have been escorting the King and are bound for Bantry Bay.

We are passing landmarks known to all mariners who have come this way since the Stone Age: Fastnet, Squibereen, the Old

Head of Kinsale, guardians of the port for Cork. The embayed coast unfolds as we steam by, at first high and rugged, then lower but still cliff-girt and broken by little coves, beyond which are smooth, green slopes. Yonder sails a coaster with dark red mainsail and white topsail. She is headed for a village of white-washed cottages, above which in a group of trees rise the towers of Bantry Castle. 'Tis an Irish scene indade and homelike, I'm thinking. Did I live here in some ancient incarnation? I bow to the Dowager Lady of Bantry, nee Willis.

. . . Do ye mind, Mither, the tale Fayther told of the Willisies of Bantry, a braw lot of lads, ever ready for foight or feast or maybe feast and foight? They was high-sperrited spalpeens, full o' fun and merry withal, six hundred years ago, no less. They was lords o' Lismore an' Roscommon, not forgettin' Bantry, but by then they name was Boyle. There was a Willis lassie, a true Willis, nae doubt, who married a Boyle an' made him Earl of Cork an' Lord Leftenant of Ireland. An' she bore him siven sons, Willisies ivery wan iv them. They was a grand lot. Blood will tell, I'm tellin' ye, Mither . . .



### Bantry Bay and Castle

*London, August 6, 1903.* Familiar old London, it is strange it should be so familiar after thirty years. I was but seventeen when I was there before, and we did not stay long. Piccadilly, Charing Cross, the Strand, London Bridge, the City; I might have walked along them yesterday. In going to the American Embassy we strolled through Hyde Park and along the Serpentine, where the same typical little English children play as before.

Riding repeatedly from Trafalgar Square to the City I have greatly enjoyed the three-story thoroughfare, if I may so describe it. There is the ground floor of the sidewalks, crowded with the hurrying multitude, there is the dress circle where gentlemen and ladies are on view in hansom cabs, and there is the gallery, the omnibus decks, scarcely less crowded, swiftly moving, setting the pace for the rest. And the pace is fast in London. Say what you will about John Bull in starting, he knows how to drive and drives fast. Be sure you look to the *right*, if you step off the curb.

I have enjoyed turning off the great thoroughfare by narrow passages, under dark arches, into unexpected gardens or parks. To prowl in historic London is a real pleasure, but I am continually asking myself questions to which my ignorance knows not the answer. How I wish I were better-read regarding English authors and their haunts, for instance. Being in Cheapside yesterday noon, Eliot and I lunched at Simpson's, founded 1723, and ever since the site of an eating place, "except when burned out in the Great Fire." From the low-ceilinged room, warmed even at noon by the glow of a grill in one corner, one looks out on a sunlit patch of grass and trees, with a bit of Gothic architecture beyond. The place itself is reached through a narrow court and seems quite retired from the shouldering crowd of Cheapside. I inquired whether they had kept the knife and fork used by Fielding or the napkin on which uncouth Dr. Johnson had wiped his eloquent lips. The waiter gravely replied that they had been destroyed in the Great Fire. When was that fire anyway? I have since looked it up—1766. The waiter may have been right.

Last evening we dined at the Savoy. Dressed in our "glad rags" we called a cabby and told him to take us to the best restaurant on the Embankment. And he did! Stepping from the lift we were obsequiously relieved of superfluities and shown into a room all softly lighted and tremulous with soft music. Quite the Arabian Nights style, barring some Oriental details, but the voices of the company were distinctly nasal American.



Our table was near a party of four, irreproachable in manners and elegant in evening dress and marked millions by their very elegance. They were of the set that sets the Old World the fastest pace, but happily not its most vulgar. Our waiter nearly fainted when we declined wine and ordered Apollinaris, but we dined very well, though simply.

The view from the window was worth the cost of the dinner. We looked up the Thames, past Charing Cross bridge to the Houses of Parliament beyond a foreground of garden and park, all in sunset light. As dusk came on my window reflected the soft lamps of the dining room, hanging as it were in the trees outside, illuminating the garden as *en fête*. We had dined rather silently when I said in an undertone: "Eliot, there are just two places I would rather be." "And how?" he inquired. "On the T'ai-shan or . . ." "Enough said." His thought, like mine, had followed the music far.

This morning we breakfasted at the American Quick Lunch on the Strand. The entire front of the building is replaced by plate glass; the tables and gobblers are in full view of the passing crowd; and the bill of fare offers rump steak and onions. We took oatmeal porridge and buckwheat cakes—and sadly went our way. Beware of imitations.

We have been three days in London and are ready to move on. The Embassy handed our credentials to Lord Lansdown, who has sent introductions to the British ambassadors or ministers at St. Petersburg, Seoul, and Peking. I have called on Sir Archibald Geikie at the Geological Survey and also on James Bryce, but him I missed and I have had to decline his invitation to dinner, received on the eve of leaving. We are off for Paris.

.

### III

## *Paris and Berlin*

PARIS, THE INDIVIDUAL—YOU WOULD KNOW IT IF YOU DROPPED IN FROM THE MOON, OR CAME UP FROM HADES—A STROLL AMONG THE VERY FRENCH—AN EVENING WITH ELIOT . . . . AND AFTERWARDS—THE LOUVRE, THE “VENUS DE MILO,” “THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION” BY MURILLO, “MONA LISA”—THE OFFICIALS SUSPECT ADAM TRILOBITE OF EVIL DESIGNS, BUT BOW SUAVELY—ON TO BERLIN—THE AMBASSADOR OF THE GREAT PHILANTHROPIST AND BUILDER OF LIBRARIES NEEDS NO BAGGAGE—UNTER DEN LINDEN—BARON FERDINAND FREIHERR VON RICHTHOFEN, A GERMAN ARISTOCRAT, A SCIENTIST, AND GOOD FRIEND—PLANNING THE EXCURSION IN CHINA—OFFICIAL PERMISSION GRANTED—WHO IS WHO IN CHINA, ANYWAY? A SOCIAL EVENING WITH THE BARS DOWN—TWO GEOLOGISTS AND A BIT OF GEOLOGY

HOTEL NORMANDIE DE LA  
RUE DE L'ECHELLE, Au-

*gust 11, 1903.* Why will these Frenchmen insist on speaking broken English in answer to my perfect and elegant French? One would think I must be speaking American. But perhaps they wish practice. They need it.

This is not the Grand Hotel Normandie, but a quiet pension where the girl students from the States are quite at home. They are in a class by themselves here and maintain American traditions of respect for women.

Paris surprises me. It is familiar, as London was, but not

that I had been here till it became homelike. I have an impression of it in my mind from reading and photographs, and the reality fits into the picture I had conceived. Those Frenchmen at the opera last night, Mephistopheles in feature, immaculate as he in dress, and damnable in glance. On the streets the workmen in blue blouses, the old women pushing carts loaded with vegetables, and the bookstalls by the Seine; the narrow bridges, the broad avenues opened by Napoleon to control frenzied French factions, each ending in a monument or monumental building. I have not lived here, nor would I wish to, but I would recognize Paris if I dropped in from the moon.

But the pleasure of these few days has been continuous and real. In my wanderings I soon left the Anglo-American district of the Avenue de l'Opera and got away into French Paris south of the river, along the Rue de Grénélles, named for my Mother's Huguenot ancestors, and in and out by the narrow crooked streets that D'Artagnan may have threaded with his long sword ready. Returning by the Seine I passed the Halles de Justice, the Conciergerie where Mother in womanly sympathy once sought to see the bare walls of the cell of Marie Antoinette, and strolled off to the north, to the Fauberg St. Denis, the Boulevard de Strasbourg, and the Fauberg St. Martin, where French life in and in front of the little shops seemed truly characteristic. I went in and out of stores, loitered among groups of voluble Parisiennes, sat awhile in a workmen's cafe over a cup of good coffee, and poked into two queer rookeries in search of a detective camera. Instead I was invited to buy photographs of exceedingly nude beauties.

. . . Last evening Eliot and I dined at a typical restaurant in the Rue Royale near the Madeleine. Our table on the edge of the sidewalk commanded a view of the crowd on all sides, a throng of familiar types, habitués of the cafés. A Napoleonic gent called for writing materials and began a letter to "*Ma Chérie*." A little chap, who looked important in his own estimation, entered with two highly finished, piano-polished ladies and they did not fail to attract the ardent attention of an officer

in red and gilt uniform. Eliot naïvely remarked that if he were the little escort he would be tempted to reduce the French army by one officer, but I did not think the ladies would have thanked him.

After dinner we hired a fiacre and drove out the glittering Champs Elysées to the somber shades of the Bois de Boulogne. We discovered no dark deeds of crime and turned back to the brightly lighted fairy palaces of pleasure. Eliot was not interested, he pleaded fatigue and went on to our hotel, but I was still good for Paris until midnight. "When shall I see Paris again?" I turned to the light and music, to the crowd under the illuminated trees and open sky. It was a bright scene of gayety, refreshment, and tolerable singing and dancing. I slowly sipped my obligatory glass of wine, listened pleasurably to the chat and laughter, but remained indifferent to the shrug of fair shoulders when I had not returned the glance of darkened eyes. "Your pleasure as you please" is the motto and the motif of Paris. I strolled home through the Tuileries by moonlight, all quiet, cool, and impressively beautiful where there have been such fearful scenes in eruptions of human frenzy.

The relief one feels in London on passing from the tumult of the street to the calm of Westminster Abbey is paralleled in Paris, in a measure, when one leaves the Rue de Rivoli and enters the Louvre. There I lingered long before the Venus de Milo in her rich red-curtained alcove, admiring her beauty, her restraint—such a contrast with the life outside. I walked through the great galleries from the Primitives to the Dutch masters. I looked, but saw but two paintings: Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" and "Mona Lisa." They should not be spoken of together, except in contrast; the lofty idealism and exquisite color of the one being so far from the intensely human feeling and pale tones of the other. The Murillo charms and exalts; Mona fascinates and amuses. "Oh, you flirt! And to think you held grave old Leonardo so many years, as he strove to catch your evasive smile!"

Having sensed the glow of vibrant Paris, we are off to shiver

in the chilly reception we expect in Berlin. There I will call first on Baron von Richthofen. At the Embassy they say the French officials asked many questions. In Washington I got an idea that they and the Germans were suspicious, though why the search for Adam Trilobite should raise such a pothor I am at a loss to understand. However, I do not mind. I am enjoying the game.

*August 15, 1903.* We arrived in Berlin with only a handbag apiece (our checked trunks having strayed) to offer to the hotelkeeper as security for our bill, and he looked askance at our request for a luxurious suite. But when I told him I was traveling for the great philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, who had built libraries for all the cities of the United States and might now consider placing one in the capital of German Kultur, to the great advantage of the hotel business by bringing many wealthy Americans to study there, he relented and we are now comfortably installed *au troisième*, with a balcony overlooking Den Linden.

The Linden is a nice little avenue, about as long as that part of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Treasury and the Capitol and at present somewhat better built up. But that is due to the difference between imperial self-glorification in monumental structures and the traditions of simplicity held by Congressmen farmers from the Prairie States. I hope we may never have such a family portrait gallery as is presented here by the statues of the Fredericks and Wilhelms. Nevertheless, I recall with a touch of boyish enthusiasm the impressive figure of the Kaiser at a review of his victorious troops in 1870.

Baron von Richthofen received us most graciously. "*Noblesse oblige*" and a generous, kindly spirit moved him. A German aristocrat of imposing, military figure he exhibits not a trace of the overbearing egotism so characteristic of the Prussian officer. A geologist of world-wide reputation, he discussed with scientific detachment the problems we must meet in China, and this although he is considered the world authority on Asiatic geology. An explorer of notable experience, he discussed frankly the difficulties and hazards of our journey. He had not found Adam

Trilobite. He doubted that we would, but we might, and in any case we would observe much of scientific interest and add materially to existing knowledge. After some hours of study with him our objectives and our route are pretty well fixed.

The chargé d'affaires at our Embassy regretted the absence of his chief; as I had not notified him of my coming that was excusable. He presented our credentials at the foreign office, but von Richthofen's note would have sufficed. My request for an introduction to the German Ambassador in Peking was granted without hesitation, I was assured the Viceroy, Yuan Shi-kai, would forward the undertaking of the Carnegie Institution (I wonder why Seiner Excellenz von Mühlberg is so sure?), and I might proceed. We talked German, the tone of the conversation was *ganz freundlich*, but there was about it a note of authority, which implied that permission might have been refused. Who is Who in China, anyway?

We are ready to go on to Vienna, to the Geological Congress, but we take with us the memory of a delightful evening with von Richthofen, his *gnädige Frau* and his friends, Geheimrath Hellman and his wife, and General Washington Adolfus Greeley, of Arctic fame. He does not seem to have thawed out, but perhaps it was the language. It was rollicking German, with much jest and laughter, especially from the ladies. The company was *gemuthlich*, Oh so *gemüthlich*! We have no equivalent in English. Make a pot-pourri of friendly-merry-jovial-jolly-jesting, season it with good humor and wit, give it free rein over a glass of beer; and go home to chuckle in your dreams. Then you know what *gemüthlich* means.

A word about Baron Ferdinand von Richthofen, to whom I already owe so much. He and the venerable Edouard Suess, whom we will meet in Vienna, were fellow students there half a century ago. They are now the most eminent of European geologists, but they have achieved their reputations by very different courses. Suess has never traveled far. Equipped with prodigious industry and a marvelous memory, so they tell me, he has read the published works of all geologists, in whatever

language, and has compiled from their observations a knowledge of the features of the whole world. Von Richthofen, spurred by the explorer's impulse, by contrast, has encircled the globe. He spent several years in California and there conceived the plan of extensive travels in China, with the avowed purpose of appraising the natural resources of that vast country. Subsidized by American capitalists, he carried out the exploration during the years between 1868 and 1871, traversing the Unknown from Shanghai on the east to the foothills of Tibet on the west and from Peking in the north to Canton in the south, with many excursions into distant districts, in spite of the difficulties and dangers of travel. He observed and generalized broadly regarding the geology of the country, and the results, published in several volumes, cover the subject so far as reconnaissance can.


In the meantime Suess had developed a theory of the forms and movements of mountain ranges, based upon his studies of the Alps. He notes that the peaks lie in a curve and that the curved form is characteristic of mountain chains. He infers that the uplift has moved forward and he distinguishes front from back accordingly. He has worked out connections between the different ranges of Europe, from the Pyrenees through the Alps and Carpathians to the Caucasus, and on to the Himalayas, and von Richthofen has found links with the mountains in China. It is a wonderful generalization, but what does it mean? We've got a lot to learn.

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## IV

### *Vienna*

ALBRECHT PENCK, GERMAN GEOGRAPHER—ALBERT HEIM, SWISS INTERPRETER OF MOUNTAIN STRUCTURE—THE INTERNATIONAL GEOLOGICAL CONGRESS OF 1903—THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND—AN EVENING IN THE RATHSKELLER—WHAT ABOUT THE ALPS? LUGEON OF LAUSANNE, A DARING THEORY, DID THE ALPS REALLY JUMP OVER MONT BLANC?—A STROLL IN THE MOONLIGHT IN THE RINGSTRASSE, CONTRASTS—A MEETING PLACE OF MIGRATIONS, THE CITY SITE—THE SIEGE OF 1529, AN EPISODE OF THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT OF EUROPEAN FREEDOM WITH ASIATIC TYRANNY—  
AND WE ARE GOING INTO ASIA

HE FIRST DAY in Vienna has been a swift current of events, a cascade of impressions, a Babel of tongues. I am lodged with Albrecht Penck, the German geographer. He came in straight from the Tyrolean Alps with edelweiss in his hat. He wore huge shoes shod with iron, carried an alpenstock, and swung off a heavy rucksack. He is a big man, a genial, beer-drinking German—quite obviously German, though he does not know his ancestry except that at the close of the Thirty Years' War a nameless foot soldier was tossed out of the wrack and welter and, having settled near Vienna, became his forebear. If he was as good a soldier as his descendant is scientist he had fought well.

Albert Heim, the Swiss geologist whom I revere as the founder of the study of mechanics as applied to the structure of mountains, waited with me for Penck's return. He is a genial little man with much white hair. We were already dressed in



frock coats and tall, silk hats for the opening session of the Congress, to which we three presently adjourned. In the jostling crowd there were many introductions, but the unfamiliar names glanced off of my memory too readily. I have not been much of a reader of books since my college days and here I have humbly concluded that few have struggled over mine.

The surroundings are highly official. We are guests of Franz Joseph and are received with imperial state. Ushers in uniform with resplendent, gold-tasseled sashes over their shoulders stand ready at every turn to direct us. Functionaries in dress coats, decorated with shining stars, crosses, and medals, wait at their proper stations and bow way down as we lift our hats. Mine is getting badly worn.

We had been chatting in a large audience chamber, but I had drawn off to one side the better to study the cosmopolitan groups of scientists, when everyone stood to attention. Franz Joseph being occupied with important affairs of state, it was the Archduke Ferdinand who came in to welcome us. The Hapsburg features were unmistakable, he is so like the portraits of the Emperor. His look was sad, as the Emperor's must be, but kindly, and his address was gracious as he moved among us. He chatted with geologists whom he knew and exchanged courtesies with those who were introduced. It is told that when he was advised that the language of the Congress is French, he replied, "In Austria I speak German." Perhaps it is desirable to emphasize the relation with Germany because of a break with Hungary, a family fight that has caused the withdrawal of the Hungarian delegates to the Congress and the abandonment of the excursion to that country. Presently we adjourned to the great Festsaal, where we listened for an hour to addresses of welcome, all in French except the Archduke's. Having been duly complimented we were let out to play.

And play we did after the fashion of the country. We assembled in the Rathskeller, a large, low-vaulted room, and sat in groups to dine and drink beer and smoke. But mostly we talked. Aside from anecdote and personal experience the subject of dis-

cussion was the geologic structure of the Alps, the arrangement of rock masses in the chain and in individual mountains. Usually there is some orderly structure in such things, or at least one that can be recognized as the result of folding or displacement by mechanical forces. But the confusion is so great in the Alps that no one has yet offered an adequate explanation of the piling up of mountains on each other. It is the talk that a French geologist, Maurice Lugeon of Lausanne, will offer a startling, new theory at tomorrow's session. They say it is strikingly original and bold. I shall be much interested.

Lugeon has spoken, the Congress applauds. He is a great orator, he has swept his audience with him. But Heim shakes his head. Did the Alps really play leapfrog over Mont Blanc? That is, perhaps, not a scientific statement, but it is English of Lugeon's French. The Alps were forty thousand feet high and the mountain masses now found north of Mont Blanc are said to have come over it from the south. I wonder.\*

It was late, my last night in Vienna. Leaving the smoke and raucous voices of the company in the low-vaulted Rathskeller, I threaded the dark, crooked streets of the Old City and emerged into the moonlit parkway of the Ringstrasse. The gay society of imperial Vienna swept by; I caught snatches of low-voiced conversation and laughter; high spirits, romance, and intrigue were in the air; somewhere an orchestra played a waltz, "Der Wiener Wald;" the social froth was bubbling.

I strolled along the Löwelstrasse and on by the Burg Ring. Three hundred and seventy-four years before on that spot had

\* After forty-five years I still wonder, but not hopelessly. I have climbed with Lugeon in the Alps and he, having convinced the profession, calls me "the outstanding objector." I have read Heim's great work, *The Geology of Switzerland*. He writes resignedly: "We do not understand, but it must be so." But there is no physical riddle that will not yield to advancing knowledge. Lugeon's leap in the dark is too simple, does not take account of the long, complex history of the mountain chain, and disregards the controlling laws of mechanics. Some young geologist will review the evidence, apply our better understanding of the mechanics, and solve the problem.

stood the bastions most fiercely assaulted by the Turks in the great siege of 1529. There, for sixty days, attack, defense, and counter-attack had swayed back and forth. Thousands had died as mines exploded, and in hand-to-hand fighting in the breach. The rushes of the Janizaries, charging under their banner of white silk, shouting "Allah il Allah!" were met stubbornly by townsmen and troops of the Emperor calling on God in their extremity; but their defense had been vain had not King John Zapolya of Poland come to the rescue.


The siege was but an episode in the age-long contest between Asia and Europe, in which Vienna has always been the eastern outpost. Three thousand years before Christ its site near the mouth of a gorge by which the Danube leaves the mountains of central Europe had become a meeting point toward which migrations converged. From east and southeast came nomads to pasture their flocks on the great Hungarian plain. From the north there came across the Carpathians the hunting and fishing tribes, the tall, fair, long-headed men. And from the south and west there filtered in the descendants of Mediterranean mariners, who had taken to farming and, following the fertile valleys around the eastern Alps or across Spain and France, had reached the Rhine and the upper Danube. They met and fought. In the west they evolved Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Great Britain, sharing a common idealism, based on Roman law and freedom. But east of Vienna the Asiatic has not kept step. The Czar rules arbitrarily over Russia, the Manchu over China. And we are going to China.

I walked home thoughtfully. The waltz music sank into the distance.

V

# *St. Petersburg and Moscow*

WE ARE RECEIVED IN ASIATIC STYLE: SOCIAL HOSPITALITY,  
OFFICIAL MISTRUST—A MISCUE AT OUR EMBASSY—THE MIN-  
ISTER OF AGRICULTURE KEEPS ME WAITING, A QUESTION OF  
LANGUAGES—“*DANN SPRECHEN WIR DEUTSCH*!”—I ASK FOR  
MILITARY ESCORT IN MONGOLIA, HE WILL CONSIDER, I CAN’T  
WAIT, COUNT CASSINI’S SIGNATURE—PRINCE HILKOFF, AMERI-  
CANIZED RUSSIAN, BUILDER OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN—  
PETER THE GREAT—MOSCOW, THE KREMLIN, ITS  
*RAISON D’ÊTRE*—PILGRIMS—NAPOLEON

 SAINT PETERSBURG has re-  
ceived us in true Asiatic  
manner. The hospitality of friends is unbounded, the official  
reception guarded. As we registered at the Grande Hotel de  
l’Europe our passports were handed to the police. Not that we  
are suspect, oh no! But the Russian takes no chances.

I have been to our Embassy and find that we have not been  
expected, because my letter explaining our purpose was forwarded  
unopened to our Minister to Russia, on leave in Washington.  
However, the first Secretary did his best and gave me letters of  
introduction to the officials I should see.

I have called on the Minister of Agriculture whose limited  
domain includes all of Siberia. It has been an odd but enlight-  
ening encounter. He had never heard of me (!), nor of the Car-  
negie Institution (!!); he was at a loss. He kept me waiting.  
In the anteroom liveried servants came and went, uniformed  
officers jangled their spurs, and undersecretaries dismissed this  
visitor or took that one elsewhere. When at last I was admitted

three officers had assembled and were seated behind a large table. I was given no more time than was necessary to observe: "Big black beards, much gold lace" before the most decorated man rose and, leaning across the table, demanded without any preamble: "*Quelle langue préférez vous parler, Monsieur? Je ne parle par l'Anglais.*" I guessed he had been coached and was reciting. Rather amused at the theatricals I replied in French that it made no difference, French or German. "*Dann sprechen wir Deutsch,*" said he with obvious relief, with which I sympathized.

It became evident that he knew nothing of my business, had no understanding of it, and was afraid of making a mistake, one way or another. My direct request for authority to travel under the same conditions as a Russian official, for aid from his subordinates in general, and for military protection in case of need, though stated in the name of the Carnegie Institution and for the interests of science, may have seemed a trifle bold. He hesitated. Taking a letter of Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador to Washington (a mere request to pass my baggage through customs), from my pocket I asked him please to read it. He glanced at the signature, his manner changed. He would see what could be arranged. The open letter which he has given me briefly recites the objects of the journey and by order of the Minister directs all officials in his department to render me all possible assistance. It is all that could be asked. Under the Czar pull is all-important.

There are exceptions. Prince Hilkoﬀ, Minister of Railways and builder of the Trans-Siberian, is one. His anteroom is plain, and plainly furnished. In one corner sat a queer-looking old woman, writing. Two peasants waited patiently, seated on a wooden bench. The resigned face of one of them might have served Leonardo da Vinci for a model of Christ. The other one was dwarfed and club-footed. How long had they waited in the anteroom of a Russian Prince and counselor of the Czar? They were admitted ahead of me and there was nothing hurried about the interview.

When they had left, the Prince came to the door to meet me. He said simply: "They have a long way to go, to my estate; you will understand." He went on to speak of his experience as a young engineer in America: "Among other things I have to thank America not only for practical experience, but also for a great moral change. I traveled eighteen months there and never saw a beggar! I realized that every man stood on his own feet, as a man. That was a great thing for me."

As he talked I studied this unusual Russian. He is Teutonic in stature and feature, presumably a descendant from one of the marriages with German nobility that Peter the Great advocated. I noticed the general likeness that has given him the name of Uncle Sam, but it resides chiefly in his being smooth-shaven among the bearded Russians and in his white goatee. I was especially struck with the broad, high forehead, the kindly eyes, but firm mouth. His nose is small and pointed and could borrow to advantage an eighth of an inch from his upper lip.

He remarked: "You are going on a long voyage. I will give you a letter that will make it somewhat easier for you, perhaps." His word is law in Siberia.

When I left he accompanied me to the door and, heartily shaking hands, he wished me a successful trip.

It had been understood that our First Secretary in the absence of the Ambassador should request an audience with M. de Witte, Minister of Finance, since Manchuria is especially under his direction. But before the date could be fixed the Czar appointed M. de Witte President of a Council of Ministers and named Admiral Alexieff Viceroy in supreme command over that province. I may call on Aleck himself by and by, provided I think I am able to hold my own with him in the vodka line.

We have left St. Petersburg and Europe in high spirits. At each capital friends and courteous officials have smoothed away the difficulties anticipated in Washington. We are off across Asia

At Moscow we have put up in the old city, at the Slavonsky Bazaar, where the fountain plays in the restaurant and you dine

on the fish you have netted from the basin. But we did not delay in going to the Kremlin, The Holy Shrine of Russia.

There one may note that holiness is not necessarily related to massive, cathedral towers. The Kremlin wall is of brick and stucco, rather shabby now. Yet it had for me a significance that grander buildings, which have been less intimately connected with the life of the people, have failed to have. For the site of the Kremlin, since nomadic man many thousand years ago domesticated grazing animals, has been a strategic position.

Below its height, commanded by it, spreads a great meadow that is almost completely surrounded by the strong current of the river Mockba, which swings in a great oxbow to return almost to itself under the high bluff. Herds, driven down a convenient ravine to the lush meadow, were there safe from attack, while the spur of the plateau, guarded by two ravines and a wall between them, became the site of the camp. There was the first walled village, and there now are the parade ground, the palaces, and churches of the historic Kremlin.

The gate towers are so placed that the way through each of them has a steep ascent inward. The passage is just wide enough for two droshkies to pass and the footway on either side is very narrow. As the little vehicles come out at a fast trot the izvos-tchik drops his reins, takes off his hat, and crosses himself before the ikon that stands overhead. It goes hard with the stroller unless he is nimble. I, inattentive to observances, was ordered by a devout, though ragged pilgrim, to take off my hat, which I promptly did. Just inside were two old women and a little girl, resting on the stone steps. The child was combing her hair. Their peasant dress, their worn sandals, and bundles showed them to be pilgrims, making themselves fit to enter the holy place. Four young fellows in long brown robes approached the holy gate and paused when it came in sight. With much gesticulation they talked among themselves. Then with long strides, in single file, they went in to say the prayers they had come far to say.

I too passed in, but snapped photographs of the great square (which is forbidden), and saying, "Da dah, da dah, Anglisky,"

to a purposeful policeman, much as though soothing an infant, I made a slow march into the triangular court, around which are ranged Napoleon's cannon, many thousands of them. They lie in long rows labeled France, Prussia, Italy, Austria, and also the names of lesser domains. They symbolize the conquests of Napoleon and—his defeat. They may well make a Russian heart swell with pride.

But how sudden his fall. With that drama in mind I looked back at Moscow from the restaurant that is built on the spot whence Napoleon first saw the city. Where the river makes its wide bend to the west it flows by the foot of hills perhaps two hundred feet high. From their scarp he looked across the green meadow to the City of golden domes and minarets, the very heart of Russia. It was within his grasp. He grasped it, an empty shell.

A Russian folk tale says: "And they took Napolander and put him in a wooden cage and showed him at village fairs for three and thirty years."



## VI

# *Across Siberia into China*

THE RUSSIAN PLAIN—SOME LANGUAGE—TOMSK, THE UNIVERSITY CITY—THE SPIRIT OF SIBERIAN YOUTH—LAKE BAIKAL—INSTABILITY OF THE CRUST, YOUNG MOUNTAIN RANGES?—A JAPANESE PHYSICIST—WE TRANSFER TO CHINA AT INKO—  
A CHINESE TRAIN—CROSSING THE TAHLING-HO, A JOYOUS PASSAGE—SHANHAIKUAN—MR. WALTER EMENS—TIENTSIN

SINCE leaving Moscow we have traversed the great Russian plain, not unlike our Great Plains, have crossed the Urals, which resemble the Appalachian ranges, and have penetrated the even greater plain of eastern Siberia, as far as Tomsk. To reach that university city and achieve our objective of seeing Obruchev, the Russian explorer of Manchuria and northern China, we had to change cars at Taiga, the junction town. There our language difficulties became embarrassing and amusing. We were anxious not to get left. We said "Tomsk," at first gently, then emphatically to the guard, who took us to the restaurant. We repeated "Tomsk" to the waiter several times and in unison. He brought us soup, fish, tenderloin steak, and coffee. We ate, repeating "Tomsk." He remarked: "Anglisky," or something to that effect.

When at last two husky guards had put us aboard a train they tried very hard to tell us something very, very important. They were big men, with deep voices. They tried so hard, they were so much in earnest, their voices became quite Édouard de Reszkean. The tragedy became great with grief—and the victims sat down and laughed. I realized at last that there might be a question of stations, Tomsk is a large city. I named our hotel:

"Rossia." "Ah!" They struck basso profundo and became vociferous. At last Eliot caught the word "piervy," first. "Piervy, piervy?" "Ah! Da dah, da dah!"

We and our baggage were put off at the first station, a small building in the forest. A fellow passenger, a Russian officer, jumped into the only vehicle in sight and drove off, after saying in French that he would send a droshky. It was midnight, the moon was bright and Jupiter brilliant. We paced up and down for some time, it seemed, till out of the shadows dashed the little low-wheeled droshky, the horses smoking. We made time back to the hotel, the big horse trotting faster, faster, till he broke, the little pony on the single trace never slackening his gallop, and the izvostchik sitting immovable on his perch, saying not a word.

Tomsk impressed me with its busy traffic on the wharves and river and surprised me with its educational institutions: common schools, high school, university, and polytechnicum. At the last one, where Obruchev is Professor of Geology and Mining, we mingled with several hundred students, who might have been Americans by their vivacity and keen appearance. I had no chance to get at the spirit of the teaching, but was given to understand that there is no shadow of serfdom over Siberia, as there is over old Russia. Among the people are many descendants of exiled leaders in thought and enterprise. They may in time regenerate the decadent nation.

Leaving Tomsk behind we were encouraged by the enthusiasm of Obruchev and by his confidence that the Chinese would be friendly toward us as they had been toward him in his excursions into China. We ran up the gorge of the Angara to where it flows from Lake Baikal and transferred to the steamer. It being summer the crossing was free, but in winter an icebreaker is needed to clear the way. The blue waters sparkled in the sunshine as we steamed past precipices that rose 6,000 to 8,000 feet above us. Baikal is rock-girt all round. Its basin is an inverted mountain range, the summit lying 3,000 feet below sea level. Its origin is a mystery, for we do not understand how so deep a rift could develop in the heart of the continent. A common evasion among

geologists is to say it is very old; perhaps an accident of the formative age of the earth. But as I look up to the heights of these grand mountains I can see that they and the basin of which they are the rim are young. The boldly sculptured lines are not yet softened by age; every facet, from the snowy crests to the lake into which they disappear, is youthful. If the mountains of China also bear the features of youth there will emerge another and a larger problem than finding Adam Trilobite or his ancestor.

During the night we have passed through the high, young mountains around Lake Baikal, have run up the shallow valley of the Kilok River, and emerged onto the wide steppe of Mongolia. The landscape is flat, worn flat by erosion, as it can be only on a gentle slope to sea level and yet we are 2,000 feet above sea. There had been a broad uplift. How is it related to the more obvious, local upthrust of the young ranges we have passed through, and how to the deep depression of Lake Baikal?

This sets me puzzling over the problem of the instability of the earth's crust. Any explanation seems to contradict the assumption of solid support, the fixed idea of firm foundations. The deep hollow that contains the lake proves that the foundation can give way: the sharp elevations of mountain chains show that sections can be pushed up. The broad changes of level, whether up or down, suggest changes of volume in the supporting rock, like rising or falling dough. I just don't understand how these things happen because I don't know the forces at work, nor through what mechanisms they produce these different effects.

My companions on the train are entertaining in their way, but there is only one who long diverts my thought from my problem. He is Professor Tanakadate, Japanese physicist, returning to Tokyo after several years of study in Europe. He is a finished gentleman, gifted with a keen, alert mind, and posted in the latest advances of science in his own and related branches. I have seldom met a more delightful associate. His white whiskers give him a venerable look, but he is only in his mid-fifties and his vivacity is that of a youth. After four years of postgraduate work in Tokyo he studied for two years in Glasgow under Lord Kelvin.

Now he is professor of physics, member for Japan on the Permanent International Commission for geodesy, and specialist in the investigation of earthquakes and volcanoes. He has described to me the methods of observing earthquakes in Japan. They have 300 observing stations equipped with instruments and 70 of them connected by wire with Tokyo. They have suffered frequently and seek to be forewarned. He told modestly, but graphically, of going ashore with his assistant, Omori, on a volcanic island, where only a few days before an explosion had obliterated 600 people. "We went first to see if it would be safe for others. We set up our instruments on the edge of the crater and noted the tremors for two hours. Then we put up a flag, the signal that they might come." Think of observing the tremors of a nest of superheated boilers, one of which has gone off without warning and any one of which may follow suit!!

Tanakadate and I have had a friendly duel, posing each other problems. A question of mutual interest relates to the transmission of an impulse, such as radiates from an earthquake, through an elastic body, such as we conceive the globe to be. We were discussing it one day when Eliot called our attention to the first chipmunk he had seen. It was skipping along a log, its tail stiffly erect. "Now," said I, "Professor, there is an example of arrested



wave motion. The spinal cord is in active vibration to a certain point, at which the waves are checked and it is motionless beyond. What is the condition of motion as compared with that of rigidity?" He went off into peals of laughter: "Oh, you find earthquakes in chipmunks!" But he tackled it as a problem of a nodal point and his mathematics had me floored.

Tanakadate had with him a sample of the curious substance radium, which has the ability to produce light in a properly responsive medium. A piece of zinc silicate brought near to it shines with a glow, like that of phosphorescence, even though the radium

is enclosed in a metal case. The case does not stop the rays, which will pass through a gold coin or your finger. The light is said to be excited by atomicules shot from the radium. In proof of this we looked at the effect in a microscope and saw incessant flashes of light, darting or swarming in the field of vision. Each light point is supposedly due to the blow of an atomicule of radium, according to Kelvin and other physicists. I must say "supposedly" is an expression of doubt, to which I would incline while searching for more light, lest this explanation should prove an *ignis fatuus*. But I don't know much about atoms or atomicules.

We have run across the broad valleys of Manchuria and have caught a first view of the mountains of eastern China, among which we hope to work until December. The heights are not great, but the forms are sharp and youthful.

We are soon due at Tachichao, the junction where we leave the Siberian train. There is some uncertainty about the conditions ahead, there being no reason why the Russians should encourage travel by the Chinese railway from Inko or Newchwang to Tientsin. There is a short stretch of rail under control of the Russians as far as the east bank of the Lao-ho. The river is to be crossed somehow; the night is to be spent somewhere, somehow, no one knows; and in the morning a train leaves at some hour, if you can find out when???

Transitions are commonly difficult, and that from the Great Siberian to the Imperial Chinese Railway is not the exception that proves the rule. At Inko the Chinese fun began.

It was but an hour's ride in a fairly comfortable car from our luxurious train to the platform which serves as a station at Inko. We got out in the dark in a surging sea of Chinese. We were in the dark in all respects, but it was plain that he who valued his possessions must sit on them. Eliot hung on to the handbags, while I went to the baggage car and claimed our four heavy pieces. Then whither, when, and how? There was a bad five minutes when neither of us did any more than hold our own against the eager coolies. Finally Eliot found a man who spoke English and who told a couple of Chinese what to do with us.

Our suitcases and rolls being tied into a bundle, the two swung it on a pole between them and Eliot made his way to where I was standing on a trunk shouting "*Pu na! Let go of that!! Wo yao Peking chuchu! Ssu ko! Four pieces!*" By the light of a Chinese lantern I had grabbed the most intelligent-looking chap near me and pointed out the trunks, he had chosen three others, and they had made two packages weighing something over two hundred pounds apiece, when Eliot came up. The confusion was over and our march through the dark began.

The six coolies paired off and trotted away across the railroad, through a village or city where Chinese squatted by the huts, out of the faint light of the lanterns, onto a hard-tramped mud flat that presently proved to be the river bank. For the first time we heard the coolies' refrain, which is very unlike at different times but invariable for a while. The man in the lead perhaps sings: "*Ha la na lai?*" and the one behind responds reassuringly: "*Yo lo la liao!*" On they go with their dog trot and the responsive cries till they come to some obstacle that breaks the step; crossing it in silence, they take up the refrain and chant again till something happens.

Once it was that Eliot and the last pair of coolies were left behind and I had to stop the two pairs whom I was following. To my English, "Hold on there, there's something wrong behind," they paid no attention, why should they? So I was driven to "*Pu shih! Pu shih! Hui lai! Yu shen mo tso!*" which may not be good Chinese but stopped them. Laughing, gesticulating, all four talking to me at once, they sat down on their trunks, lit their opium pipes, and caught their breath. On we went again, past piles of merchandise now, a wharf scene without the wharf, with paper lanterns here and there, sober Chinese bossing coolies, the traffic going on though it was night. The refrain I was following stopped, the trunk came to the ground, there was a cry of surprise and one of my coolies had disappeared; but in a second he was up again, climbing the steep river bank off which he had stepped. The other fellows and he chattered like magpies and laughed heartily together; then they took up the load and re-

frain and went on. They put us aboard a steam launch, demanded six days' pay for half an hour's work, and got it, and trotted off.

We were still surrounded by Russians and Chinese. It was a beautiful night, Jupiter resplendent and the North Star clear. The Lao-ho flowed by in a swift, still current, tall sails of junks loomed dark against the sky, and a line of lights several miles long twinkled far down the stream, the native and foreign cities of Inko and Newchwang. In a few moments we were there, talking English to the very polite "boy" who showed us our rooms in the Manchurian Hotel, served our supper, and provided baths.

The next morning we were up early and watched the sunrise and the waking of the river front. As the wide stream glowed under the rosy sky, the mass of each junk and battleship cast a deep purple shadow; dark islets floated swiftly in the eastern light; they were boats loaded with reeds which hung over into the water.

Boatmen who had slept in their sampans roused up, stretched, and were ready for business. Earlier risers came across the river skillfully and powerfully sculling their square-nosed, heavy little craft. A bugle sounded on the Russian gunboat; men on a steam launch at the float began to move about; the dawn was day, and a breeze filled the sails, and pigeons cooed and whirled about the dragon-tipped ridgepoles.

Having crossed the river in a launch, we were landed at the station of the Imperial Chinese Railway, an unfinished building of gray adobe brick, and found our train of very plain wooden coaches labeled first- and second-class. The third-class cars were such as we haul coal in at home but as long as our passenger cars. They were presently crowded with Chinese, among whom our trunks were loaded. I kept a watchful eye on them at each stop and perhaps that is why we still have them upon our arrival, for I was afterwards told that I might have expected them to disappear.

In the train were conspicuous notices about the Tahling-ho bridge and the cents to be paid by passengers who should be

carried across by coolies or in carts. It was a characteristically Chinese notice in that there is no bridge and one need not offer cents.

Where the train stopped on the edge of the wide sands and channels of the Tahling-ho, a large number of carts and a clamoring crowd of coolies awaited us. Each passenger descending from the train was surrounded, his baggage seized, and he and it loaded onto a cart, willy-nilly. Perhaps some very obstinate and experienced ones made their bargains first. We didn't. Leaving Eliot to negotiate the handbags, I went through the crowd, putting an elbow here and a shoulder there till I stood beside the open baggage car. It was a long way up over the side; the Chinese passengers and the coolies were shouting and climbing up and climbing down and struggling with one another. I looked up; a big, broad-faced, pockmarked robber looked down; he reached for my outstretched hand and with a final kick-off from somebody's back I went up into the car.

I was now a fairly captured prize. My trunks were loaded onto a wretched barrow of a cart, I was invited to take a seat on top and the three apologies for goats that served as ponies were straightened out. Then the bright-eyed imp of a boy who drove turned round and grinned at me while the big coolie asked, "How much?" "Fifty cents," said I, at least doubling the rates named on the train. I thought perhaps he didn't understand me. "*Wu shih* cents" I repeated. Such a look of indifference and disgust as he gave me. He said a word to the goats and they practically sat down in their traces. From my perch I saw the long procession of carts reaching out across the sands, the leaders already nearly across the river, the other train with engine ready over there. One dollar, said I. "*I pai wu shih*" (one-fifty), said the coolie. I got down off the cart and went over to another carter. He wouldn't look at me. "*Liang ko dollar*" (two-piece dollar), said the robber, adding the fifty cents tribute that he would have to pay the other fellow for keeping still. Thoroughly trapped I surrendered: "All right, *kuai chu, chu-kuai lai!*" ("quickly go, go quickly come"). The imp spoke to the goats.



They humped their thinly covered vertebrae, and we crawled over the sands.

The scene in the river was ludicrous in the extreme. The low carts were submerged except for the nominal sides and a bench lengthwise the middle. On these the baggage was placed and very insecurely lashed. On the baggage perched the passengers. All very well on level ground, but in the sandy river bottom, full of holes and slow quicksands, such a perch was no cinch. Nearly every cart carried several Chinese who had clubbed together and overloaded it. Their blue or black cotton or silk robes, their huge shade hats of wondrous forms, their roly-poly figures made them look like fat old women, who screamed and called and grabbed at one another as the carts lurched and pitched. The drivers yelled at the ponies for whom it was nearly swimming-deep and our laughter was added to the din.

Tucking in a toe for a brace, I got out my kodak, and snapped away to the great delight of a limb of Satan who waded and swam beside me. He was tickled to death to see a coolie dodge and duck at the camera. He patted my hand and called my attention to this funny cart and to that coolie who carried somebody's suitcase on his head and all his clothes in his upstretched hand. I did enjoy that boy's eyes dancing with fun. In the river he wore a turban. On the farther bank he called to me, and, shaking out his turban, put it on as trousers, his only garment.

At the other train it was again confusion worse confounded. Such a combination of flapping hens and cackling geese and sleek fat pigs and struggling goats and hustling scoundrels you never saw. My rascals were good though. They drove in at a trot, shouldered everyone aside, and, having put the trunks in the car and got two-piece dollar, they went off, the most successful robbers of the coolie gang.

Tahling-ho is a joyful memory.

The scenery between the river and Shanhaikuan (literally "Mountain-Sea-Wall") where the Great Wall of China comes down to the sea, is exquisite, but the villages along the stretch are associated in my mind with the graphic story of the Chinese

Christians, who were persecuted most cruelly by the Boxers, as told by a missionary, Mrs. Hunter. She and her husband had lived many years in the district and had stayed at the risk of their lives to help where they might. It is the first of perhaps many such accounts that we will hear. It has made a deep impression on me.

At Shanhaikuan we passed through the Great Wall and stopped at a summer resort for foreigners. Here we have chanced upon Mr. Walter Emens, general manager of the American Trading Company, consignees for our outfit. It is a relief to learn that it has arrived safely and awaits our convenience. I took a liking to Emens, a keen American businessman, on sight and hope it is returned. Behind his smile he has thirty years of experience with the Chinese, has traveled much in the interior, and should know what we may encounter, if anyone does. I shall look to him for advice on many of the critical decisions I must soon face.

We will be in Tientsin shortly, but must first go directly to Peking to conclude the diplomatic arrangements for which the foundations were laid in Washington.

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## VII

# *Peking and Tientsin*

ARRIVAL—OUR MINISTER TO CHINA, MR. CONGER—DEFENSE  
OF THE LEGATION—INTRODUCTION TO THE GAME OF BUY-  
ING—AN INTERPRETER?—A RIDE THROUGH THE CH'EN-MEN  
GATE—TWO CITIES OF PEKING—LI SAN, THE ONLY MAN IN  
CHINA FOR INTERPRETER; HE SETTLES IT—INTERVIEW WITH  
YUAN SHIH-KAI, VICEROY OF SEVEN PROVINCES—A WEEK IN  
TIENTSIN—TONG, CHIEF OF CUSTOMS, AND HIS STEAM  
LAUNCH—ARTHUR SMITH, MISSIONARY—THE  
JAPANESE-RUSSIAN WAR—AFTERMATH OF  
THE BOXER UPRISING

HAVING come through Tien-  
tsin, we are comfortably  
quartered in the Hotel du Nord, a Chinese temple in Peking.  
It is not usual elsewhere that an old temple houses a hotel, but  
temples are quite generally so used in China, I am told. We have  
been two days here, have seen our Minister, Mr. Conger, twice,  
have called on Mrs. Conger, and dined with them last evening.  
Their cordiality and good will make this far city home. I under-  
stand that that has been the atmosphere of the Legation as long  
as they have been there, but that among Americans the feeling  
of respect and confidence in our Minister was greatly strengthened  
by his courage and steadfastness during the siege by the Boxers.  
And that recognition of high character extends to Mrs. Conger  
also for her leadership among the women and children crowded  
into the Legation grounds and dwellings.

We have walked on the Great Wall of the Tartar city, where  
it overlooks the Legation. It is fifty feet wide on top and is an

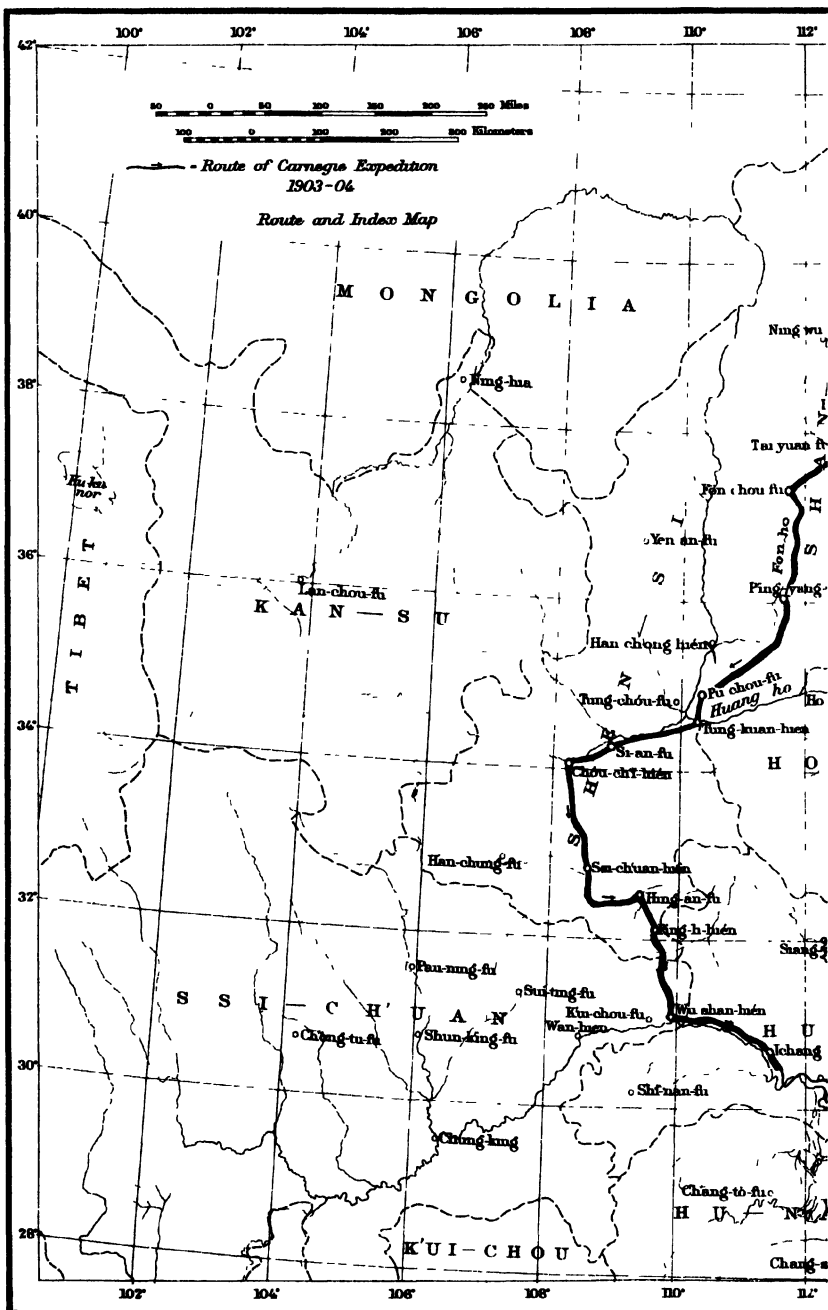
open highway of approach, of attack from both directions. Yet, fighting behind temporary barricades, our Marines held it, lost it, and won it back. The lives of hundreds depended on them. It is a historic spot now, consecrated by that long defense by the disciplined few under Mr. Conger against the driven Chinese.

"Who are those men on the wall," asked General Tung during a truce. "American Marines." "Good soldiers," said he; "they never shoot without killing one of my men."

We have been introduced to Dr. Headland, a prominent missionary, who kindly guided us through the city, sight-seeing. He led us through Liu-li-chang, *the street* in all Peking which is lined on both sides with the most precious stores of books and pictures, porcelains and bronzes, and jade. You might easily pass through it, as through any other crooked, crowded Chinese lane, without seeing a thing worth buying. But when one who is known as knowing pauses and says: "This is a great store. Here are priceless treasures," the invitation to enter leads to rooms behind rooms, and there the polished gentleman, the proprietor, shows you pictures with the delight of an art lover or antiquities with the knowledge of an antiquarian. And he gives you tea in a tiny porcelain shell, names prices of hundreds of dollars, and shows you out as graciously as if you had bought all the treasures of Liu-li-chang.

Dr. Headland, on being approached by Mr. Conger on the question of an interpreter to accompany us and conduct our negotiations with officials and others in the interior, has proposed a Mr. Yüen, a Chinese Christian, for whose faith and loyalty he vouches in no measured terms. I have seen Mr. Yüen, and am willing to take Dr. Headland's word for his Christian faith, but I am not persuaded that that would enhance his standing among the heathen. He is smooth, soft-spoken, a scholar and a gentleman, but not in the least aggressive. After my experience at the Tahling-ho I have a notion that we may need to put on a bold face on occasion. I am taking Mr. Yüen under consideration.

I have been on an errand in the Chinese City and took a



General map of



rickshaw through the Ch'ien-men gate. That may seem odd to you at home, that I, being in Peking, have to go through a gate to get into a Chinese city. But you see Kublai Khan, when he established the capital of his empire at Cambaluc (Peking) during the 1270's, built it adjacent to the preceding one and north of it, with a wall between. He surrounded both cities with massive walls, with enormous gate towers but narrow passageways; and of those gates the Ch'ien-men is the one that goes from Kublai's capital to the old city outside, from the Imperial Tartar City to the Chinese City. As I rode along I looked on so strange a scene I doubted my own identity.

I was threading a crowd of Chinese of every description, all heading into or coming out of the narrow tunnel where all the traffic of the wide approach converges to squeeze past. "*Kuai! Kuai! Hurry! Hurry!*" I shouted to my rickshaw boys. They sprinted ahead in good shape, right into the throng, yelling "*Hai la! Hai la!*" and making coolies and merchants skip. They dodged the heavy Peking carts, paying no regard to the outriders, whose great basket hats, adorned with crimson tassels of horse-hair, might have demanded respect; they grazed at bearers of a sedan chair to avoid a deep mudhole; they gained the archway and slowed up in the cool shade, despite the jam. Then they looked to me for approval! I am an American! An old woman begged on one side, a naked boy, spattered with mud begged on the other. A coolie passed, balancing two large pots with bright flowers on his long pole; another held a little forked stick in front of him with two tame birds, who seemed not at all disturbed by the moving, pushing crowd of blue gowns and pigtailed heads dodging by.

A string of camels entered at the far end of the tunnel-like passage. They paced by, inexorably, with swaying, sliding step, their heads carried far forward, gracefully as an ostrich's. From my perch I looked one straight in the eye, but he did not return my wink. His load of coal in bulging bags forced me to dodge. He paid no attention.

We passed through to the great walled square from which







What a Chinese landscape may look like

three outer gates lead east, north, and west into the Chinese City and stopped in fifty yards at the Belgian railway station. Before the Boxer Rebellion no train was allowed within five miles of the Imperial City.

Here we are at Tientsin again and once more have letters. The last I received in St. Petersburg. They were dated August 17. These have come across the Pacific and are dated the 19th. This is September 26. So we have closed the circuit round the world.

Your letter, Margaret, is of the summer, of the garden, the southwest wind, and of our little men playing and saying: "Papa will fix it." Bless their little hearts, of course he will. Your letter started the day I arrived in Vienna and has been tossing on the ocean while I have been in Petersburg, Moscow, and Siberia. I have had a wonderful experience, yet my nature's two-sidedness tricks me into the inconsistency of longing for home and quiet days of thought and play, while at the same time I am almost at home where all is novel and strange, where new ties are to be made, where new interests are to be developed.

When, in Vienna, Klementz laid his hand over part of Mongolia and said, "Unknown," I started at the stirring of my pulses and the eager interest I felt to go and make it known. It might not be, but I knew that if we could go together your intrepid spirit would not hesitate a minute.

You mention the boys' interest in the postcard of a Dutch windmill. I have sent many others, but will not be able to continue, for we are going into the Eastern Mountains, into Shantung, which means just that. Instead of postcards I may send sketches, like this one. It is what I think the country may look like, with fields and mountains; and there's a cow (they are rare in China, I admit) and a boy with a pigtail (they are not so rare).

Speaking of an interpreter, Mr. Emens says: "There is only one man in China for you." He went on to describe him as "a short, chop dollar man" and by that I knew him as soon as I saw him. He is five feet short, with broad shoulders and hips, short legs, and big bones that mean strength. His broad, flat face is deeply pockmarked (he had smallpox when a child, which

accounts for his stunted growth). He has traveled widely, knows several Chinese dialects, speaks good English, was head boy to General Chaffee, and is vouched for as reliable, experienced, cool, and courageous. During the Boxer troubles Emens was Prosecuting Attorney of the Provisional Government and Li his chief detective.

As I was sitting in the Astor House last evening I recognized him in a very short Chinese, dressed in a black satin robe, very neat, his long queue very smoothly braided. He was looking me over, quite inconspicuously, but I felt his little black eyes on me from time to time. Presently: "You Mr. Wei, sir?"

"Yes," I looked up without rising.

"You going long journey in interior?"

"Yes."

"I going with you."

"Oh. Your name is Li San?"

"Yes, Mr. Wei, sir. I going with you."

And that settled it, although I demurred at being thus taken over and mentioned Mr. Yüen. "Mr. Yüen? He Chinese Christian?" I nodded. "He no go. I fix him."

I no longer have any doubts.

It having been arranged according to plan that I should present my plan and purpose to Yuan Shih-kai, Viceroy of Chihli and six other provinces, all-powerful Minister by favor of the Empress, I this morning put on my Prince Albert frock coat in which I was married and at the appointed hour proceeded in a rickshaw to his official Yamen. I wore my tall silk hat and sat up very straight, remembering certain irreverent aspersions on my dignity. I did, however, wink at one jolly old Chinese who evidently thought I was a joke. It was a two-mile ride through the foreign settlement, along the busy water front of the Pei-ho (North River), through the thronged streets of the native city, and across a pontoon bridge to the gates of the Viceroy's palace. On the way I pondered my situation. Two interpreters, either one of whom should have been on hand to advise me, had failed to show up. I sent in my card, the big red one with the three

characters that describe me as a distinguished scholar. Should I ape humility and descend to stand, waiting? No. I am an American. I sat up very, very straight in the victoria and glanced neither to the right nor left. But I took in the scene. I looked through a typical Chinese gateway from the outer court to an inner one where a dwarfed tree grew in a large blue and white jar. Mandarins, soldiers, merchants, and coolies came and went. A sentinel on each side carried a modern rifle with sword bayonet. Their dark blue blouses bore in red letters the symbols that signify "Yuan Chi-kai's men," the best of Chinese soldiers.

The wait was no longer than it need be to deliver the card. The messenger, bowing low, turned and led the way. The sentinels came to attention and presented arms. A squad in the inner court did the same and so did sentinels at three successive gates. The last gate had doors on which are painted two warriors, facing each other fiercely. They are for the exalted. I passed by at the side. Thence a covered, carpeted passage and court shaded by matting led to the final entrance, at which stood a high official, Tsai Shan-kie, whom I had met at dinner last night. He is a graduate of Yale and his card describes him as Attaché to His Eminence the Viceroy of Chihli, Director of Tientsin University, Co-Director of Foreign Affairs, and Adjunct Commissioner of Native Customs. He led me to an anteroom furnished like a parlor in a mediocre European hotel and, inviting me to be seated, he chatted easily of the Viceroy, whom he described as strong, honest, and liberal. That is Yuan's reputation. A sharp cry gave warning of the approach of the Viceroy. He entered and taking my hand seated me on a sofa, after which he took a chair at my right and Tsai took one at my left. A servant placed wine and tea before us, but I did not drink, knowing that to do so is the signal for ending the interview.

The Viceroy looked me steadily in the eye in silence and I returned his look; repeatedly during the interview I met that steady, seemingly frank, and certainly manly gaze. In it I saw, or thought I saw, for the first time the true spirit of a Chinese. It is a look to trust.

The interview lasted nearly an hour. After the introductory exchanges I told him of the work of the United States Geological Survey, which I represent, and of its contribution to the wealth of the country by describing its resources for the use of the people. "China is poor," said Yuan. "Though she has great riches, her people do not know how to use them."

In illustration of the work of the Carnegie Institution and of the character of the men who do it, I told of Van Hise, whose geologic studies of iron ores had made others rich while he remained poor. "Men," said Yuan, "seek either money or honor. If they can't get either they had better go home and sleep." Both he and Tsai laughed, amused. They have both.

Yuan asked where I would wish to travel and, when I answered with some emphasis, "in the mountains," he remarked that I would find it very lonely and hard living. He smiled at my answer that I am too old a soldier to mind hard fare or a hard bed and, with a touch of self-consciousness he pushed back his sleeves from his muscular arms. The Chinese continually do that, but he showed by his look that the reference to soldiering had touched a responsive chord. I went on: "Speaking of soldiers—" and complimented him on the quality of his own. He was pleased and bowed twice.

Referring to Shantung he asked me about the so-called diamonds found there. I happened to have read of peasants burning their straw sandals to collect them from the ashes and told him they were tiny quartz crystals, which are used for polishing. That interested the Viceroy and he asked for details, including a question as to how real diamonds are found. I thought perhaps I could explain Adam Trilobite to him and said we had come to China to look for the earliest forms of living things. Yuan listened attentively to Mr. Tsai, bowed his head, and answered: "We regard our ancestors reverently." I doubt that he is a follower of Darwin.

His thought reverted to diamonds and he remarked: "What are diamonds good for?" and went on to say that he cared *nothing* for diamonds or jade or anything that was not of prac-

tical use. I pushed him a little on that "nothing." "What nothing?" and in his answer caught the Chinese word *Hua*, "flowers." Tsai interpreted: "He says flowers are his hobby," and Yuan listened with little nods of appreciation to an account of Margaret's roses and poppies. He turned and called my attention to a beautiful fuchsia and a yellow rosebush in the window.

It was, perhaps, a little bold to ask him if he approved of missionaries, but he turned the point easily, saying: "They do not do much harm," and added: "The Americans are not so bad as the French Catholics."

I asked if he knew Secretary Hay by name. "No." I explained that he as Secretary and our President, Theodore Roosevelt, were standing out for China's rights against other nations. "Your country is very fortunate to have two men who are both good and strong. In China we know that it must be that there is a good man in command to treat China so well. If you have not a good captain your ship will be run on the rocks." I remarked: "The Province of Chihli is like a good ship; most fortunate in having a strong captain." He laughed, seemingly pleased, but put the compliment aside, saying: "I am but a sailor, to obey orders."

The Viceroy inquired more particularly regarding my proposed route, in order that he might not at any point fail to instruct the magistrates along the way, and when he was satisfied he signaled to the attendant to bring fresh tea. He drank, the interview was closed. I also drank, we rose and pledged each other in the glass of wine, and I would have withdrawn with Tsai, but Yuan accompanied me halfway down the covered passage. There he paused and, having asked me to let him know when I returned from Shantung in order that he might see me again, he ceremoniously bowed me out.

That was a week ago and we still linger, surfeited with the banquets of Tientsin. Yuan's recognition has been the signal to entertain us. High officials come to meet us at interminable dinners. We are complimented and accept it as our due, the while we weary of staying where the water is mud, when it is not

whiskey and soda, and long for the clear springs of the T'ai-shan, the Holy Mountain of Shantung.

You see, Tong, Taotai (Chief) of Customs and second in rank in Tientsin only to the Viceroy, placed his private launch at our disposal that we might proceed by the Grand Canal to avoid the long trip by carts across the plain of the Yellow River. That would save four or five days. We could afford to wait till the launch should return, "which would be very soon." Meantime Tong invited us to meet Wu Ting Fang, newly appointed President of the Board of Commerce and Mining. Wu, being en route from Shanghai, would arrive shortly. It is not Tong's fault that the steamer *Yang Ping* was hung up for two days by low tides on the bar off Taku. Tong's other yacht, which got back yesterday, is much too small for our dignity and we must not blame Tong for saying nothing about it, especially as Mr. Wu had not arrived.

Now, however, we have eaten Tong's good dinner, have drunk his champagne, and have twitted Wu about his attentions to American ladies. He has been Minister to Washington, where he played a high hand, socially and diplomatically. The twin-screw launch will be here tomorrow and a telegram has been sent to Tōchou, where we will leave the Grand Canal, to have six two-mule Peking carts in readiness for ourselves and our retinue. Our hopes are high.

We lunched, most entertainingly, with Dr. Arthur Smith, the author of *Village Life in China*. He is a short, stout man and very approachable, as one might infer from his books. His conversation ran on and on, full of illustration and anecdote, but it expresses considered judgment. For instance: Nearly everyone has an opinion regarding the relations between Russia and Japan and the impending war between them, but when I asked Dr. Smith he held up ten fingers and said: "To answer that you must know all ten fingers. This hand you don't know at all. Of the other, three fingers are obscure and the other two are out of shape. What would my guess be worth?" When questioned a little further he compared Japan to England in

Napoleon's time: "Japan must fight, if Russia grasps Manchuria and Korea, or lose her standing among nations." He thinks, however, that Japan may be beaten. "She let the opportunity to fight go by." Dr. Smith gave us "God be with you on your wanderings," but his tone did not impress me that we may especially need Divine protection.

One word before we start into the region where intervals between letters may be long. Place no confidence in rumors of trouble with the Chinese and have no anxiety on our account. Exaggeration and misstatements are rife here regarding all matters touching the relations of foreigners and Chinese. The fear inspired by the Boxers still poisons the air. Say the timid: "Carry guns and wear a pistol where it can be seen." Say the cautious: "Yes, carry arms, but keep them hidden lest you invite attack." Say the level-headed, experienced: "Put on your hat and go."



## VIII

# *The Grand Canal*

WE LEAVE TIENTSIN—CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE TAOTAI'S LAUNCH—SCENES ALONG THE GRAND CANAL—AN OLD RIVER CHANNEL—IRRIGATION BY HAND—THE DEVIL BOAT IS STONED—SWIFT JUSTICE, IF SUCH IT BE—FLEETS OF JUNKS—WE CAUSE MORE TROUBLE—WE STEP ASHORE AT TŌCHOU AND FIGURATIVELY BURN OUR BOATS BEHIND US TO TAKE TO PEKING CARTS—THE MAGISTRATE STILL RESTS AND CANNOT BE DISTURBED—WE LOSE HALF A DAY—LI SAN TAKES CHARGE—MY FIRST MOB—I SKETCH, FORGETFUL OF THE WARNING OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR—CHANGELESS CHINA—TSINAN-FU, THE CAPITAL—STREET CROWDS—BANKING BUSINESS



TIENTSIN, *October 9, 1903.* I slept soundly last night on the Pei-ho in the cabin of Tong Taotai's launch. Before I turned in I looked along the moonlit river to the ruined towers of the Catholic cathedral near by, the scene of the massacre of 1870, and realized for a moment the alien environment in which we are. The moon shone on low mud huts, on junks and sampans, on sleeping Chinese; two miles away only was the foreign city we had just left, but we have passed into this great sea of humanity so alien to us. Yet we are guests and the hospitable purpose with which our wishes have been carried out, even though our object is incomprehensible, springs from the common humanity we share with all races of men.

It was just daylight when I roused, yet we were moving, and

by the time I had dressed we were working through the jam of junks to the Grand Canal. The Captain was obeying his orders to the letter. He stood on the bow directing the advance among hundreds of boats. The Canal is often not more than fifty feet wide, it winds sharply as the river did, and it is crowded from bank to bank with junks and houseboats. Mud huts and shanties are built out beyond the edge of the steep bank, resting on insecure piles. Each alley and courtyard held a crowd of curious people, the steamer being a novelty still.

For two hours we nosed our way through the maze of boats. Sometimes it seemed impossible to get through, but it was always accomplished, and quickly. I was particularly interested in the expression of such excitement as there was. The language can be harsh, and commands at such times are given sharply. The ejaculatory fourth tone becomes very marked. The speech is rapid and often the head is thrown forward with emphatic shakes. Thus it seemed at times as though our active old mate, whose pigtail is iron gray, were getting quite worked up. Once he seized a cleaver and dashed across two junks as though boarding an enemy. I looked to see some one of a hundred men in sight drop, but the blow severed a rope on a boat whose owner apparently had refused to make way.

There was a good deal of shouting among the half-naked coolies, poling the boats this way and that; there was much energetic work and some narrow squeezes; but it seemed to me that the general tone was good-natured and the men were amused rather than angry, as Americans might have been. It was breakfast time among the boatmen and groups of them were gathered, standing or squatting on each junk. They held bowls of rice, steaming in a dark gravy, and ate with chopsticks in the other hand. There were families too, from one year old to grandpa, and the children laughed and pointed at us.

Our breakfast was neatly served on the table in our private cabin by Kou, second boy. Both he and Chang, the cook, are quite up to Li San's guaranty: "You want Number One boy, nothing else. I get him alright."

It is evening after a delightful day, the sky cloudless, the sun pleasantly warm, the atmosphere like clear, bracing October weather. Without a stop since leaving the customs station this side of Tientsin we have steamed along the narrow river whose swift current belies the name of canal. Hour after hour we have passed truck gardens and villages of mud huts. We have never been out of sight of crowded junks poling or tracking upstream or sculling and sailing swiftly down. It has been a moving panorama of activity, intensely interesting, and often the scene has been beautiful.

This evening the Captain asked permission to stop at a village where the coolies in the two houseboats in tow might have a chance to eat. I have evidently been as negligent of their needs as any Chinese mandarin. The Captain would proceed as soon as the moon rose. "How long to Tōchou, Captain?" "*Liang ko tien*" ("two days"). So I allowed the coolies to eat.

We are well on our second day from Tientsin, another day of pleasant progress across the flat Huang-ho delta. It takes us through a garden, hundreds of miles in expanse. Not a mile, nor any less distance, has been uncultivated. Near by within reach of water from the canal are planted cabbages, beans, and other vegetables; also fruit trees. Farther back are fields of kau-liang, the Chinese sorghum. We in the cabin see only the bank of light-brown earth crowned by green. It is only when you go up on our hurricane deck, no great height to be sure, or sit in my favorite place on top of the towing post, that you can see far off over the plain. The banks are slightly raised above the unbroken level of the plain and water once lifted over the bank flows away from it, facilitating irrigation.

The method is by hand. Here are four men at it. A tank has been built about five feet above the water and another about five feet higher at the top of the bank. Two men stand at each lift and swing a basket by long cords between them. One pair of cords is fastened to the bottom, the other pair to the top of the basket and by rhythmic play the two fill, lift, and empty steadily. I counted twenty-four strokes per minute; the method

seems quite efficient. Certainly the pairs and quartettes add much to the picturesque scene. The men wear only their blue trousers, tied at the ankle, their bodies are tanned a deep brown, and their muscles are strongly developed. They swing with a snap as we pass and, giving one a smile, leave the impression of careless contentment that one gets in watching Negroes at work.



The Magistrate  
of Chan-chou

We have now passed Chan-chou, a village that would not be mentioned especially had we not gone ashore to stretch our legs. It has been our first walk in untamed China and a very pleasant one. We gathered a number of boys in our train, but we were not annoyed in any way.

However, as we left, one of our houseboats fouled a sampan and, it seems, a stone was thrown into the engine room. The Captain and crew immediately jumped ashore and after a fight captured three men. They dragged them aboard by their pig-tails and tied them to stanchions by the same convenient appendage. (I have heard of a robber who braided pointed knives

in his queue, clever chap.) After much excited talk the Captain and crew took the prisoners to the magistrate, and Eliot and I had supper. Presently the Captain sent to ask permission to receive the magistrate in the cabin and, permission being given, he came, dressed in a light-blue silk surcoat and wearing his official hat. It had only a black button on top, but was decorated with a braided gilt rim, a pearl in front, and red silk cords. He was a broad-faced chap with rosy complexion, a ready smile, and very polite manners.

I received him standing, we said "ching-ching" as we shook our own hands, and then he shook mine. I motioned him to a chair and he sat facing the brilliant reflecting lamp while the Captain told his story. He listened as one gentleman does to another when there is a good story to tell. He smiled, he said, "Yes, yes, certainly; I'll see to it," and bowing again and again, he bowed himself out. So the poor rascals who perhaps threw stones at that invention of the Devil, a steamboat, may probably get a beating.

I understand that Chan-chou is a den of rascals; order must be maintained, but I wish their little boat had been five feet to one side.

It is evening of October eleventh. When I looked out this morning the low banks had given way to these, sixteen to eighteen feet high, and the gardens are replaced by fields of sorghum or American corn. The villages lie far back from the river and are hidden. We have been passing heavily laden junks, which come sailing downstream with a strong current and fair wind. Some are fine, large boats, eighty feet long or more, with high sterns, good deckhouses, and great height of sail spread out by bamboo braces. It is startling to see them jibe and reel as they sweep around a turn.

At one short bend the leader of a fleet ran aground in avoiding us. A dozen coolies pushed and chattered, while the steersman got in his third and fourth tones like a trombone on a tear. But the current carried her stern around in spite of them and the last we saw of her she was lying right across the

channel, blocking it completely. The following junks dropped their anchors quickly and the whole fleet came to a stop. Perhaps the Chinese thought we were to blame, we should not have been in the way, but we steamed on regardless.

I could wish that it may be many a day before the native hulls and the picturesque sails are replaced by American flatboats with fire in their bellies and wheels in their tails. It will be a sad day for many when the coolie line is no longer silhouetted against the sky and the coolie chanty is no longer sung as the trackers step in unison.

The magistrate at Tōchou is perhaps an irascible potentate. At any rate when I sent him my card at eight o'clock in the morning I got word that he was asleep and would not be available until noon. It appeared that Tong's telegram to have carts and drivers ready for our arrival had not been received until the evening before. (Ah, Tong, left to thyself thou art ever procrastinator!) Nothing was ready. No one would rouse the magistrate. However, we got away in the afternoon and made ten miles to this very small village in which we stopped before dark.

"Make ve' early start," said Li San, "all same go late till no can get best room for you two gen'l'men." With some unexpressed doubts I yielded.

I have been scared today, I guess—at least aware of possi-



A junk on the Grand Canal

bilities. The warning of the German Ambassador at Washington has bobbed up annoyingly. However, this afternoon I tired of the hard seat in the front of my personal Peking cart and, jumping down, I motioned to the driver to go ahead. We were approaching a walled village and I lingered for a good look. Suddenly there came around the corner a crowd of men and boys, armed with clubs and yelling loudly. My instant thought was, "My first mob!" and then suppressed, "My last!" I grabbed my kodak and presented it. A rabbit ran past.

It is 3:30 A.M. I'm in a hurry to catch up with Li and his coolies. Breakfast will be served before I am ready and we will be on the road before the sun gets up. Li San is in command.

It is evening of the long day. I must put down an incident before it fades, for who knows what will come next? Nooning at the village of Ping Yuen I strolled out to the street to see the people at their daily tasks. They gathered as might be expected, but they were simply curious and not obtrusive. I stopped at a saddler's and looked over his leather and harness. I stepped into a carpenter's and saw what neat work he was doing with very poor tools. I lingered by a blacksmith who was shaping a heavy hoe, turning it on the anvil as his helper swung the massive hammer. As he heated the iron again, I asked where his coal came from. "*Tangshan lai la*," said he as I expected, though the Tangshan mines are several hundred miles distant. Now I had inadvertently stepped into the helper's place and the boss plainly told me to pick up the hammer and get to work. The crowd set up a great laugh. I too was amused, but I thought it wise to retreat with such dignity as I could command, saying the while: "*Pu tung te, pu tung te*," which might be interpreted: "I don't understand" or possibly "I don't know how."

Since we left Tōchou we have been accompanied by guards, whose number is now swollen to five, two of them horsed, or rather ponied. "Now we have cavalry and infantry: a battery of ancient artillery would complete our army corps," said Eliot.

One of our escort stood guard over me as I made a sketch just before sunset, and I found him quite useful to run an

errand. A crowd gathered, of course, where I sat on a convenient well curb in the village street, and expressed their interest in loud exclamations: I was painting the first distant view of the holy mountain, the T'ai-shan, and I must have been more successful than usual. "*Shih T'ai-shan!*" ("It's T'ai-shan.") "*Shih shui!*" ("It's water"), they exclaimed. "*Ai! Ai! Nake jen*" (*Ai, ai*, "that man"). They laughed when I put paint on the nose of an obtrusive dog, but the little boys ran away when I invited them to have theirs tipped with vermilion. I had forgotten the story told by the German Ambassador at Washington.

We are wandering through a sunny, peaceful land, centuries before Christ. Kings and emperors make war. Dynasties rise and fall. Chinese life sweeps on, changeless, unchangeable . . .

Tsinan-fu has detained us three days, but perhaps not unreasonably. It is the capital and metropolis of Shantung, and the residence of the Governor and, he being absent, the minor officials have hesitated to give us permission to go farther into the province. However, it is settled and we will proceed in the morning. I have wandered about in this crowded city of a million inhabitants as I might in London or Paris, as a stranger, but not as a curiosity. Many Europeans have been here and it is long since they were welcome. The tone of the people is distinctly cold, and for good reason, I imagine, but I have not been annoyed.

I would I could give more than just an impression of my walks through these crooked lanes, the streets of the city, where the people not only pass to and fro, but where they work and bargain and cook, eat and sleep, where they live, in fact. There is a strip twelve to fifteen feet wide, paved with slabs of limestone and drenched with mud and refuse of all kinds. On each side it is bounded by one or two steps that lead up to the rows of open booths. Back of the booths are courts and houses and stores, a labyrinth. Peering in you may occasionally get a glimpse of flowers or of an open space under a tree, but more often a suggestion of the narrow nooks in which families are nursed and raised and in which work goes on also.

Through the strip that is the street passes the crowd—the



coolies with their long poles and swinging burdens, also horses, mules, and donkeys, and Peking carts, sedan chairs, and wheelbarrows. It is not a silent crowd, far from it; it is vociferous, and loudly so. The drivers of carts and the bearers of chairs vie with one another, shouting for a clear passage. A score of pigs must be coming, squealing. No, that is the wail of the axle of a wheelbarrow; a barrow that made no noise would be no use to warn people to get out of the way. With crashing cymbals an official comes.

You step into a side lane, narrower still. It is the blacksmiths' street. The air rings with blows on iron, as they fashion hoes or knives or hammer out pots or make nails from American nailrod.

You approach a loud, twanging sound like that of a strong bow, and in a booth you see a workman, bare to the waist, who swings a heavy frame with taut string over a pile of cotton. He strikes the string with a rod of wood that is knobbed at both ends. The vibrating string strikes the cotton, now throwing it up, now tossing it to the left. The white down separates from the seeds and soon it is spread in a sheet, which the workman pats down and rolls. "Twang, twang, twang" is the tune of the sweating maker of wadding.

I turned to leave and faced a dense crowd that filled the lane and occupied every vantage point of view. All eyes were on me. The look was not friendly. Smiling, I made a step, the way opened somehow, and I took my place as an item of passing interest in the busy, hustling throng.

Having to cash a draft, I called on a rich silk merchant, who was also a banker. We found the gentleman, a man of thin face and intellectual look, in the third building from the street, where all was quiet: mattings over the courts gave a pleasant shade, plants placed around suggested taste, and the proffered cup of tea invited to ease and conversation. While the credit was being arranged the banker chatted with Li and myself: Was I traveling for pleasure? How many *li* had I come from home? Twenty thousand! That is indeed a long way! Yes, the money

in China is inconvenient, too many kinds of taels. How many? And Li San, having traveled much, counted off: "Hong ping, Fu ping, Kwang ping, Lao Kwang ping, Pansi pan Kang ping, Chi ping, Ku ping, Saü ping, Kuan ping, that all the kinds I know."

The silver was brought, cast in *shu's* (small ingots), each one marked with its value in Tsinan-fu taels. Instead of 500 Hong ping taels I received 475.36 Chinan-fu taels, nearly forty pounds of silver. It was wrapped in a grass mat and shouldered by Li San. We bowed our best adieus, having spent a pleasant half-hour transacting the exchange.


We leave Tsinan-fu tomorrow for Ch'au-mi-tién, the Village of Burnt Rice, where quarters have been prepared for us by official order. It is well-situated in the district indicated by von Richthofen as likely to be of geological interest.

So tomorrow—*Vorwärts!* to employ a language that is much too commonly heard in Shantung to suit my taste.

## IX

### *Tsinan-fu to T'ainan-fu*

ELIOT AND I STRIKE OUT ON A LONG WALK OVER HILL AND DALE IN SEARCH OF ADAM TRILOBITE—NOONING WITH THE FARMERS—EVENING SCENES—WE ARE LATE—GUIDES ON THE OUTLOOK—EARLY MORNING, LI SAN FEVERISH—FARMERS IN THE FIELDS—WILLING ESCORT—LI SAN “MOS’ WELL”—“GOD’S BIRTHDAY” AND BRIDAL COUPLES—A SIDE TRIP WITH LI SAN AND A GUARD OF CAVALRY—THE CIRCUS ARRIVES AT THE TWO BACK VILLAGES—EVENING RECEPTION IN THE TEMPLE—CH’AU-MI-TIÊN, A TYPICAL VILLAGE COMMUNITY—RECIPROCAL COURTESIES

 FROM Tsinan-fu to the Village of Burnt Rice, Ch’au-mi-tiên, was a long day. I knew it would be and so did Eliot, but Kou and the escort did not know as we set out on foot in the bright sunshine of the crisp morning. Li San went with the carts by the direct road. We proposed to cross the high ridges to see the rocks and look for fossils. Over my closely buttoned coat I for the first time wore my harness of belt and shoulder straps to carry my compass, notebook, and geological hammer. From the start I sighted compass courses and paced distances from point to point to locate the relative positions of any rock outcrops or make other observations of geological significance.

Perhaps a word of geology may be pertinent here since some of you at home have not absorbed as much of that branch of knowledge as Margaret has. You must know that long, long ago when Shantung was under the sea and possibly Adam Trilobite or his descendants felt the tides come and go, the sediment on the



Eliot's happy hunting ground



bottom was a fine ooze that has now hardened into limestone. Many, many centuries passed and the honored dead of successive generations of trilobites were buried as the ooze piled up, layer upon layer, stratum on stratum. They became fossils, the limestone their sepulcher. There they sleep, we hope, as we break the rock, which is now upheaved in the mountain ridges.

It matters not to them, nor ever did, that their kith and kin, identical in feature and body, lived at the same remote time in distant Wales, under the sea, and were found in the mountains there some decades past by the geologist, Adam Sedgwick, who accordingly named the rocks and the fossils and the age they denote Cambrian. We expect to find Cambrian strata here, marked by *Olenellus Trilobite* and others of that time and we will look for older strata in which we may find *Adam Trilobite*.

At noon we stopped under some trees near a village and the population gathered, but silently and respectfully. From my pockets I drew a knife, a tape measure, a rubber, a magnifier, and my pencil case with its battery of colored pencils, all of which were objects of intense interest. I passed them to an old man and he became custodian. He showed them to others and returned them carefully to me. Tea was brought to us.

The headman, squatting by us, told how the German soldiers had maltreated and frightened them three years ago. He very reasonably dreaded their return. They practically hold Tsing-tao, the port they are building up, and the railroad they are constructing to Tsinan-fu will give them control to the Yellow River.

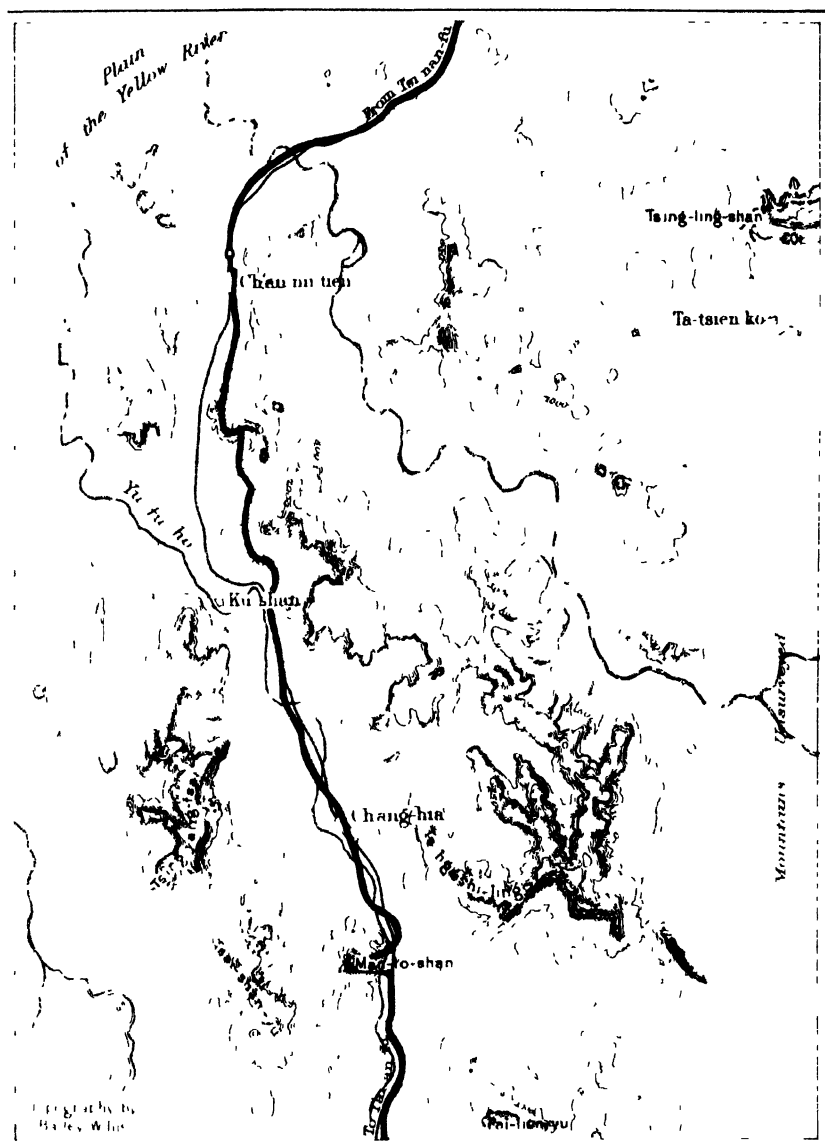
We shook our own hands to the headman, said "fetchin, fetchin," which is something like "thank you," and should have set out for Ch'au-mi-tién. No one knew how far it might be, perhaps twelve miles, possibly seventeen, but I was fascinated by an imposing craggy height, some 1,200 feet high, at the base of which we had stopped, and I led the way up by a stairway of limestone slabs. We came to a temple where the Buddhas are covered with the dust of restoration; most of those we have seen are covered by the dust of neglect. The workmen treated

us to more tea, we enjoyed the fine panorama and studied it with reference to our proposed surveys, and, having descended by another stairway in the southern cliffs, we resumed our walk. It was nearly five o'clock. A countryman offered to show us the way and started off at a fast pace which tried both Eliot and me. We lost our coolie—he anchored with a bag of rock specimens. We dropped our soldiers—they stayed by their guns. Kou sighed, but he kept up with us. We passed through several villages. The people were gathering from the fields, the women were about the well, family groups were assembling, the hour for food and rest had come. One gentleman, he himself just coming from plowing, urged us to partake with him. We thanked him and pushed on.

More than an hour after darkness had set in we saw a light ahead and presently were hailed by two men sent out to watch that road. Others had been posted on other roads. So we are come to the hospitable Village of Burnt Rice, Ch'au-mi-tién.

*It is 11:30 P.M., October 21.* And now we have been here three whole days. In return for his gift of flesh, fish, and fowl we have sent the magistrate a bottle of port and some cigars. We have found fossils, till Eliot says he can't look at a rock but is swarming with trilobites. So far they are all Upper Cambrian forms or younger. Our surveying has begun in earnest and we are at it as long as daylight lasts. I have just finished plotting up notes. Tomorrow Li San and I go off on a little excursion that will keep us away for two or three days among the villagers of other hamlets. When I come back I may have tales to tell.

It was gray dawn when Kou came in to light the lamps, bring the water for washing, and brush our clothes. Eliot still slept. He was merely a big roll of blankets on the cot beside mine, but I had been awake some minutes. I was looking beyond the mud walls of our room at the mountains. How to do the day's work and make it tell most in the ultimate result! By the time we were dressed our oatmeal and coffee were served on the table in our larger room, and Kou had lighted the oil stove. These



Map of mountain district in Shantung



mornings are frosty and paper windows and big loose doors let in plenty of air.

Li San comes in quietly and respectfully as always and waits till he is spoken to. "Good morning, Li. We are going on the high mountains east of here today. Mr. Blackwelder's going in the western hills. Get him good coolie. Tell my soldiers have plenty ch'au (to eat)." "Yes, sir." Then with some hesitation: "Mr. Willis, sir, you gentleman, one, may be, have got quinine pill, somet'ing?" And I find Li has a high fever, sore throat, and indigestion. So I consult Dr. Baker for medical directions, find exactly the remedy needed, and give Li very specific instructions. The man is really worn out with the work of last week.

Presently Eliot and I, starting together, leave our guarded compound and step out into the village street. Some run to see us, all turn and look as we pass, except the girls who look and run away; some give us a pleasant smile or greeting, which we always return. In five minutes Eliot has gone his way to search for fossils, and I am leading my three soldiers across the fields. Instead of a rifle, they carry plane table and tripod and bag. I have been a topographer for a week past.

The Chinese are already out plowing and harrowing, usually with an ox and a donkey, or an ox, a donkey, and a horse hitched together. Their wadded blue cotton robes are tucked up in a sash, later if the sun comes out brightly, they will strip to the waist.

It is persimmon season. You know the big orange-colored fruit. It grows in profusion here and the trees are to the landscape color what our flaming maples are at home; but here they are far more striking for the bare mountains, like those of Montana, are a monotone of brown or violet as the light may be. The trees and fruit are like a dash of orange vermilion in a purple ground.

We are bound for a high castellated peak beyond a narrow valley. The path is across the terraced fields, through a mountain hamlet or two, and up the spur that fronts us. At the foot we roll our coats for the long climb and I have to insist on carrying my own, as one of the soldiers comes forward to take it. He

already has all he can carry and I can climb three feet to his one, but he is a willing chap. Our relations are very friendly all round. The tall fellow, who looks like a Sioux Indian, is particularly watchful and solicitous for me. He tried to outwalk me the other day and now regards me with respect. The round-faced, merry boy and I understand the smile language; and the thin, hollow-chested lad seemed to appreciate being ordered to lie down in a sunny nook out of the cold wind. It was he who wanted to carry my coat this morning.

I was glad to put it on on the peak. The wind searched each opening and chilled me through several thicknesses of wool. The soldiers went to sleep in the lee of the rocks. I must write another time of the views and the curious mountain types of this landscape. They are peculiarly bare and skeletonized, but often very interesting . . .

After five hours of sighting through the telescope and measuring angles and drawing fine lines I would have gone to another point, but Li San was on my mind. I had had my half chicken and marmalade sandwich and tea heated on my alcohol lamp, and the soldiers had shared the last. I hurried back to the inn. On the way there were the harvest scenes that are so interesting, every one of these busy people doing something toward preparing for the winter.

"How's Li San?" "Li San mos' well. Well, sir, Li San all light." (Kou's *r*'s are lacking). And Li appears, his fever broken, and he himself "quite well, sir." I order some broth made for him and give him some directions. "We boys make you too much trouble, sir, that all right, sir." "Yes, sir, I do just you say. You have patience, sir, we do anything the world you want, sir." And Li means it.

The morning has been cloudy, but the afternoon beautiful. The great isolated butte that rises near this village would remind you of Chief Mountain in Montana if I had a good photo to send. Its lights and shadows had caught my eye as I came home and I hurried out to sketch what I could. I asked no one to go, but I had not cleared the village before the head servant

of the magistrate was following respectfully at a distance. He is always here and is responsible for us.

Then I came home to draw my map till Eliot returned with a bag of fossils and a bird to skin. We dined sumptuously on chicken barley soup, chops with Saratoga chips, string beans, and rice, and finally apple pie, which was baked in the blue flame stove from Page's on F Street. That same stove gets our room up to about sixty degrees by the time supper is over, and we sit down to draw or write by our two good lamps. They are a great comfort.

So you have my day. A busy one, with a very definite purpose and yet full of sidelights of human life and friendly relations.

*November 1, God's birthday.* Meeting two bridal companies this morning, I asked Li what the day might be. "This very good day, sir. Good day get married, begin anything. This Yueh Hwang. What you say? Like this: Those Italians, Romacatholics, you know, they got kind of king [the Pope]. Who over him?" "They say God is, Li." "Yes, sir, that I mean, this his birthday, God's birthday, very good day."

The bridal companies were very modest in numbers and in equipment, for we are in a community of farmers who are poor, though self-supporting. Each of the two was preceded by coolies bearing two or three articles of furniture and a small chest in one case, in the other a number of round wooden boxes, containing the bride's clothes. Then came a servant or perhaps relative, followed by the sedan chair, which was carried by four men. Its red embroidered curtains allowed no glimpse of the bride. One would like to know if the small-footed creature within had expectations as rosy as the light in which she sat. Behind her followed the father, and brother perhaps, dressed in their robes of dark blue and black, riding tiny donkeys. They passed us gravely as men engaged in serious private business, which neither concerned the stranger nor permitted them to indulge curiosity.

The day has been one of the most beautiful of the constantly beautiful days we are enjoying. Frosty mornings, sunny warm

noons, cool twilights; the landscape veiled in a slight haze that is iridescent in the sunlight; the people busy with the harvest of grain and persimmons; it is a wonderfully beautiful autumn scene.

Thinking back past ten days of steady work I realize how much there is to tell you and how little you could appreciate our environment had I the pens of Dickens and Kipling in one. Come with me on the side trip I made alone with Li to Shao Erh Tsuan, the "Back Two Villages."

From Ch'au-mi-tién we rode the white Mongolian ponies furnished us by courtesy of the magistrate of Tsinan-fu. The cavalryman in charge of them rode ahead and two coolies wheeled my bedding and a bite on a Chinese wheelbarrow. Some miles from the main road in a wide flat valley, a grove of trees marked a village of which a few roofs and the outer buildings could be seen. Trees are the feature of the villages hereabouts and the country otherwise is almost treeless. I directed Li to the village to secure a decent place to sleep, while I climbed a near-by mountain to make my survey. The afternoon was nearly spent when I was ready to come down. Li had rejoined me, bringing with him a fine-looking, muscular man, the policeman of the village. He explained that through the policeman's assistance he had secured lodging in a temple for me, there being no other fit place. He had also brought the horses, and the cavalcade returned across the bare fields, the policeman, the cavalryman, the Dahren (myself), Li, and then the coolies afoot with the instruments.

Shao Erh Tsuan is built on the edge of one of the deep ravines which the streams of the region cut in the valley clays. Our path to it led along and up from the ravine and was overlooked by the high banks. You have seen the circus come to town and perhaps remember running to meet the procession, but you never were the circus yourself, the big brass band, the clown and ringmaster, the elephant and the kangaroo, the whole thing yourself. I was.

The villagers lined the high banks, the men, the women, the boys and girls, the babes in arms, all dressed in the universal

blue cotton, their figures in silhouette against the evening sky. As we passed along, the children scampered ahead to get a good position, the men and women gathered more quietly but not less curiously beside the ascent. We rode up and into the shadow of four fine old locust trees just inside the massive arch of a gateway, the remnant of a wall. The cavalryman dismounted in haste, the policeman came to his assistance, and my pony was held stock-still while I got down. He had no thought of budging. The villagers gathered round to see the strange bearded man, whose clothes and shoes and saddle and, indeed, whose everything was so utterly odd. Perhaps there were three hundred of them. I stood a moment and looked around. I knew the place. We had walked through it on our way to Ch'au mi-tién, the first day from Tsinan-fu, and I had noticed the old widespreading trees, the village well covered by its tiled roof upheld on four stone columns, the old gateway and the temple near by. The principal gate of the temple yard was wide open and a hunchback priest stood inside, bowing his bent figure so low that I could see only his queueless shaven poll. We entered the gate with a privileged few.

On the west side of the inner yard was the simple one-roomed building, the temple. On the north and south were smaller buildings where the two priests lived. On the east was the gate by which we had come in. Four cedars spread their gnarled old branches over the yard and temple, and stone tablets stood beside them, the latest bearing the name of the present emperor, the oldest that of Wan Li, of the Ming dynasty, according to Li San. The Mings ruled from 1368 to 1644, but I have not yet placed Wan Li. Wan Li, third Ming—about 1450.)

In the main temple building my cot and blankets were spread and my supper was served. The golden Buddha and the two attendant figures of women, each one with a baby, were enclosed in a shrine which had a large glass front. Incense burners, a drum, and a large bell stood on the raised platform before them. As I ate supper by the light of my reflecting lamp, the doorway of the temple and the farther end were in deep shadow, from

which came the shuffling of stealthy feet and occasionally a whisper.

"Are there many there, Li?" "Bout fifty, sir." When I had finished eating I wrote my notes, and then, seizing the lamp, I took two steps and turned the glare on the visitors. They broke and ran, some falling down the step; then as I stood still and laughed at them, they laughed at themselves and gathered in two lines on the edges of the light. They were mostly lads, such as at home would be out for fun or mischief. Taking the reflector from the lamp, I held the light so that they could see me for a moment. "*Chin chü chia ni men, hao yu, hao yü*" ("Now go home; good night"), I said, which may not be good Chinese, but they went silently and with backward looks at the stranger in the temple door. I said good night to the golden Buddha, thought of the dear ones behind the earth, and slipped into dreamland.

How old the temple is I do not know (they keep no written records in Shao Erh Tsuan); nor do I know how old the temple's teapot is, but of the two it looks the older. And when you see it you will wonder, not at its beauty for it is a plain, brown thing, nor at its original form, but at the marvelous patience and ingenuity with which it has been mended. (Decrepit with age it was "honorable" dust on arriving in America.)

Now we have left Ch'au-mi-tién, where we stayed ten days in the mud-walled rooms opening from the courtyard opposite the street gate. We often passed through the gateway into the narrow, crooked street outside and became for the moment objects of interest or of kindly purpose, as when a man said to me: "The rice is cooked and tea is made. Come, eat," and advanced with a steaming bowl in his hands. And through the gateway we saw come in many a loaded Peking cart with its driver, and often a grave merchant accompanying several cartloads of goods. But yesterday's scenes capped the climax. First, however, let me tell you of Ch'ang-hsia.

Ch'ang-hsia is a thread of a village more than a mile long between the river, the Shan-ho or mountain stream, and the high

bluffs of red clay that bound the channel. Just across the river rises Manto-shan, 1,200 feet high. The main street is about twelve feet wide, fifteen in places, and here and there, where an old trees stands or a temple, there is a wider angle. One there is at the village well where three lanes come together and another where a fine, wide-spreading old tree shelters the women who sew and sell bread under its branches while the babies play in the mud. There are lanes in which two people *can* pass between the house walls of mud brick, and they open into spaces where women and girls turn the millstone and fan the meal, while again the naked children seek their natural habitat. Along the main street are a few shops, but most of the people are farmers. There are no rich and no beggars in Ch'ang-hsia. Each one of its 360 inhabitants, who is old enough, works.

In color Ch'ang-hsia is reddish mud-brown and indigo blue, the brown being houses and the blue clothes. Overhead is the greenery of many trees above roofs of gray tiles that imitate split bamboo or more generally of thatch, grown gray and greenish with age.

I found friends in this Chinese country village. I don't know their names, but they greeted me pleasantly as I went to and fro, they even followed me on the street, with an old teapot and mended cups, and offered me tea while they wished me good health. On market day when I chanced to be in town and strolled up and down the crowded way, they made room for me and held back the men of the mountain valleys whose curiosity might have overcome their courtesy.

It was hard to receive so much in kindly purpose from people who pick leaves from the trees and gather grass by hand for fuel, and yet make them no return. So I consulted my factotum, Li San. "Don't know, sir, what you like, sir. Give something. Ten sheep may be or goats." And we looked into the sheep and goat market with the result that we ordered fifteen goats.

Perhaps the news leaked out. The morning of the day before we were to leave as I was busy drawing my map, there came through the gateway six men of the village dressed in black sur-



A corner in Ch'ang-hsia





coats over their blue coats and wearing the Chinese cap with a black button, the mark of those who have passed one examination.

We hastily moved a bench or two into place so that they should sit at my right hand and ordered tea and cigarettes. I could not describe the six men to you individually, although they were as distinct in character and bearing as six similar Americans might be, but two seem clear in my recollection. The head man of the village, Mr. Ch'ang, is a tall man of the type that has a long head, high forehead, well-shaped nose, and straight eyes. He is dark, as the natives all are here, as an American Indian, but not so red. His racial features are the high cheekbones, strong, black hair, and bristling, scanty mustache, which in his case is iron gray. His manner is self-contained, showing strong interest indeed but never allowing it to overstep the limits set by his responsibility. The other man was the fourth on the bench, a little fellow, whose feet did not reach the ground. His short white pigtail, his grizzled eyebrows, and white mustache said he was old, but his squirrel-like eyes and eager manner belied the suggestion.

The head man was spokesman and answered my questions through Li. Their village was old. They knew that houses had been there in the Han dynasty (A.D. 25-220). They had no history of it, no written history, it was a poor village and they were not like people of the great cities, who had books and knew all things. They questioned in their turn. How far to America? 20,000 *li*!—they looked at each other and at us. And what direction, east or west? Then I got a ball and showed them it was on the other side. I am not sure they grasped the connection. As they had seen me using my kodak, I showed them that and the pictures of the boys and myself. They recognized me at once. The cigarettes being smoked, Li told them how much we appreciated the courtesy of the villagers and wished to acknowledge it by a gift of goats. That was too much, they said, but they accepted, and with many bows we parted.

In the afternoon came their return gift. A servant, if they have such, and two coolies came in, the latter carrying between

them on a pole a stack of round red lacquer boxes. The servant explained his errand to Li and the boxes were opened before us. In one were eleven lively chickens (10 and 1 for good measure); in the next 200 eggs; in the third and fourth, packages of cake done up in red paper. It was the villagers' best and we received it all with many expressions of thanks and good will.

Do you wonder that I remember Ch'ang-hsia with pleasure and was sorry to leave my friends?


There is another reason why we remember Ch'ang-hsia. While there, we climbed Manto-shan and collected such fossils as the rocks contain. The precipitous peak is of massive limestone, and the strata contain typical fossils of Upper Cambrian age. The lower part of the peak consists of red sandy mudrock and thin beds of limestone, which in turn rests upon granite. Near the base, not far above the granite, Eliot found older fossils, bits of trilobites similar to *Olenellus*, denoting Middle Cambrian age. But the underlying granite, an ancient igneous rock, cannot contain fossils. There is no chance of finding Adam Trilobite in the rocks of Manto-shan, and most probably not anywhere in Shantung. We may not give it up, however. We must continue to look for Adam on the chance that he may somewhere be found.

Now we are here at T'ainan-fu at the foot of T'ai-shan. It is late evening of November 6. Tomorrow we will go up on the mountain to spend several days and then return to prepare for the farther journey. The first chapter of our travels in China is closed happily. May it be an omen of the many chapters yet to come.

X

## *The T'ai-shan*

WHAT GREAT HEIGHTS MEAN—THE FIVE GREAT PEAKS  
OF CHINA—EARLY TRADITIONS—THE T'AI-SHAN—THE GREAT  
STAIRWAY OF WU T'ANG—MOUNTAIN DWELLERS, LI SAN'S  
OBSERVATIONS—WINTER SCENES—BACK AT T'AINAN-FU—  
MAGISTRATE'S PRESENT—A PRIEST BRINGS RUBBINGS

 CAMP at Heaven's Halfway  
Gate, *T'ai-shan, Shantung,*

*November 7, 1903.* I call this a camp because as I glance up to the bright stars I look past the edge of our canvas and the winds of Heaven blowing through the Halfway Gate come eddying round the corner of our improvised tent. Those who come to stay on the mountain usually go to the summit the first day or, being less fastidious than ourselves, are content to lodge in the dark rooms of this small temple, but when I came this morning I preferred to pitch our shelter in a corner of the yard. So we sleep where the eastern light will bring its earliest greeting from you, unhindered by any walls. With the thermometer at 35 degrees and the rills freezing, there is a touch of winter in the clear, bright night. I have slipped into my blankets and feel very comfortably drowsy after our hot supper and day's tramp.

Early this morning we left the quarters prepared for us at T'ainan-fu by the magistrate's order and came slowly across the plain, passing many enclosures, each with a temple or temples, and up the great stairway, which extends to the summit. It is a stairway five thousand feet high and with few steps and long slants in the lower part and very steep stairs in the last two thousand feet above. It is twelve to fifteen feet wide and is built of granite steps or paved with granite boulders throughout.

It was built by order of the great Emperor T'ang some twelve centuries ago. The veneration that led him to conceive and carry out the stupendous task was rooted in remote ages, in aspiration that has turned man's thoughts to the heights since before history. The cleft in which hundreds of coolies labored to lay the massive granite steps had been climbed wearily during centuries by thousands of pilgrims seeking to enter Heaven's South Gate. Confucius is said to have reached this Halfway temple by horse, but that was in his old age when he could go no farther. His birthplace was in the plain below; I would imagine that he had in younger years passed hours or days and nights near the stars meditating on the principles of right conduct and government.

The impressions I shall longest remember among the day's scenes have their human associations and contrasts. I see the flights of gray steps shaded on one side by old, old cedars, walled on the other by the stone parapet which rises from the bed of a clear mountain stream; and down the steps come men of the mountain, each carrying two bundles of hay on the ends of a pole. The hay is gathered by hand among the crags. Their labor is toilsome and the reward infinitesimal, but they come with swinging step and sing-song refrain.

Again at the head of a long, steep flight, where the sunlight casts shadows and shines warmly through the cedars, sit two little boys, no older than my little marines. The morning frost still lingers in the ravine. Their little legs and bellies are bare, each single wadded coat standing out stiffly from under their arms. Near by is a little basket full of grass and leaves which they have gathered and are carrying down to one of the huts by the way. The smaller one is crying with cold and the older is looking at him stolidly while they both shiver. How early were they sent out on the frosted grass to gather their mite of fuel? At the head of the next flight is the other end of their life story, a very old man who knocks his forehead on the steps and begs.

Confucius Temple, on the summit of T'ai-shan, Evening,  
*November 8, 1903.*

"Hope you like this, sir," said Li San as I came up early this

afternoon and he showed me through the courtyard into the room he had cleaned and arranged for us. I glanced at the stone floor, the white papered walls and paper windows; it was all clean, the only requirement we make. "*Shih hen hao ti, Li, hen haoti.*" "Very nice indeed," and, turning back from the rather damp place, I went out again to the platform in front of the temple where in the splendid sunshine I ate my lunch and enjoyed the superb view. It was a descent of 5,000 feet from the ragged gray crags close at hand down the wild ravine to the plain, shimmering in golden haze.

"I been all round up here, sir," said Li San, who had preceded me several hours up the 2,782 steps from Heaven's Half-way Gate. "I find some old temples here, sir, very old. Only one any good, sir; that Grandmother's Temple, Lao-nai-nai. Very old temple, sir."

"What you mean by 'Grandmother's Temple,' Li?"

"Old Grandmother Josh, sir. You know. She boss of all this mountain, sir, near as can find out. She the First No. 1 Boss of all the lady joshes, sir."

"And who's boss of the men joshes?"

"She is, sir, she boss all the joshes, sir; very old temple, sir. You understand, sir."

"Yes, Li," said I with an apology to myself, having learned from experience that to start Li on any explanation is a lengthy matter, and I wished to work the plane table another hour or two before sunset.

So I have not found out just who Lao-nai-nai is in the hierarchy of Taoist dieties. She is not, I take it, the Supreme Ruler, he being the Golden Dragon, but one of his goddesses charged especially with the guardianship of the T'ai-shan or possibly with that of mountains in general. In Chavannes'\* description of the T'ai-shan she is described as the Princess of the Colored Clouds, clearly a reference to glowing sunsets.

\* Édouard Chavannes, *Le T'ai Chan, Essai de Monographie d'un Culte Chinois*, Paris, 1910.

Wrote Li T'ai Po long ago:

### THE HEAVEN'S GATE MOUNTAINS

In the far distance, the mountains seem to rise out of the river;  
Two peaks, standing opposite each other make a natural gateway.  
The cold color of the pines is reflected between the river banks,  
Stones divide the current and shiver the wave flowers to fragments.  
Far off, at the border of Heaven, is the uneven line of mountain  
pinnacles,  
Beyond, the bright sky is a blur of rose-tinted clouds.  
The sun sets, and the boat goes on and on—  
As I turn my head, the mountains sink into the brilliance of  
a cloud-covered sky.

The Chinese feeling for natural charm or sublimity as sensed from a great mountain top finds expression here in various names, such as Heaven's Gate on the West, where the view seems to reach to Heaven; or the Peak from which to view the Moon; or the Peak that supports the Sky; or the Pavilion of Gathering Clouds.

Our translation is no doubt inadequate; for instance, when I asked Li the meaning of a single Chinese character cut in the rock he said: "Don't know, Mr. Wei, sir. 'Blue sky!' Maybe 'God'!"

The long inscriptions in each shrine express veneration and humility, the two cardinal principles of Taoism. The latter sentiment is concretely expressed in the monolithic monument, the "Stone with No Inscription." It is a single block of polished granite, some fourteen feet high by four feet wide by two feet thick, which stands by the steps to the Temple of the Jade Emperor, but is much older than that building. The emperor who caused it to be quarried and set up, probably a couple of centuries before Christ, is said to have held that individual fame is insignificant and unworthy before his God, and he would have no inscription.

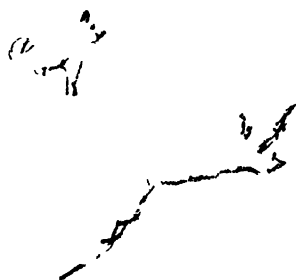
I have spent a busy day studying and mapping the lines of this skeletonized mountain. It has height and extent in splendid

proportions, but not mass. The ravines are cut deep and way into the heart of it. The spurs and the summit ridge even are sharp and toothed and precipitous. The rocks, gneiss and granite, are divided by vertical cleavage and joints, giving rise to sheer cliffs, not often of great height but many times as high as the benches from which they spring. The effect is one of great raggedness and steepness, while much of the mountain is nevertheless covered with grass. One does not look for many flowers in November where the frost gleams in the morning, but I found today an aster, a bluebell, a purple flower that I send you for identification, and three white violets. I gathered the last to send you, but the frail little blossoms were all curled up when I took them from my notebook.

*November 9, 1903, 8:00 a.m.* Barometer low; Thermometer 32° F. The sun went down last night in a dun-colored cloud, and I said to Li San if tomorrow is not clear we will visit the temples. During the night the wind rattled our torn paper windows like the flapping of big wings, yet there was no sound of rain. "Windy, but clear," I half-dreamed, half-thought. The silent snow was falling, and this morning we are on a white

mountain in a white cloud. I have challenged Eliot to knock a doggy off the roof with a snowball, but he considerably did not take me up.

What a contrast this is to yesterday morning. We woke in our camp on the terrace at Heaven's Halfway Gate as the east turned golden with the coming sun. Venus was magnificent and the moon, though



Roof outlines

larger, was paler, high in the southwest. It was the opening of a perfect day. Yesterday the mountain men stripped to the waist as they worked in the sunshine, though I found winter clothing comfortable with the thermometer near 40° in the shade. But



today they are burning grass and I would like some grass to burn as I warm my fingers by the lamp.

Gleams of sunlight through the cloud called us out and by ten o'clock the wind had cleared the air. It has been a perfect winter day, not thawing at any time except on sunny slopes where the rocks were warmed. The effects of frost and snow have been beautiful. Yesterday's blossoms have given place to ice flowers and they, blooming in a high wind, all stretch their crystal petals in one direction. The scene on grass and autumn herbage is familiar, but it was strange where the snow lay on the tiled roofs and dragon-tipped ridgepoles of the temple. We wandered among the temples photographing and noting till noon. Then after lunch Eliot went off to pursue his chief interest, the birds, in the eastern canyons, and I to visit Lao-nai-nai and continue my mapping. Being frozen out at the latter task by four o'clock, I put away the instruments and went off alone across the wintry heights, thinking to meet Eliot; but I missed him and had a lonely walk among the desolate ice-clad crags, with the wind blowing a gale over the summits and the sun veiling itself in western clouds.

It was with tingling cheeks and stirring blood that I came in as it grew dark and was greeted by Eliot's hearty query: "Say, how's this? Isn't it great to get letters on the T'ai-shan? Who'd'a'-thought it?" My budget is a big one. They came to T'ainan-fu by imperial mail courier from Tientsin, and our "boy," Kou, who was left in charge of our belongings below, at once sent them up. Bless him! They are a joy indeed. They must have their individual answers, but not tonight. A temple may hold a divine spark, but it's a cold place without material fire.

*T'ainan-fu, Shantung, November 11, 1903; evening.* I wish you could have dropped in on us for supper this evening. We had come down from the T'ai-shan, reaching here about four o'clock and were rather hungrily awaiting the supper hour, when gifts from the magistrate were announced. Four servants appeared with two lacquered bandboxes, one of which contained two plates of *mahnto*, or Chinese biscuit, and the other four

steaming hot dishes of meat. *Mahnto* is boiled dough, usually crimped together at the top, a dumpling in fact. One plate was of the usual kind, the other was of dumplings shaped like a hand with three fingers closed, the little finger and thumb extended, called the "long-life hand." The dishes of meat contained (1) steamed tame duck, (2) boiled fresh pork, (3) fins and holothurians, and (4) wild duck and chopped meat balls. They were all dressed with boiled bamboo sprouts, and strips of white radish artistically arranged on the surface, beneath which in a very greasy gravy lurked the viand. Only the holothurians and fins showed their real character and they looked like jellied snails. We tasted them all, pronounced them fair and not extraordinary, and fell back on our own well-cooked mincemeat and rice, with dessert of delicious grapes and peanuts. Ch'ang, our cook, is a good one. Tomorrow we will return the magistrate's present in the shape of a bottle of champagne and some cigars, these having been provided for that purpose.

Had you been here your appetite for Chinese dishes might have been satisfied with a look at each one, but you would have enjoyed the next episode, the visit of a young priest from the T'ai-shan, who came to bring "rubblings" that I had ordered. Rubbings are copies of the inscriptions cut in the rocks, which are a feature of the T'ai-shan, as they are no doubt of many other places. At one point in the ascent, for instance, at the bottom of the last steep flight of stairs, which is 1,500 feet high, are characters cut in the face of a rock smoothed to receive them. The rock face is about ten by twelve feet and the characters are eight feet high. They mean simply "God." The inscription is singular in that there is no name or date attached. The whole surface has weathered to the color of the uncut granite and is old past tradition's recollections. There are hundreds of these, some recent, mostly old, some historical, many suggestive or poetic. On a rock face forty feet high, behind one of the temples near the summit, is cut the history of T'ang, King of Shantung, who built the great stairway. Here I saw two priests taking rubbings. The rock being brushed off, paper is pasted over it and

the face of the paper is blacked with a flat rubber. The characters, being cut in, remain white in the blackened paper. The young priest who brought me the copy tonight is a tall, pleasant-faced man whose simple manner would have attracted you at once. His unshaved head and heavy hair, coiled like a woman's on top of his head distinguished him from other Chinese. His long blue-cotton coat and very long sleeves are the same as all others wear. He brought also rubbings from tombs of the Han dynasty, which were discovered and excavated by the Chinese not very long ago. I think Dr. Hirth showed us some of them and Taotai Tong displayed them to us after our dinner at Tientsin.

They exhibit the high-stepping houses, typical of the art of that time, and they also show war chariots and elephants and other evidences of the influence of India. These tombs are in the plains at Tsining-chou. We shall not see them, but the records are curious.

We are having a great time swapping gifts and compliments with the magistrate. I hope to get away tomorrow for Sin-t'ai and thence to Poshan, about two weeks of travel and surveying.

## XI

# *T'ainan-fu to Poshan*

EN ROUTE WITH WHEELBARROWS—WINTRY WEATHER—COAL  
MINERS OF YEN-TSWANG—A CHINESE MATCHLOCK—INCI-  
DENTS OF THE ROAD—THANKSGIVING DAY—FOSSILS  
AND LIFE IN THE LONG PAST

*M*<sup>EI YU-SHAN, SHANTUNG,</sup>  
*fifteen miles south of Po-*  
*shan (November).* We are en route again, unhampered by surveying, and traveling as fast as wheelbarrows can to Poshan and Choutsun to take the train for the German port, Tsingtao. Wheelbarrows travel slowly, fifteen to eighteen miles a day, and we have time to note the geology as we go. If we were merchants from the south of the province, going to Poshan to place orders for coal and Poshan crockery and cast-iron ware, we ourselves would ride in a wheelbarrow, stretched out luxuriously in warm blankets, one on each side of the wheel, pushed by a coolie behind and pulled by another or perhaps a donkey. I draw the line at a steer, though they are used. But, being queer foreigners, we walk. The path is good. It is frozen where it might be muddy, and most of the way it is granite sand packed hard by the continuous rolling of wheelbarrows. We pass among mountains, but not over them nor over any divides worthy of the name. The region is one of low granite hills, rarely a hundred feet high, and from this general lowland rise isolated mountain groups, which reach altitudes of 1,000 to 1,500 feet above us.

It is a bare landscape and a wintry one when the snow squall comes over it, as it has this afternoon. We begin to see the Chinese in their winter coats, stiff wadded blue-cotton things, which stand up alone if you drop them. They are so loose that

the wind circulates up under them, often freely to the man's or boy's bare body. The sleeves cover his hands and stand out stiffly when the occupant of the coat pulls his arms inside to hug himself. Perhaps this writing tells you that I would like to warm my fingers a little, but otherwise I am quite comfortable with my blanket round my legs and feet and heavy flannels on. However, Eliot and I are agreed that the day is *wan la* ("finished") and we are presently going to bed.

Yen-tswang, the town at which we have stayed eight days, comes next after Ch'au-mi-tién in my list of pleasant stops, so far. It is a coal miners' town and it was curious to meet a blackened Welshman, as it seemed, and looking closer to find him a Chinese. I had about fifty of them round me yesterday, after surveying the town. They had gathered and watched in silence at a respectful distance, and when I turned toward the gate they all followed. Stopping, I took out a cake of chocolate and offered a piece to the nearest boy. He was afraid, but when a middle-aged miner took it, they all began to crowd round and hold out their hands. Such hands, such hard shriveled, blackened little hands! I saw little else while the chocolate lasted. They crowded in, but they did not jostle me, and the men were as eager as the boys. I had hard work to get a piece into the smallest and lowest little palm, and there was one old man, who exclaimed with fear that, when his turn came, he wouldn't get any at all as he saw the cake growing smaller.

Among my souvenirs of Yen-tswang, and the only personal one, is a Chinese shotgun. I saw a boy out shooting with it a few days ago and, though he ran away, I saw that it was a quaint old thing, and I asked Li San to find it and let me see it. After another day he brought it in. The barrel is five feet long and the stock is like that of a large pistol. It has a simple arrangement of trigger and two springs to bring down a lighted punk on the panful of powder. In a word, it is a matchlock, such as was used in Europe two or three hundred years ago; but this gun was made by the boy's grandfather about forty years ago, and it was of the maker that we bought it after four days' bargaining, a real

Chinese trade, which Li carried out. It has cost 1 shovel, 1 pick, and 6 taels, or \$3.60.

The wind howls from the north. Good night. I am glad you are all warm and well-housed.

*Yen-tswang, fifteen miles east of Lai-wu, Shantung, November 25, 1903.* It is five days since I mailed a letter from Sin-t'ai-hsien on leaving there. We were two days en route, stayed two nights at the village of Kau chia pu ("Kau's home place"), and have been here two days.

The distance back to Sin-t'ai is not great. Measured as we measure, it is but seventeen miles, but it is for a geologist a long way. We have found Sin-t'ai quite as interesting as von Richt-hofen's description had led me to expect, and the views I had obtained northward disclosed mountain group beyond mountain group of granite and limestone in such array as to entice any student of the hills. I made up my mind it was a good place to take another sample of the geology of Shantung, so beginning with the basin of Sin-t'ai, Eliot and I have carried out a detailed survey to this place. One may not say without fuller knowledge of the province that this is the best sample of its kind, but it would be hard to find one of greater interest.

Eliot, who draws each new find in his "rogues' gallery," finds the trilobites too varied for his peace of mind. It has been a very fruitful piece of work and we will stay here several days longer till we have rounded it up.

The day before we left Sin-t'ai, the magistrate sent three horses and a mafu for our use, and we sent them back with thanks and a bottle of port. If we were traveling the wheelbarrow path, which is the highway, they might have been acceptable, but our ways are too devious for straightforward horses. I have spent a good many hours on the higher summits with plane table and telescope, while Li San and our escort of two soldiers curled up in a sunny corner out of the wind. Li, whose restless interest in everything is his most conspicuous trait, comes to me with a piece of rock; "Think this any good, sir?" And he shows me a fossil, which as it has happened has more than once been a

very good find. The soldiers come and watch me figuring and sighting and drawing. "*Ni dung de, pu dung de?*" ("You understand?"), I ask and they laugh and repeat "*Pu dung de.*" ("No understand.") When the last note is taken I call: "*Lai ah!*" ("Come"), and in five minutes we are off to the next point; it may be to another mountain or to the village and inn where we are expected. Along the mountain slopes little boys and men are digging grass for fuel. They look up from their energetic scratching with a crooked blade and stare silently; it is ten to one they never saw a blond bearded man before, yet they are friendly chaps. Yesterday one, who had lit a bunch of grass to warm his own hands, held it up and called to me as I passed to come and share the momentary warmth. On the narrow path among the terraced fields we meet men with loaded donkeys or carrying loads on a pole, and they make way for us to pass. Their greeting, if any, is "Be seated and rest," or "Have a smoke," or "Have you eaten?" or "How old are you?" the last being a highly polite address; and so with many a pleasant incident we come to the town.

It was dusk of night before last that we approached this little walled town and found perhaps a hundred people gathered outside the south gate to see us. Our men and outfit had been here several hours, having come ahead in charge of a tall soldier, whose distinguishing garment is a sleeveless surcoat of a printed cotton tiger skin. As we came up to the stone bridge over the dry moat and into the shadow of the castellated wall, the crowd massed itself at each side, he of the tiger skin came to attention and then led the way through the arch. Where the street widened a little way within, there was a group of perhaps thirty women and children kneeling, and as we came near they began to cry out and kowtowed to us. I recognized the beggars' refrain that I had heard repeatedly on T'ai-shan, but I had no money with me. We have met nothing of the kind before and it was presently explained that these were pilgrims. Passing them, we came into the inn and left the crowd outside.

Over the door hangs a strip of red cloth, showing that we are

official guests, and a similar decoration is on the two armchairs in our room. The place was cleaned yesterday on notice that we were coming and our boys have fixed it up since their arrival. During the walk from the mountains I have been looking forward to its bright lamplight and to the genial warmth of the oilstove, within ten feet of which as I write the temperature is 52°. Outside it is probably just above freezing. But the crown of the day is yet to be reached. It comes first as a bowl of hot chicken soup with rice. Roast mutton follows and with it come rice, sweet potatoes, and boiled celery. "Anything more tonight, Kou?" "Yes, sir. Have apple pie, sir. Some persimmons, pears, maybe peanuts, chestnuts. What you like, sir?" So we eat the pie and fruit and as the evening passes we pile up the nut shells on a plate between us. When the nut plate is empty and the shell plate is full it is bedtime. Let me see? Yes, there's a last peanut for me.

*Thursday evening, November 26, 1903, Thanksgiving.* The first of the anniversaries we are to pass in the Far Away has come and for us it is nearly gone. The beautiful autumn day which we enjoyed yesterday had given place to gray skies this morning, and it was rather chilly business surveying. At noon a sharp snow squall came across the granite peaks of the Lien-hua-shan ("Lily-root Mountain") and drove me with the plane table from the peak, but as I had finished what I came out for I did not so much mind. Eliot, who was four or five miles off to the eastward, stayed out and I was glad that an hour later the sun shone brightly. Tonight is clear and the moon shines on these quiet Chinese villages as the sun rises on your Thanksgiving Day. I wish you might know that we are well and have such abundant opportunity to do the work we have put our hands to. There is much for which I am thankful. If I could know that my loved ones are all well and happy, I would be content.

I wonder how you will spend your day, how divide your appetites between the available turkeys, whom you invite to share yours. I trust your day may have its crowning grace of hospitality. The little boys will have their taste of turkey and cranberry sauce



and maybe a bite of plum pudding! Oh, my, what lucky boys! The little Chinese boys of whom I see so many every day never even heard of turkey; they all look fat though, and when I make believe catch one, they all think it is great fun except the one I try to catch. He looks scared till he sees it is fun and then he laughs too.

Speaking of Chinese boys, I wish you could have seen the four manly little chaps I met today. Seven or eight, or perhaps nine years old, off by themselves on a hilltop scratching for grass. They were so busy that, coming alone up the other side of the hill, I was unnoticed and watched them some minutes before they saw me. They were working like beavers, scratching with the right and gathering with the left, turning over stones to get at the tufts of grass and chattering to each other in high childish voices. Two of them had stripped off their wadded coats and were bare to the waist with the temperature near 40° and a keen wind foretelling the snow squall that came later. When they saw me, they stared a moment but returned at once to their scratching, which they so managed that they beat a very gradual retreat to a safe distance.

Having finished my notes, I called to them to come and held up a cake of chocolate. They were slow to come, but when I had eaten a bit and said, "It's good, it's very good, come take, come take," one half-naked chap came up and held out his hand. It was a grimy hard-worked little hand, and his strong little arms and square chest told of plenty of hard work already done. His brown eyes said: "Heap good," as he tasted. I gave each a bit as he came up and to my query: "Is it good?" each nodded his answer with his eyes on the cake in its shining foil. When I gave the whole cake to the first he asked me something to which I answer vaguely: "*Ni ko i*," ("You may"), and he divided very fairly with the others. Then he began to ask me what it was and other things that I didn't catch, so it was my turn to beat a retreat, leaving the four little brown lads in blue cotton staring after me and munching that strange "*hen haoi*" ("very good").

We have finished our work in this region and will be ready

to move on after a day spent in picking up odds and ends. Comparing notes as we ate supper, Eliot and I agreed that we might feel well-satisfied with our results. Eliot has certainly done his share with a thoroughness and understanding equally creditable to his character and training.

The gray limestone ledges which he and I have searched for fossils are in general barren. The mud of which they are composed was deposited in deep waters from an ocean current like the Gulf Stream. It swept along few shells of any kind. But on mud flats along the shores, where the tides ebbed and flowed and sunlight penetrated, there flourished an abundant life of worms and shellfish of many kinds. Their remains are imbedded between layers of mud rock and there we have found them as we split the strata apart. There are the jointed trilobites, of whom the Cambrian *Olenellus* was one of the largest, and there lived his first cousin, the Swallow-tailed Trilobite. And there were colonies of humbler creatures, more or less like mussels, clams, or snails. We have opened the tomb in which they have lain buried these millions of years and have discovered many new and interesting forms, but we have not found Adam Trilobite. He was of an earlier age. There are no rocks in Shantung of that remote antiquity except the granites of the T'ai-shan, which are much older still and, being granite, carry no fossils. We will have to explore other mountain regions in the interior.

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## XII

### *Poshan to Tsingtao*

WE REGRET TO LEAVE OUR CHINESE COMFORT FOR THE LUXURIES OF CIVILIZATION—POSHAN. THE MAGISTRATE'S ENTERTAINMENT, INDUSTRIES, GLASS AND POTTERY, EVIDENCES OF A POPULOUS DISTRICT—A TEMPLE AND ITS ANTIQUITIES IN THEIR SETTING



OUR PURPOSE now is to reach Tientsin as soon as possible. From here to Poshan is two days' travel for our wheelbarrow coolies. A third day should take us to Choutsun, where steam, the annihilator of distance, will pick us up. One day by rail to Tsingtao—and then it is a question of steamers, about which we know very little, but if we catch one we should be in Tientsin in three or four days more. I am saying Tientsin by December 12 or 15, unless we come back and go through overland with mule carts; in that case it would be December 20. We may have to go by Port Arthur and the railroad and once more brave the bandits of the Tahling-ho. Well, it's not saying anything hard about them to say they are the worst we have met in China.

Eliot and I are saying strange things to each other, strange-sounding at least to those who have not lived in a Chinese inn. We shall be sorry to exchange our independence and privacy for the life in a hotel, even the Astor House at Tientsin. Outfitted as we are with most of the conveniences, served by our own efficient servants, shut off in a privacy as complete as if we owned the inn, we find these small villages very comfortable and pleasant places to stay. The larger the town, the dirtier, noisier, and

more obtrusive the people is our experience so far. How different all this is from what we expected, or feared.

*Shi-Shiwan, December 4, 1903, evening.* We are past Poshan and well out toward the northern margin of the hills of Shantung. The great coastal plain stretches north to the sea and along its southern edge the Germans are building their railroad parallel to the old highway. We plan to take the train December 6 from Choutsun.

We realize that we have come from the poor mountain district into a rich populous region. On arrival at Poshan yesterday we were shown to a house prepared for our reception on a style quite unlike the Chinese inns we have lived in for six weeks. No longer a floor of hard-trodden clay, no more the blackened thatch dropping soot, nor walls of sun-dried brick, but at the height of two stone steps from the court is a floor spread with scarlet Brussels carpet, the walls of the room are papered with white and silvered wall paper, the ceiling likewise with a design in roses, and on the table is a stamped German oilcloth cover. The house was neither inn nor temple but a rich man's private residence, placed at our disposal and furnished for us by order of the magistrate, Mr. Yin. The owner is absent, but his family occupies apartments in the rear.

Following a narrow street, which was crowded with wholesale stores of crockery and many workshops of wheelbarrow makers, we came to a gateway with dragon-tipped roof. Over it hung the red cloth of official possession. On the right of the court are the parlor and bedroom assigned us. The latter is ordinarily the private business room of the owner, I think. Not only was there the usual table with two chairs opposite the door, but also a round dining table laid with a white cloth. Pictures of the four seasons, and one of the "long life josh" hung on the walls.

Six or seven servants of the magistrate are on hand to wait on us. Tea was served immediately.

Presently the magistrate himself was announced and we had just time to hustle things into place a little and put on a clean coat before he appeared. He was a very affable, intelligent man

of about thirty-five, with a thin face and quick-glancing brown eyes and a genial laugh. He saw everything peculiar in our arrangements, such as our lamps and stove, without seeming to notice; he asked our ages most politely, apologizing according to etiquette for the poverty of our accommodations, and smoked our Havana with grace and evident pleasure. He pressed us to stay in Poshan at least a day longer, and if we had acquiesced he would probably have given us a dinner. We had a sample of it as it was and I am not sorry I declined. One of the servants he had sent us was a cook, who was very busy. When our dinner was served, ten Chinese dishes were placed on the table. Most of them were familiar meats and vegetables, pork, chicken, veal, turnips, celery, pickled beans, onions, bean cake, etc., all swimming in fats or oils. There were also meat, jelly, and holothurians, and fishes' "lips." Their taste is not disagreeable, but just enough unfamiliar to be undesirable with a good rare beef-steak and rice and sweet potatoes for alternative. This sort of entertainment is expensive, since one must fee the servants liberally, a cost which so far has been the largest item of our outlay. This morning we declined the magistrate's horses, and sent him our adieus with a bottle of champagne and cigars.

Poshan would be an interesting place to spend a week. Coal and pottery clays and glass sand have given rise to industries in pottery and glass, which flourished under the Mings and are still actively prosecuted. One of the sights along our mountain road into Poshan (we came through one wild, rocky canyon) was wheelbarrow loads of teapots, jugs, and vases, packed only with a little straw and tied onto the wheelbarrow frame with rattan. With us they would have been *wan la* ("smashed china") in short order, but these coolies handle them with wonderful skill.

We saw the glassblowers, visited the potteries, glanced at the old, old temples grouped around a great spring, and studied the geology, all in a fraction of yesterday afternoon and a part of this morning.

The performance of cooking a Chinese dinner for us has been repeated here, but the magistrate has not called; neither are the

accommodations as complete as at Poshan. This is a great walled city, which at home would have fifteen thousand inhabitants and here had perhaps forty thousand. We walked through a thousand or more in the outside wall market, as we came in—a lively scene, I assure you.

The situation of the place is very picturesque, on the northern slope of a high hill, which is isolated by two canyons. The wall of the city, built of light gray limestone, climbs the hill and crowns a cliff which fronts south, and in both canyons are groups of temples. Massive stone bridges cross the streams and, being in good repair, they give an air of prosperity which is usually sadly lacking. Within the walls, the houses are the usual small adobe buildings, but all along the curving main street are wholesale stocks of pottery and glass and the busy scenes of trade and packing and forwarding by wheelbarrow.

Day before yesterday morning Eliot and I started out alone as we supposed for a geological walk, but on getting beyond the gates we found that we were accompanied by a bright-eyed lad of eighteen or twenty, who ordered people out of our way and called our attention to the temples along the stream. We did not learn who he was, but as we returned from our excursion we allowed him to show us a beautifully situated temple at the outlet of the smaller canyon. Here in Shantung at least one must dissociate a temple from the idea of a fine building. A small house, with simple columns and doors on one long side and a roof ornamented with the never-failing watchdogs and dragons, suffices for the idols, and very similar ones placed at right angles may hold lesser gods or be occupied by the priests. It is in the courtyard, thus enclosed, that you find the objects of interest, the old cedars, the monuments, the sacred stones.

In this temple the golden idol stares across a paved court shaded by unusually fine trees and marked by a naturally but curiously eroded block of limestone which stands in the center; beyond is an open temple, built on the edge of a stone terrace. A large spring bubbles below, and a clear stream flows rippling into the city. Running water is rare in Shantung, where stream

beds large and small are wastes of sand when they are not flooded, and a spring or brook in a picturesque spot usually has a temple near.

Visiting one of the potteries, we went into a low building where three men were at work among piles of clay and unbaked ware. The potter set his heavy stone wheel turning, placed a partly molded bowl on the upper end of the axis, and with a special tool shaped the base. He turned off three or four a minute. A second man mended these first forms by adding damp clay with his fingers only for tools. A third put on the glaze and painted a simple ornament. When burned, these are the cheap bowls from which the Chinese millions eat. The wares we saw were all common brown or dark green jugs, teapots, and bowls, but von Richthofen speaks of works of art which were accomplished here under the Mings and later.

*En route to Tsingtao, December 6, 1903.* Eliot says this is the book of Exodus. We have cast off the ways of the strange people and returned to those of our Fathers. Once more we feel the wheels go round beneath us and Eliot asks: "Say! Are we back in Siberia?" It was quite an exciting moment yesterday when we came in sight of the railroad, and now that we are really en route by it our sensations are superlative.

We are well on our way to Tsingtao, traversing the great plain of eastern Shantung. It is a plain of brown earth, unbroken by any green thing except where sown to winter oats, and without a trace of stubble in its continuous fields. The last work of the harvest is to drag a bamboo rake over the fields. It is contrived to gather its burden of grass or straw or leaves automatically and thoroughly; not a combustible thing escapes, and men and boys are continually trudging homeward with bundles of this fuel. We pass many large villages, numbering thousands of inhabitants, and every now and then a walled town. This is the populous region of Shantung.

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### XIII

## *Tsingtao, Tientsin, and Peking*

WE MAKE GOOD CONNECTIONS—TSINGTAO, A GERMAN CITY—  
FORTIFICATIONS—THE COAST FROM THE SEA—CHEFOO—PAST  
THE TAKU FORTS—TIENTSIN TO PEKING—ELIOT LEAVES WITH  
LI SAN TO LOOK FOR ADAM TRILOBITE IN THE LIAOTUNG  
PENINSULA—HARVEY SARGENT, TOPOGRAPHER, JOINS  
THE PARTY—THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

OTEL PRINZ HEINRICH,  
9:00 P.M. "If this be I, as

I suppose it to be, I've a little boy at home and he'll know me." Eh? Neal? Eh? Robin? That's what I said when I looked in the big mirror here after two months of life among Chinese. I am sunburned and bushy and a pretty fierce-looking *Dahren* ("Great Man"), I assure you.

*December 9, 1903.* Aboard steamer *Tsingtao*, from Tsingtao to Tientsin. Our good fortune guided us in quitting work and pushing on to Tsingtao just when we did, for the mail steamers from Shanghai pass but once in six days. This one was lying in the harbor on the evening of the sixth, when we arrived, and sailed at 2:00 P.M. on the seventh, giving us just time to get our freight on board and deliver letters of introduction in the city.

Tsingtao is a city, a city of German buildings, all substantial and many of them of fine appearance. A heavy wall and broad street curve along the shore; on the far side are the German bank, the Prinz Heinrich Hotel, and a dozen other structures of brick or stone or stucco with such names as Landtmann, Schwarzkopf, etc. Wide macadamized streets cross the lower slopes of the rising ground and the hills behind are girdled by fortifications



and one is crowned by a signal station including a Marconi pole. The railway station, of typical German architecture of stucco, crossed by beams above the granite lower story, stands on the low ground to the west, and the European buildings extend over the point, leaving the limits of the city uncertain to one who views it from the bay. We approached it by train from the north and east after sunset. In the misty twilight we saw a bold, jagged peak rising high against the western sky, masses of low pines resembling California live oaks, and the flat shore which faded into the waters of Kiaochow Bay. In the western glow the landscape suggested San Francisco and I expected to hear the porter call: "Oakland Pier! All out"; but instead came the cry: "*Ende des Routes, Alle absteigen.*" In place of the Market Street cable cars we stepped into rickshaws and were trotted off to the Prinz Heinrich by the human ponies.

In the morning there was freight to get from the station, and dollars from the bank and passages on the steamer and a call to make on Bergrath Peters. Where the railway official hesitated, the letter of the German minister at Peking brought forth an expressive: "Ah!" and spurred him to activity. A letter from a business house in Tientsin made us welcome at their branch office and loaded us with thirty pounds of Mexican dollars. Bergrath Peters, though not enthusiastic over the American invasion of Shantung, was courteous and yielded somewhat to diligent questioning.

We embarked at one by the steam launch from the iron jetty. The boats in the harbor were few and significant: Chinese junks and sampans, two white German cruisers, and a Japanese in black war paint. Sixty marines were going through gun drill on the eastern peninsula where there were four heavy guns, and on an outer point officers were directing the mounting of three still larger ones. From the land side the fortifications were obvious, but as we looked back from the sea they merged into the rocky hills. It is a wild coast. The sun was setting as we passed Kap Ya Tan, the backbone of the Lau-shan which rises like a huge shark's fin from the sea to a height of over 3,500 feet. We saw

it as a violet mass, without detail of spur of valley, half-veiled in the golden mist that again spread over the western horizon.

A voyage along the Chinese coast in December may well suggest stormy seas and much discomfort, but we sail under a guardian star. Yesterday we lounged in the sunlight, well-wrapped to be sure in coats and plaids, but not too cold to write reports. Late in the afternoon we ran into Chefoo (Tschifu), a busy harbor. Hundreds of junks formed the background to twelve merchant steamers and sampans swarmed around them. One of these came near as we still ran at half-speed. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night sailed off in a wooden shoe," I hummed at it approached, looking just like a clumsy Dutch shoe. Nod was not aboard, but Blynken stood in the stern sculling with that crooked oar, which in ingenious crookedness comes next to a scythe handle, and Wynken stood in the bow with a raised boat hook. "He'll go overboard if he tries to catch us," I thought as the little boat swept astern way below me. He caught the boat hook into our rail, sprang from the sampan, and with both feet against the wall of the steamer balanced till he could steady himself. Then hand over hand and foot over foot he walked up the side and came aboard. A dozen others followed in five minutes and began to seek fares to the shore among the passengers. The captain told us at supper that in the southern seas of China they do not always come on so peaceful an errand, as it is thus that pirates board, even when the vessel is going full speed. Later we were sculled ashore, walked a little through the narrow, fast-darkening streets, glanced at the laces made here under missionary direction, and returned to the steamer. We did not see the European residence section which stretches east along the shore under the mountains that rise a thousand feet in a crescent behind the town. At this season they are outlined along ridge and gully by snowdrifts.

A northeast wind, a northwest course, and a lightly freighted ship combined last night to rock us in our slumbers. Of the half-dozen passengers Eliot and I alone came to breakfast and only he stayed. I spent the morning in a cosy corner thinking on my

sins; but I ate my dinner with the rest and enjoyed my supper. Now it is evening and we are anchored on the bar off Tongku. If the ice in the river permits we go in tomorrow with the flood at daylight. If not we go on another day northward to Ch'ing-wan-tau, the winter port of Tientsin.

The pilot has come aboard and given the order: "*Seid fertig um sechs!*" so we should be in Tientsin tomorrow.

*December 10, 1903, 7:30 a.m.* We are over the bar and steaming in through thin ice past the Taku forts. It is "All ashore!" now— So endeth the first lesson in Chinese travel.

*December 21, 1903, 10:00 p.m.* We are winding up our stay at Tientsin. Tomorrow will finish the outfitting for six months to come, and the day after I will be off to Peking. Eliot left three days ago to make a little reconnaissance in the Liaotung Peninsula. That is the section of North China which projects from the mainland of Manchuria between Mongolia and Korea, with Port Arthur at its tip, and is one of the objectives of the Russian expansion in Asia. Its political geography does not concern us, but it was named by von Richthofen as a promising region in which to look for Adam Trilobite. We would have spent the past three weeks there instead of in Shantung except that it seemed wiser not to excite Russian suspicions. I do not want to pass it by unseen, however, and since I cannot go myself I have sent Eliot to reconnoiter the geology. He goes simply as a traveler with his attendant, Li San, a role in which Li is clever and experienced. They will be gone for three or four weeks.

Our party is strongly and most happily reinforced by the arrival of Harvey Sargent, topographer, who will from now on do all the map-making. When on arriving in Peking I first made detailed estimates of the cost of our excursion into China I had to consider the question of transportation. Von Richthofen rode and I was advised to proceed in the same manner, because, as was argued, it would be safer as well as more convenient. In China, officials either ride or are carried in a sedan chair. We would lose face and be liable to insult or worse if we walked. On

counting up the cost of horses and grooms I found it equal to the salary and expenses of a topographer and, being convinced that good maps are well worth the expense and possible risk, I cabled for Sargent to come. I knew him as one of the most skillful topographers of the United States Geological Survey,<sup>1</sup> but I knew him also as a tried explorer and a staunch reliance in emergency. He is a New England man, one of that fine stock that has manned our schooners and clipper ships for several generations. He adds goodfellowship as well as strength to our little party. He is already translated into Chinese as Mr. Sah, while I am Mr. Wei and Eliot is Mr. Bei, according to Li San.

You are no doubt reading telegrams regarding the coming war, to name it as it is generally regarded here. No one with whom I have spoken wishes it to occur, but all think Japan must fight or surrender her position as a power. The British Consul General with whom I dined last night at Mr. Denby's gave us an interesting view of the situation. England and Japan are bound by treaty to come to the aid of the other if attacked by more than one nation. As long as Japan fights Russia alone England is not involved; but if France or Germany should take a hand, England must join forces with Japan. The Consul General took a very serious view of the case and spoke as an alarmist who believed that even the United States might be drawn into it. Our host, Mr. Denby, whose large financial investments in Tientsin must suffer in event of war, evidently felt very anxious, and so the conversation over the cigars when the ladies had left us was as grave as it had previously been light.

It was in a very different tone that Colonel Wingate, Commander of the British North China force, exclaimed this morning: "By Jove! if they do fight what a lot of experience we shall get! You see in your war with Spain the Spaniard did not counter you effectively; but here are two nations that we know

<sup>1</sup> The maps of our route and the adjacent country that were made by Sargent received the recognition of the Société de Géographie de France in 1910, when the gold medal prize of Conrad Malte-Brun was conferred upon the Carnegie Institution Expedition to China.

have lots of fight in them, both of them. It will be a hard-earned victory, whoever wins. We shall learn a great deal."

He spoke with characteristic energy and his sturdy figure balanced a moment on his toes and his eyes expressed a youthful eagerness that belied his iron-gray hair. Emens, the shrewd practical man, whose experience in business and as a judge of a criminal court trying Chinese has made him quick to catch the drift of things and ready at sifting sham from truth, finds no reason to take a gloomy view of the situation from the financial point of view, and says: "I am told on what I believe is reliable ground that there will be no fighting for three months."

The world's interest in the decision of the three Japanese statesmen who are weighing their country's fate is so great that one stops in wonder if one thinks what little time the quaint people in kimonos and clogs have ceased to be picturesque figures on fans and screens and have stepped out to claim a place among nations. The world's interest is so great that our personal one may be forgotten for a time, but not by you. I hope that you trust me to measure the pros and cons and decide cautiously. I am not taking chances. To questions addressed to men who know China and the Chinese well, I get but one answer: "China as a whole will know nothing of the war, if it occurs. It will not disturb the Chinese because they will not hear of it till it is all over. Once outside the Great Wall you will be outside the world's affairs." As it happens I found that even in such a place as Ch'ang-hsia on the highway through Shantung the people knew only hazily that there had been a war between China and Japan and were quite sure that China had won. So we continue our preparation and will go on quietly and steadily to our work.

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## XIV

# *Christmas Season in Peking*

WE TAKE UP LODGINGS AMONG THE CHINESE—CHRISTMAS  
EVE AMONG THE CHINESE—CHRISTMAS DAY—A BICYCLE RIDE  
—DR. MORRISON, LONDON *TIMES* CORRESPONDENT—MON-  
SIEUR JADOT, DIRECTOR OF BELGIAN RAILWAY—DOCTOR  
WEI IS NEEDED—CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS—  
MRS. CONGER AND THE EMPRESS

RETURNING to Peking from friendly Shantung, I had no liking for the globe trotters' hotel or their company. We had found the Chinese inns, as we used them, much more convenient and pleasanter. Li San had seen to it that our quarters were clean and that we were served with the best available. Our privacy was never invaded. We were absolutely our own masters, free to consult our own convenience at all hours. Life at the Astor Hotel was far from suiting my depraved Chinese taste. So I told Li to find lodgings for us, where we could keep our own servants and be independent. There is nothing available in the Tartar City, where the legations are located and foreigners congregate, but, in the older Chinese City, Li has found what we want and we have moved in.

We are very comfortably situated. To be sure our rooms are over an opium den, but the sleepers are very quiet. No one ever comes up our private stair. Our balcony commands an open court in which there are trees and across which comes a good breeze. Our landlord is accustomed to receiving strangers and asks no questions. If we should fancy a pipe, he no doubt would comply without hesitation. That is his business. We are alone among a million or two Chinese and quite at home.

*Peking, China, December 25, 1903.* The Christmas evening comes to us and with you the Christmas day is just beginning to tell off its hours of joy. As Harvey and I ate our feast of turkey and plum pudding and cake I thought of you grouped on and about Grandma's bed, busy with stockings. Did you hang mine up for Santa Claus to fill? I hope so, for I'se tryin' to be a good boy an' I kinder think he'd be sorry if there wasn't any place to put what he'd brought along for me. I hope he brought each of you lots. Of course you haven't got all he's going to bring, but then the stockings are lots of fun for a starter, and by and by will come *the* fun. Have you fixed a Christmas tree for him this year? Or are you all going up to Granny Baker's? I shall look for a letter from my boys telling me all about it. And of course Grandma and Mamma and Sister Hope will write too.

My Christmas morning came to me in this Chinese inn in the heart of the old, old city of Peking among a million Chinese. It was late Christmas Eve when Harvey and I came out of Major Conger's, where we had been to dinner, and accompanied by Mr. Conger challenged the sentry at the "Water Gate." "I'm coming to see you through, for as long as I have been here I have never known anyone to go through the gate after night." The sentry in gray overcoat and *Pickelhaube* read the pass from the German commandant, to whose care the gate is for the time entrusted, unbolted the great doors, and threw them open; and with mutual hearty good wishes for the coming day we passed from within the great wall of the Tartar City out into the greater Chinese City, from what is called *Chêng-li-tou* ("wall inside") to *Chêng-wai-tou* ("wall outside"). Very few foreigners are living in Chêng-wai-tou in the Chinese beehive. Its streets, so thronged by day, were nearly vacant. Here and there by the light of a few paper lanterns swaying in the frosty wind one saw figures gathered about steaming dishes. The charcoal fire, fanned momentarily into glow, lit up the typical faces and revealed the scene of the midnight coolie restaurant; then as it died down the figures faded into the half-darkness again. From within closed doors and shutters came the sound of hammering on metal, and

today passing the same places we saw the brass and copper smiths at work beating out vessels. "Do they work all the time?" asked Harvey. Overhead were the splendid stars. I greeted my few acquaintances among them by name and wondered if they recognized little Bailey in the man riding though the Chinese City in a swaying rickshaw.

When the morning light came through our paper windows Harvey and I turned out with an exchange of good wishes, which we extended to Liaotung where Eliot is at work alone. "It will be fine to have him back," said Harvey, heartily.

At breakfast Mother's gift of Yule's *Marco Polo* came out. I thank you most lovingly for it, Mother dear; it is most appropriate and opportune in its interest. A glance at the map shows that Marco made a journey which von Richthofen almost duplicated and which we will parallel and touch at points: Peking, T'ai-yüan-fu, and Sian-fu. I shall get what I can out of it while here and then mail it home in the Legation pouch for safekeeping. But I am very glad to have it, even though I cannot carry it along.

After breakfast I took my bicycle and, jumping on, rode through the street our inn faces, into the great Ch'ien-men Street and along it a mile to the Ch'ien-men ("Emperor's gate"). Passing through it, I went to the Legation and thence to Dr. G. E. Morrison's, a mile farther north in the Tartar City, where I had an engagement. It was a curious Christmas ride. Ringing there was and a-plenty of my silvery bell, for the streets were jammed. Men and women and children, and carts and wheelbarrows and rickshaws, and ponies and donkeys and camels; a queer crowd for a solitary bicycle to thread! More than one dignified, stout, old merchant executed a hop, skip, and a jump when the "darned thing" boarded his quarter; a pony or two shied and took the Peking cart where the driver would not; but the camels paced on unmoved, carrying their heads high with that gentle, swaying motion common to them and the ostrich.

Then there was a two hours' talk with Dr. Morrison, *Times* correspondent, Chinese scholar, traveler, and bibliophile. In his



soft English voice, with immobile features of boyish appearance, he says: "I want war. I want it because it is the only salvation for China. I am for war and I dare say so. Most men are for it, but they won't say it." His library, the finest in China on China, it is said, is at my disposal to browse on while I am here. Tomorrow I am to lunch with him and spend the afternoon among his books. The morning is to be spent in the Imperial City, by special permit of Her Majesty, the Empress Dowager.

Coming from Dr. Morrison's, I met Harvey and together we called on M. Jadot, Director of the Belgian Railway to Pao-ting-fu. We wanted the privilege of consulting the railroad maps and profiles near Paoting-fu, where Harvey begins his topographic work. Mr. Conger had given us but little expectation of accommodation, as the Company is consistently suspicious and secretive, but, being introduced by him to M. Joostens, the Belgian Minister, we found the way open. After I had twisted my tongue into a veritable knot around some extremely irregular French verbs, greatly to Harvey's astonishment, we were promised all things, and took our leave of M. Jadot protesting eternal courtesy.

We walked back to our inn together and Harvey enjoyed one of his hearty laughs at my surprise and a Chinaman's when a hook on my glove caught his queue and I gave his hair a good jerk. The Chinese smiled most politely at my: "Ch'ing, Ch'ing, yous bittn vous me pardon, if you pleeze!" He did not look in the least as the average American does when you jump on his toes.

After lunch I wrote some essential letters and studied maps and glanced over *Marco*. Then came our Christmas dinner, just we two, but with us a host of good company in the presence of the hearts we love. We had turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and plum pudding and Margaret's delicious fruitcake. Then a cup of coffee, and I leaned back and thoughtfully smoked my imaginary cigar.

"Please, Master, look see, Ta-ehr-ko arm muchee bad rickshaw morning." My biggest coolie, six foot one inch, stands there, his sheepskin coat off of his right arm, on the elbow of

which is a very ugly swelling. Upset from a rickshaw this morning, he was badly bruised, but said nothing though I sent him on three long trips during the day. This evening, when it is too late to reach a doctor, he comes like a big child to ask what the Dahren can do. Harvey and I consult and finally do him up in a cold compress with a splint to keep him from bending the arm. Then I sit down to chat with my dear ones, and so my Christmas in the Far-away-land that is under the dinner table comes to an end.

There is one thought that has been with me all day: The universality of human kindness and its power. It is not new, but my experience of it was never before so impressive. In five months that I have journeyed from America across Eurasia, kindness has met me everywhere. Among the men of seven nations, from American to Chinese, courtesy and good will have greeted me continually. In every sphere of life from gentleman to coolie, I have made friends from casual acquaintances. With every phase of intelligence from a Sues to a Chinese villager I have been able to make a sympathetic link, through kindness, theirs and mine. It is not I. Anyone who will can parallel my experience, for the attribute of kindliness is universal. Yet in its fullness the realization brings a sense of wonder that it should be so. I find no contradiction in the impending war, except such as there is in light and shadow, without which no form is distinguishable. So kindliness, without strength and purpose and principle from which even war may follow, would leave character flat.

And one other realization has been a source of happiness today. If you want to know how good you have been, die. If you want to know what love is yours, travel. I am not curious on the former point; but I have reason to be very happy on the latter.

The Christmas day is past with me; here it is midnight and we turn toward the opening of another day. With you it is in full tide. May the night come to you with as deep a sense of happiness as it has to me.

There are two women in Peking who meet in friendly intercourse though they are poles apart in race, training, experience, and faith, Mrs. Conger and the Empress Dowager. It is not forgotten that the Empress ordered the massacre of all foreigners in China. Mrs. Conger can never forget the horrors of the siege in which she played a heroic part. The Empress has not been converted to Christianity, she would still drive the foreigners out if she could, I have no doubt. She has been concubine, mother of an heir to the throne, Throne Mother: and she has deposed her son, imprisoned him, and assumed the imperial power. Yet as woman to woman she wished to know Mrs. Conger and invited her to the palace. She found pleasure in the American lady. The visits became frequent and we may suppose the two women became friends. In the hour's talk that I had with Mrs. Conger the other evening about the Empress, she put her view very simply and sincerely: "When the door opened a little way, I had either to close it or to go in and see where it might lead. It might be an opportunity to do some good; and such it has proved to be. It is not only the Empress, whom I meet, but also the princesses, bright, clever, educated young women. I go to their homes and they come to mine. It is not for me to say what the influence may be." I need hardly add to this that Mrs. Conger is a very devout woman who feels that she may be or is an instrument in the hands of a Higher Power.

"Do you think the Empress is sincere in her profession of friendship?" I asked. "If you could meet her and she should take your hand and look in your eye and speak to you as she has to me, you would think her sincere," was the answer. "A man's first impression of a woman as deep as the Empress is not worth much," I said. "I would rather trust a woman's intuition of the woman. What does that tell you?" "I cannot think otherwise than that she is sincere."

Then she went on to tell me of the princesses, whose lives are by no means those of idleness, as commonly supposed. "They have many duties in their households." In illustration of their education she said that last June she remarked to one of them

that our country would soon have a birthday. Being young, it celebrated its birthday, the Fourth of July, in such and such ways, but China was so old that no one knew when its birthday had been. And the princess told her how Columbus discovered America, about the French and English, about the war with England and about the trouble in the country afterward, the Civil War.

Mrs. Conger did not palliate the Empress' cruelty except in so far as she said it was in accordance with Chinese law, the punishments administered being those prescribed; but here the conversation trenched on questions of history and law and fact that neither she nor I knew enough about to talk intelligently, so we let it drop.


It was not till I came down here that I met the strong anti-Conger, anti-administration feeling of the commercial class, who would have the United States *force* open the Manchurian door that is so determinedly being closed upon us.

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XV

*A Trip to the Ming Tombs*

BICYCLING IN THE STEPS OF MARCO POLO—THE MARBLE BRIDGE—A CALL FROM “NUMBER ONE MAN VILLAGE”—AN EVENING STROLL—CONTRASTS—CAMELS—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—GATEWAYS TO THE MING AMPHITHEATER IN THE HILLS—THE AVENUE OF GUARDIAN BEASTS—THE TOMBS—DESCRIPTION OF AN INDIVIDUAL TOMB—PEKING AGAIN—ELIOT’S RETURN—HARVEY’S EMBARRASSMENT—CHOICE OF ROUTES INTO THE INTERIOR OF CHINA—THE PILGRIM TRAIL TO WUT’AI-SHAN—LI SAN DOES NOT APPROVE OF MY BLACK FELT

 AN-CH’IA-TIEN (Three-Hour Town), *on the Hun River twenty miles northwest of Peking.* Following the steps of Marco Polo, I left the great city of Cambaluc this morning by the road which he took some six hundred-odd years ago in starting on his journey southwestward to T’aian-fu and beyond. It is the principal east-west road of the old Chinese City. The scenes he saw in following it have scarcely changed during the centuries. It is the same irregular, ill-defined street, faced by the same low buildings from which hang signs in black and gold bearing the identical characters. It is thronged by men of the Chinese race he knew, changed a little by the shaved head and long queue, but unchanged, we think, in speech and manner and motive. The donkeys, the ponies, and the slow-pacing camels are the same. A Caucasian face would not be strange to him; yet I smiled to think how the grave Venetian would have turned his head and fixed his

look on the silent wheel with which I threaded the crowd. There is occasionally a new thing under the sun, Messer Marco.

I cannot recommend the old road to the Marble Bridge for bicycling. Paved with granite slabs for five miles beyond the west gate of the city, it was once an imperial highway, an example of the Chinese capacity to execute great works. It now illustrates their indifference to the ruin which follows neglect. The heavy stones were laid in sand. Along each side of the wide way a massive curb of blocks on edge held the paving in place. As the stones have moved on their unstable foundation the curb has fallen outward. As the edges have rounded and softer rocks have worn more deeply than others, the surface has become a granite corduroy in which gaping holes are not wanting. Yet this is the main highway by which the western traffic reaches Peking. Not only the beast of burden but the men who so often replace him strain and struggle over this imperial way. It ends abruptly in a plain of sand. A great gateway marks its limit, but why were those two miles of heavy sand between it and the great bridge left unpaved? Did the Hun-ho so flood the plain that no more could be maintained, or did the Emperor's purpose fail?

The Marble Bridge, which Marco thought one of the finest he had ever seen, had twenty-four spans, and on each side of the roadway columns a pace apart, each column resting on the loins of a lion and surmounted by a second lion; and between each two columns a marble slab that no person shall fall thence into the river. So I read, I think, last night. That bridge was swept away in the seventeenth century and the present one is perhaps less elaborate. The columns and the rampant lions are there, but not the lower lions. There are eleven arches only. But it is none the less a fine bridge, and the former one was no doubt worthy of Marco's praise.

I looked today to see how high the bridge might be above the river and what the river's altitude above Peking might be. Does that seem queer? It is a fact. The railroad station at the Ch'ien-men is 45 meters and the railroad bridge over the Hun-ho is

66 meters above sea level. The latter is not more than 5 meters above the river bed.

Turning from the men and boys, who crowded round me, I rode along the east bank and, climbing onto the big dike that confines the stream, sat down to lunch. The one soldier who accompanied me sat down a little way off and smoked a cigarette. Just then the noon train from Peking to Paoting-fu passed over the railroad bridge taking Harvey and the outfit to the latter place to begin the triangulation and topographic work that Harvey is going to carry to the Wut'ai-shan. We are somewhat scattered. Eliot is on his way back with Li San from Liaotung to join me in Peking; Harvey is off to begin the new work; and I am making a four days' bicycle trip northward toward the Nankou Pass and the Ming tombs in the study of artesian water problems for the Legation. I sympathize with Harvey. He is scared to death lest the prefect of Paoting-fu should call upon him. He has Yüehr, a fairly good boy, to fall back on as interpreter, and I gave him what points I could, but I expect he will breathe easy only when out on the hills with his familiar plane table.

And now *I* have been receiving. The coolie whom I sent along in the cart with the baggage came in and said in English that matches my Chinese: "Mister, Number One man village have come can come no can come?" To which I answered: "*Ch'ing, ch'ing, ta lai, lai a.*" So Number One man village came in. I thanked him for the comfortable room I have and I made out that he said his poor village must thank the Dahren for honoring them with a visit. I had tea for him and his son of perhaps sixteen, who was with him, and gave them all the granulated sugar they wanted. The old man was of the plain, honest country folk I saw at Ch'au-mi-tién. His heavy cheeks were weathered dark and ruddy. When he laughed he showed what blackened teeth he had and his eyes twinkled in their hiding places. We had a very amicable chat, of which he understood more than I did, I hope, and then he drank his tea and took his leave in proper style. I am the first European to stop in San-ch'ia-tien, he said, but as the place is right at the base of the

western hills, where foreigners summer in the temples, there can be nothing very unfamiliar about me.

This seems to be a kind of garrison town by the number of soldiers about. They wear Yuan Shih-kai's uniform and if armed with guns like the two that hang here on the wall they are better equipped than the soldiers of Governor Chow in Shantung. Half a dozen gathered round my bicycle after I came in this evening and stood looking, discussing but not touching. So I went out and showed them how the wheels go round. It is a chainless with pedal brake and free wheel. One turn and the hind wheel goes on spinning forever, while the pedals stay still. They admired my black leather coat and asked very practically how much my wheel and my clothes cost. Then I went out for a walk on the hills.

The sun was already behind the mountains. Four buglers were practicing their notes in an adjacent field over which they wandered, each as he willed, tooting as he pleased. Three of them had the usual bugle, but the fourth had a slender trumpet about five feet long with a wide flaring mouth. From it he drew forth tones so low, so long, so deep and melancholy that he seemed to pour out the plaint of his soul to the purple hills. Following a path I got into one of those deep ravines in the loess that are peculiar to China. Its straight walls shut out the little light remaining and, wandering alone among the big blocks of rock, I felt what a life of contrasts this is. Three evenings past I was dining with Harvey at the Congers', one of a party of ten. Being seated between Mrs. Conger and Miss Karl, the artist who has lived five months in the Forbidden City and painted the portrait of the Empress, I gathered what the rare occasion permitted of insight into that strange life. While less than it might have been in a smaller company, it was interesting. Yesterday I was to have visited the Imperial City myself, but at the last moment permission was refused. Yesterday noon I lunched with Dr. Morrison and Lieutenant Kiddston of the British Legation. Morrison was bent on war. Kiddston was just back from a trip across eastern Mongolia. The afternoon I spent reading Chavannes on *Les*



*sculptures Chinoises sur pierre des deux dynasties Han*, and in searching for accounts of Wut'ai-shan. Tonight there is no one within many miles with whom I can exchange any but the simplest thought. I lingered on the hillside while the rosy glow faded and the sharply sculptured peaks grew dark in silhouette. In the ravine there was scarcely light to see the path, but it was only a step to the village where the melancholy bugler was still sighing out his plaintive soul.

I have just been outside. The night is clear and cold. The half-moon lights the inn yard where twenty camels lie or stand crunching their food with a curious circular motion of the lower jaw. They raise their gray noses and sniff at the queer-smelling stranger, but do not snort or run as the ponies often do. Their eyes look large, even for creatures as big as they; the brown of their hair on top of their flat heads and on their humps can be seen in the moonlight. They are big, formidable-looking beasts, especially in a narrow place on the road, to a man on a wheel. The Chinese in the room outside the curtain are stripping and rolling into their quilts on the kang. It is time for us to say good night.

*T'ang Shan Hot Spring, 20 miles northeast of Peking, December 29, 1903.* It really was not my fault that I did not get a sketch of the beautiful mountains north of here. Fascinated by their color and form in the horizontal light of the late afternoon, I got out paints and paper; but what's an aspiring artist to do when the water freezes on his paper and the color congeals on the palette?

The heights and spurs about here are chiseled to the sharpest angles. There are few cliffs and no flats (not even standing room for love in an apartment), but everywhere very steep slopes meeting acutely without any curve. The base at this distance of ten miles is veiled in the dust that eddies upward from the plain, and out of the haze come the fields, gaining in value of color and in definition as the distance lessens. The view possesses four color masses: The wintry blue sky which takes on a warm note near the mountains from the dust clouds still floating after yes-

terday's gale; the deep-colored, rosy mountains; the veil along their base which carries their note downward into the deep browns and golden lights of the fields.

Did the Ming princes see these things when they built their fathers' tombs overlooking that splendid amphitheater where they now are? Did pomp and pride and power leave room in their lives for Nature? There is something in the tombs beside the situation which seems to suggest that they, though emperors, were in sympathy with Nature's moods; but let me tell you of the tombs, as I saw them this morning, so far as I can recall the details.

From San-ch'ia-tien, I went yesterday to Ch'ang-Ping-chou, the walled town near the Ming tombs. The stony and sandy road forced me to push my wheel most of the way and the last ten miles were fought through driving dust clouds. It was hard luck, I thought, to walk in semiblindness through a district so beautiful and so interesting, which I should never revisit. All night the wind rattled and shrilled through my paper windows, and when I asked the coolie this morning: "*Yu kai ta fêng, mei yu?*" he answered: "*Yu.*" Still, I must see the monumental gateways and the avenue of statues and the tombs even though the mountains should be invisible. You may judge my delight when on getting beyond the walls, I found the air clearer than I have seen it any day near Peking. Every detail of the landscape was distinct even at the farthest allowed by the surrounding hills, and with the field glass I could see the strata, here steeply dipping, there horizontal, yonder vertical, and could guess their age and relations. The road from Ch'ang-Ping-chou is for two miles a sunken way sometimes twenty feet below the surface. As the wind scurries away the dust which a donkey disturbs, you realize why. Presently, above you at the end of the vista, you see the outer gateway of the approach, placed, I judge, three miles from the nearest tomb. It is a typical Chinese monumental gateway such as one sees in less elaborate form in many cities. The usual number of passages is three; this has five. The carving is often crude and limited; this is beautifully executed and covers the

entire surface of the blocks. It is built of gray marble, now yellowed. The general effect is light and of fine proportions, except that one feels the gateway standing alone between the flanking hills needs support. Square blocks, which carry the uprights of each portal, are carved with designs in relief: On the extreme outer two, twin lions swing in a circle about the sacred pearl; the two next bear the imperial five-toed dragon and the lotus flower; the two innermost are carved with dragons also, but their attention is fixed on guarding the central passage. The backgrounds of the figures are spiral clouds and there are borders containing a design of a four-petaled flower. Over all the stones to the very top of the central gateway are carved in relief designs of clouds and dragons and conventional patterns.

One looks from this gateway northeastward into an amphitheater three to five miles in diameter, a level fertile plain, about which the mountains rise two to four thousand feet. Spurs jut into it, isolated hills rise like huge grave mounds from it, and two ridges, approaching at this, its southwestern side, afford a natural portal within which is the artificial one. When emperors were borne to the last rest through this gate there was no doubt a road, but now a ruined bridge ending high above a sunken path alone suggests it. Beyond something more than half a mile of plain one sees the second gateway, a structure of three arches in a thick wall, which is covered with stucco and painted red. Heavy tiled roofs of yellow-brown glaze surmount its three sections. The elaborate woodwork under the eaves and a cornice below it were once painted in a design of which green is the best-preserved color. The stucco walls are strikingly plain. In the adjoining fields at a little distance from each corner stands a beautiful column of yellowed marble, there being four alike. On each is seated a lion, who holds his upturned nose perhaps twenty-five feet from the ground. These and other so-called lions of Chinese sculpture are more doglike than lionlike, having little or nothing of the massive mane and head we associate with the form. And these lions have a long upper lip like a horse's which is turned back upward as a horse sometimes does. The column is encir-

clad by a single dragon wound three times round it through clouds. It is six-sided and stands on a square base, which is also carved with dragons. From near the top of each column project two unequal arms, such as in Roman art are associated with galleys, are they not?

Again a considerable distance beyond this second gateway is a third, a simple four-square tower of red stucco and tiled roof. In each side is an arch and in the center of the crossed passages is a huge tortoise, bearing on his back the slab which is inscribed with the history. The tortoise is cut from a single block of marble, fifteen feet long from the tip of his upstretched head to his tail. The plates of his shells are clearly marked, his projecting eyes are undercut, and he shows a set of teeth to puzzle a comparative anatomist: eight incisors in the upper jaw, with four canines and twelve molars, all told. He bites his underlip with a fierce look of determination, as well he may under that blackened marble slab which with its crown of intertwined dragons is full fifteen feet high, probably twenty.

A short distance beyond this tower begins the curious avenue of guardian beasts. Among Chinese a good round number is four or eight or twelve or sixteen; and so this avenue is planned on fours and eights. There are eight lions, four curly-haired and four straight-haired, and of each of these groups there is one pair seated and one pair standing. Four camels, four elephants, four horses, and four lionlike beasts with winged ears and scaled bodies succeed and are likewise paired, kneeling or sitting and standing. Four military officers and eight councilors close the sequence; their garments are elaborately and delicately carved, the statues of the animals less so. All are considerably over life-size and each is cut from a single block of marble. A gateway of less proportions and ornamentation than the others ends the approach.

Here is the middle of the amphitheater. One and a half to two or three miles away on the slopes of the foothills are to be seen groves of evergreens, red walls, and yellow tiled roofs. These are the buildings about individual tombs. I counted seven, but I think there are more. They are far apart and each has its

special character. There is now no road connecting them with the approach. Another ruined bridge partly spans a river channel, and remnants of paving lead toward the two nearest tombs, but the others are withdrawn, as it were, with no way leading to them.

I went only to the nearest, that of Yung Liung. On a commanding slope facing southwest is a wide paved space in front of a red wall with three arched entrance ways. At each side are many fine old cedars and pines, and these are numerous in the inner courts. Among them I may mention now a pine that is quite new to me, having the characteristic short pine cone and short needles in bunches, but a smooth white bark like a peeled sycamore. The tree branches upward like the piñon pine. Can you tell me what it is? Passing through the outer gate, one has before one in succession an inner, more elaborate gateway, a temple beyond a second large court, a memorial building containing the name stone beyond a third court, and lastly the tomb itself. Each building forms part of the wall between two courts, the walls being of red stucco, about eight feet high and having tiled roofs. As far as the first temple there is a central way with two side ways. There are steps with marble balustrades, and each of the many posts has a cylindrical top about eighteen inches high, carved alternately with dragons and swans in relief. In the central path the steps are replaced except for a narrow space at each side by a marble slab, perhaps nine feet long by four wide, on which are carved the royal dragon and a swan-like bird in clouds. The bearers of the body would carry it over these figures, who would protect it; so I understand. The carving is at once strong, finished, and delicate. At the temple the open way ends. What lies beyond is seemingly not for the curious or the people. It is the Emperor's.

Passing through a side gate into the third court, one sees a square stone tower, a simple pedestal, twenty-five feet or more high, on which stands the memorial temple. Like the one far off in the plain, it has two arched passages and in the middle is the upright slab of marble, here stained red, bearing the characters of the name. This building is reached by a wide stairway set

in the hillside, with severely plain coping of smooth-cut limestone blocks. The view from the terrace outside the name temple is superb, embracing the amphitheater and the mountains far off to the southwest. "Is this the tomb?" I asked the Chinese guide. "*Pu shih fênte*," ("No is tomb") he answered, and led on up the slope. There, overgrown now with ancient cedars, is the great mound of earth, overtopping all the buildings, but in character like the grave of the poorest Chinese. I went up to the summit alone and looked off through the cedar boughs to the far-reaching view. It was a spot worthy to be sought by the soul of a great man, who, having run his career, wished to withdraw into the heart of Nature and meet his God where all was beautiful.

*Peking, December 30, 1903.* Just a word to close this and send it off. I wrote last night dressed in a fur cap, overcoat, fur gloves, and felt boots, with one of Mother's plaids over my knees. The thermometer was 16° and the wind whispered through the window frames of the old inn. But we are prepared for any weather that may come.

This morning I rode into Peking and, reaching here just before noon, I went to the Legation for mail, but in these days when the port of Taku is closed by ice, connections are not certain and there was none. I was rather taken aback when Mr. Conger asked me to lunch: "My ladies are away and I like to see how a man looks in service," he said as I begged off on account of clothes—New England shoes, Austrian golf stockings, English breeches, French leather coat, and an American headpiece. Eliot, back from Liaotung, had just come in looking very well, and so we lunched and enjoyed the plain, practical talk on the world's condition. Eliot certainly makes a fine impression for directness and earnestness. His account of his trip in Liaotung was told very simply. He lived on Chinese food, found the country excessively poor, the Russians not in evidence except on the railway, and the robbers always round the corner, like malaria. The stories we hear are multiplied many fold. Don't let them make you anxious about us in our wanderings.

I have just had a talk with Harvey at Paoting-fu over the

telephone. He says: "I certainly was up against it when I got here the other night. They had a guard and a sedan chair to meet me!" Both the prefect and the magistrate have called on him and they insist on cooking him a ten-course dinner every night. I join him in a day or two.

A problem that has hitherto not been finally solved has in the last weeks reached a solution as the governing conditions have become clear. It first took form in Berlin in conversations with von Richthofen: if, as seemed most probable, we started from Peking on our excursion into the interior, which one of three possible routes should we take? The Baron named the Lixotung Peninsula and the Province of Shantung as favorable areas in which to search for Adam Trilobite and we have examined both. In neither of them have we found any strata that are old enough. In Chihli, however, to the northwest and west of Peking, von Richthofen found not only the Cambrian limestones, similar to those we have studied in Shantung, but also older limestone formations in which Adam Trilobite might occur. It would be very convenient to make headquarters in the capital city and to look for his ancient Majesty, the King of the Trilobites, in the vicinity. Perhaps, if the Boxers had been active we might have been forced to that limited search, but no such condition exists.

Free to go where I please I might take either one of the three natural routes that diverge from Peking and have been followed since time immemorial by pilgrims, travelers, and conquerors coming from inner Asia to that strategic site. I might go northwest, through the Nankou Pass, across the Great Wall to Kalgan and beyond into Mongolia. Genghis Khan and his armies poured through that way. But I can hear the growl of the Russian Bear and the Hunghutzers, the guerrilla squads, are reported active. It is not a field for deliberate study.

Or I might swing to the south, to the southwest and follow Marco Polo's return route by which he reached a southern port, whence he sailed for Venice. That way, south of the east-west mountain range of central China, lies the valley of the Yangtze, the great river that girdles China. Rising in Tibet it cuts a very

deep canyon across Yunnan, into and out of the Red Basin of Szechuan, and down the Yangtze gorges past Chungking to Ichang and across the Great Plain to Shanghai. The geology of the southwestern plateaus is quite unknown. It offers a fascinating opportunity for original exploration. But it is not for me. I must be content with less expansive, more intimate studies. Even so I do not feel confined to the search for Adam Trilobite. He is not mysterious. I would know him at sight, a black bit of an ancient crayfish. The mountains call me, challenging me to read their history: what of the earth forces that have raised them? what of the rivers that have sculptured them? what of their astonishing youth that I glimpsed around Lake Baikal?

So we will go neither northwest by Nankou Pass, nor south and southwest to distant Szechuan, but more nearly west into the borders of Tibet, to the Buddhist monastery of Wut'ai-shan. On the way thither we will cross foothills where Adam Trilobite may be resting in the older "Sinian" limestones, as von Richthofen named them; and climbing the heights we will encounter even older rocks, of which practically nothing is known; and all along the trail we will have spread before us the record of uplift and erosion.

We truly will be pilgrims on the Pilgrim trail, a very ancient one, and always more difficult than the broad gap of the Nankou. Men of the high plateaus, seeking a more genial habitat, found a steep ravine down which to clamber toward the valleys and plains of eastern China. They could come in tribal mobs or as armies through the Nankou, which thus got its name, the South Gate, but the descent from the heights of Wut'ai has always been and still is a footpath or at most a bridle path. It drops steeply from 10,000 feet or more into the canyon of the T'ai-shan-ho (Holy Mountain River) and thence winds across and through the outer ranges to the great plains. Of earlier pilgrimages there seems to be no record, but the first Buddhist priest coming from Tibet to bring Buddhism to the Chinese about A.D. 220 came that way. How far he wandered I have not learned, but he closed that round of the "wheel" near the summit of the



Five Holy Mountains, the Wut'ai-shan, perhaps having sought the "Snows," as Kim's lama yearned to. We too will seek the "Snows."

But though I ape the pilgrim, I should not look the ragged beggar, thinks Li San. My black felt, which was not new eight months ago when we left home, may now perhaps appear old to a critical eye. Li San's remark, though couched in his most respectful tone, implies as much:

"You going wear that old hat, Mr. Wei, sir?"

"What's the matter with that hat, Li? That's a good hat."

"Oh, Mr. Wei, sir, let me get you one *good* hat: *One good sable hat*," pleads Li.


So I am equipped (decorated were the better word) with a beautiful sable hat, Mandarin style, with ear and fore-and-aft flaps of the same, and may hold up my head with any nabob.

If Li was worried about my hat I in turn was about his legs. They are but half as long as mine, and we will have hundreds of miles to walk; how will he keep up? Li himself has anticipated the question and provided the answer. He will ride, but not a champing charger. No, as befits his station his mount will be a donkey. He has bought a tiny one, endowed with an affectionate and lively disposition, a jack, but to be known as Louisa, since the Chinese for donkey is *lutze*.

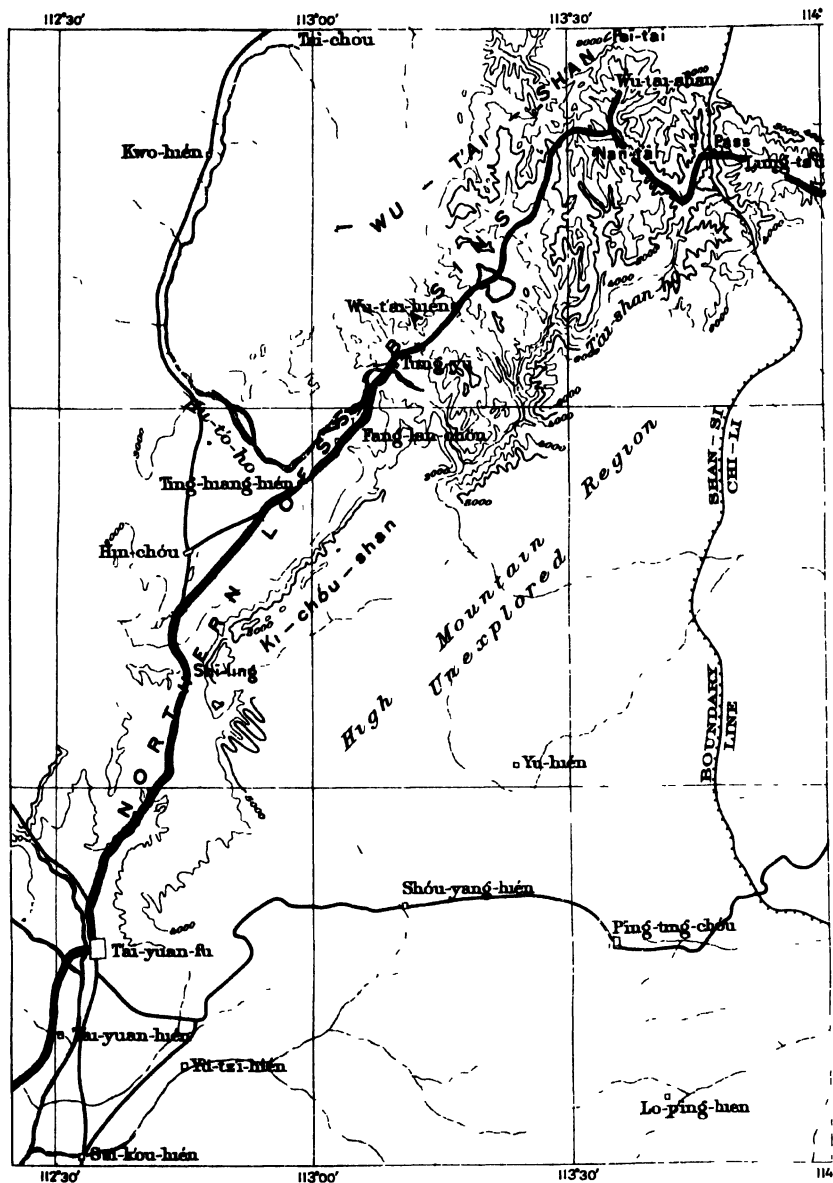
## XVI

### *Paoting-fu to Wut'ai-shan*

PAOTING-FU, THE CITY THAT CHANGED FACE—WE STRIKE THE PILGRIM PATH—FRIENDLY OFFICIALS—ABDULLAH, THE SIKH “WHO WILL DIE FOR YOU”—AN EMBARRASSING RECEPTION—A DINNER—A VERDICT—A MODERN SCHOOL—ABDULLAH KNOCKED OUT—THANKSGIVING AT HOME—“CH'ING, CH'ING, IF YOU PLEASE”—ROAD SCENES—BREAKFAST TIME IN THE MARKET—EVENING AT FOUPING—HIS HONOR PU JEN, A CULTURED MANCHU—FAREWELL TO FOUPING—A MOONLIT WALK—THE COMMON INN—THE GREAT WALL—GRASS FOR FUEL—THE APPROACH TO WUT'AI-SHAN—CAPTAIN T'IENT—THE RECEPTION AT WUT'AI

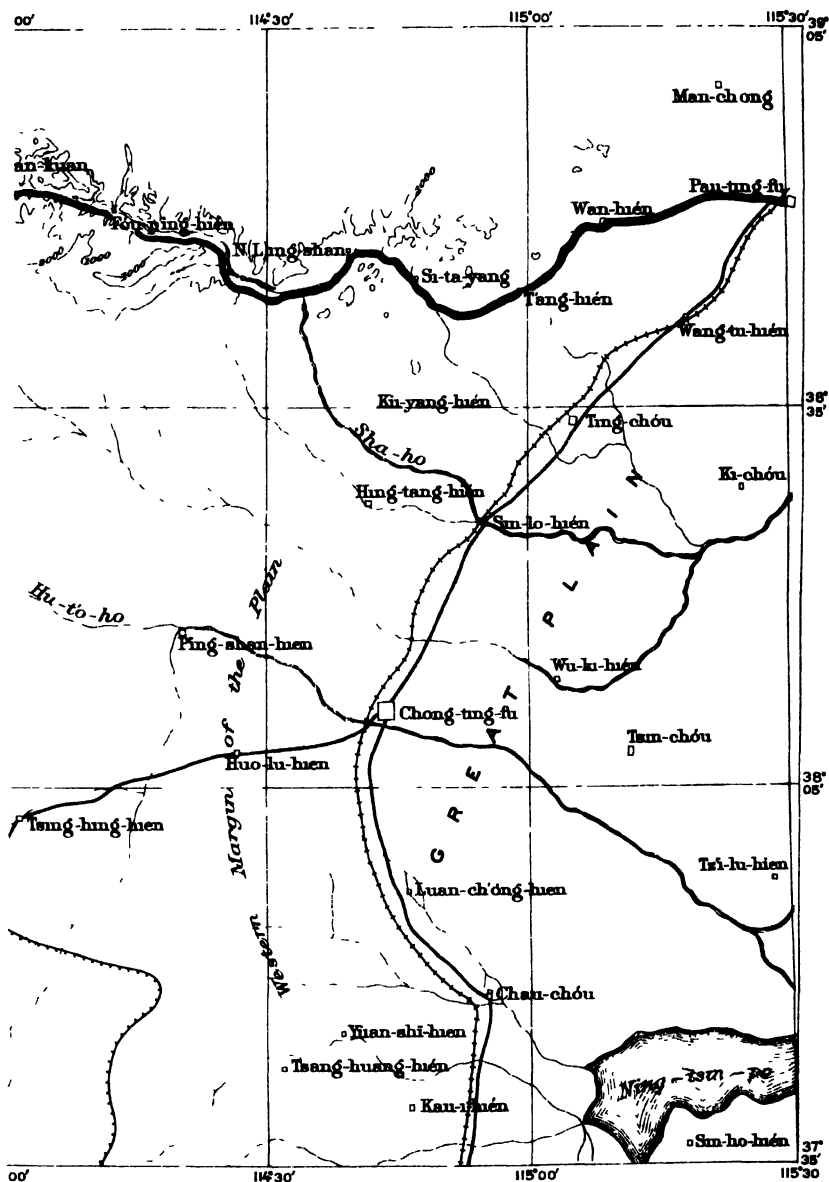
 PAOTING-FU, *January 3, 1904.* Eliot and I left Peking on New Year's Day and came by rail to this city of sinister memory. It was the scene of a general massacre of foreigners by the Boxers. But we, who are under the protection of Yuan Shi-kai, are received as honored guests and would have been feasted past endurance had we accepted the hospitality offered. Harvey, however, has satisfied official requirements as my representative and I have had merely to exchange cards and compliments and to send the magistrate a five-pound box of French chocolate creams, embellished with a brightly colored picture of a ballet dancer on the cover. We carry them from one pound up for officials of different grades. I am advised the chocolates are much preferred to champagne; all honor to Chinese taste.

Tomorrow we strike the pilgrim route to the Buddhist monas-



SURVEYS FROM PAU-TING-FU, CHI-LI  
TO TAI-YUAN-FU, SHAN-SI

Map of route from



Paoting-fu to Wut'ai-shan

tery, Wut'ai-shan, the Five Holy Mountains. As the path is after several thousand years still a rough mountain trail, the heavier baggage and supplies have gone around and we will be traveling light, with only what we can take on pack mules.

Li San came to me yesterday and inquired: "Want to see Chinese ex'cution, Mr. Wei, sir?" Witnessing executions not being my practice, I said "No, Li," and he approved: "You see him, you never forget him so long you live, Mr. Wei, sir."

I need not go into details. Suffice to say that Chinese law and punishments are still in the barbarous stage which characterized the procedures in the time of good Queen Bess of England. God bless her.

Harvey is already out across the plains with the survey line he has started toward Wut'ai-shan. Eliot and I will follow tomorrow and we will soon tackle the geology of the foothills, hoping that Adam Trilobite may turn up.

*T'ang-hsien, Chihli, January 10, 1904.* How hard it is to catch these swift days! They come before one has dreamed. They are gone like a thought; and like thoughts they are freighted with unknown possibilities. Wan-hsien, with its kindly simple-hearted old magistrate, is behind us. His photograph, which is excellent if not flattering, will make some laugh and will interest you all. T'ang-hsien is to be left tomorrow, and in parting from its magistrate we again leave a friend. Night before last I was alone with Li at Nan T'ang Wei, a little village fifteen miles north in the mountains, and received a visit from the chief of police and head of the village, a quiet young man, who explained in answer to my questions that the office had been in his family since Ta Ming founded the village. Five hundred years! And we are told by the magistrate that the office is not hereditary, but goes to the man who is most competent and best able to satisfy the people. Tonight Eliot is off alone with Yuehr at Mi Cheng, and Harvey is on the town wall observing Polaris for azimuth. With him is that picturesque addition to our party, Abdullah of Madras, who wears a Chinese fur cap under his purple turban, and answers instructions with his subdued: "Thank you, Lord."

A word about Abdullah. Colonel Wingate, whose long service in China has given him a strong interest in the country as well as a good knowledge of it, took up our problems with a helpful hand. He put his instruments and men at my service. Captain Turner was sent out to help Harvey start the triangulation, much to Harvey's dismay at first, and Abdullah is detailed to serve at my pleasure for one month or six.

In offering me the services of Abdullah, his Colonel remarked with military candor: "You may need a man who will die for you. I'll give you one."

"Ah," said I casually to Li San one day at Tientsin after talking the matter over with Colonel Wingate, "you remember Colonel Wingate?"

"Yes, sir," heartily.

"Well, Colonel Wingate said he would like to see you again. He remembers you very well here at the time of the siege." Li holds his head up.

"And he suggests that one of his Sikhs should go with us to help me survey. Now you know we are going to have a hard time of it. I wish you'd ask the Colonel to let you see the man and talk with him. I'd like to know what you think."

"I go, sir." And in two hours he is back: "Very nice man, sir; very quiet speaks English most same I do, sir. Very good man, sir."

"You'll guarantee him, will you, Li? You'll see that he's taken care of? Not make trouble with Chang and those other hot-headed Chinamen?"

"Yes, sir; he all right. I'll take care him, sir." So Abdullah's nest was feathered, and the peace of my international family assured; for Li is boss.

I smile to see Li stretch his five feet alongside of Abdullah's five feet ten, but man for man they both have grit to spare and the clever Chinese is a match for the soldierly Hindu.

"You speak English very well, Mr. Abdullah."

"Thank you, Lord."

"And any other languages?"

"Five Indian languages, sir; quite different, they not understand, sir."

"And any others?"

"Persian, sir."

"Yes, and any more?"

"Arabic, sir."

"I will go out with you tomorrow and show you about those contours."

"Thank you, Lord."

"You have made a very neat drawing and it needs only a little correction."

"Beg pardon, sir." And then he squares his broad shoulders and his brown eyes show the white all around: "I am a soldier, sir. I served ten years, sir, and then went nine months to the military college to learn surveying, geometry, and trigonometry, sir. I will do my best to please you, sir."

"Thank you, Abdullah. Good night."

"Thank you, Lord."

Eliot and I met the magistrate of T'ang-hsien under slightly embarrassing conditions. Our red cards had preceded us by a day. Li and the party were several hours ahead. We had tramped all day over the dusty plain and a rugged mountain spur and, coming to the town, we expected to find our inn prepared. We marched up the street from the east gate, side by side, keeping step, I silently enjoying the manly figure that Eliot cuts in his brown leather coat and muskrat cap. Where the street rises slightly a line of official servants and a crowd of townsmen bar the way. We wheel to the right, pass wondering through two gates, through a company of soldiers at present arms, and are greeted most cordially by a stout young man whose rosy cheeks wrinkle with an expansive smile. Waving his arms he ushers us in through other courtyards and to a room where European chairs and a round table are placed for receiving. We sit down.

("Where the dickens is Li," aside to Eliot.) The magistrate orders tea, seats himself and begins the conversation: "Ni shing?" "Wu shing Wei." "Ta shing?" "Ta shing Pai." So far very

well, my name is Wei and Eliot's name is Pai, but we get into deep waters when he inquires how long since we left America, have we been long in China, where are we traveling, and when are we going home. However, I make out with some suggestions from Eliot to understand and answer, and finally to ask that someone go call Li. We trace our route on a Chinese map and His Honor talks with such perfect ease, with such intelligent comprehension of our few words that we ourselves smile at the difficulties. Li makes our apologies, asks His Honor to excuse us and tells us that His Honor will call on us at six o'clock. When he comes we chat and are not aware of any question in his mind, but I show him my passport as a proper, though hitherto superfluous, credential. He reads it at a couple of glances, and turning the conversation invites us to dine with him. Only at the dinner did we learn that the usual official notice had not reached him and he knew nothing of our standing till he saw the passport.

That dinner might have been difficult, but who can be ill at ease with a host who throws himself smilingly into the occasion, holds high his glass and klinks with yours, and urges you to drink another and yet another? Whose manner is cordiality itself? Who evidently wants you to enjoy the good things which eight servants prepare yonder in the corner and serve after they have washed the plates and chopsticks of the previous course? Who would not forget himself over such a menu as this:

Salted almonds	Candied sweet potatoes
Candied walnuts	Fresh bamboo sprouts
Sharks' fins	Fried eggs
Bamboo sprouts	Fried beef
Yellow fish lips	Chicken and mushroom
Boiled duck	croquets
Scallops, or their like	Boiled mushrooms
Lily seeds	Tea
Almond juice	Rice and egg
Rice fritters	Soup
Fried sweet potatoes	Fruit



Turning the conversation, we learned that broken idols, which I had seen in a very old temple near here, were smashed by the German raiders in 1900, and not repaired because the imperial policy is to spend money on schools not on temples. An invitation to visit the school followed and today I called on the magistrate according to appointment. He met me with his cordial smile and handshake, "A busy morning." "Two robbers to be tried." "Guilty?" "Yes, their heads would be cut off; should we walk or ride to the school?" We may think the policy severe and the affair had its cruel features on which I will not dwell, but this region is safer for the traveler today than it was a year before Mr. Lin Pên Ch'ing, the present magistrate, took hold.

The school was a neat series of buildings around six small courts. Fifteen students and the teacher live and study there. We saw them at an examination, their learning being stated at 3,000 to 5,000 characters. They were young men, who had gotten their grammar-school knowledge, so to speak, at their own expense, but having shown cleverness are now taught by the government. The teacher said he had begun poor and learned his way up. He wishes to go to America. "Would Wei Dahren give him his English card?" Then I took their photograph with His Honor in the midst. Being prompted by Li, I said I would like to give each of them a present of a pair of wool shoes for winter, and this afternoon the fifteen called in a body to thank me. Chinese characters, geography, and arithmetic are their studies.

These brief snapshots of our experiences must go in lieu of better descriptions for I see it is tomorrow or this morning, and there is Harvey poring over his maps after a full day's work in the field. I shall send this without other word.

*Ling-shan, Chihli, January 14, 1904.* Tomorrow I will retrace my steps to the nearest missionary hospital on the railroad, in order to leave Abdullah in good care. He has not been able to stand the exposure of our life to cold, wind, and dust and has come down with a fever that might turn into pneumonia.

Last night Li San came to say: "Mr. Wei, sir, Abdullah maybe go mad, maybe not." Going at once to see, I found Abdullah

crouched in the corner of the wall at the foot of his kang as if ready to spring. His fists were clenched and he was muttering, growling: "You want kill me, eh? You want kill me?" and then protests or threats or what (?) in Hindu. As I approached, speaking to him by name, he turned defensively toward me and tried to fix his eye upon me as upon an enemy.

"Li, call Mr. Sah," and Sargent came running.

At a signal we each grabbed a wrist and shoulder. He is a stronger man than either of us, but he was weakened by fever and we succeeded in throwing and holding him while coolies brought buckets of cold water and poured it over him. The fever yielded and the delirium ceased. Today he is rational, but weak as a child and pitifully dependent.

A few moments ago, as I sat holding him up and giving him some broth, he said something under his breath in Hindu and then in English: "Who shall take care of me?" Then gratefully to me: "Thou art my parent. Thou art my Father and Mother."

These things deepen the sense of responsibility and impress a realization of the fact that I am accountable for these men.

Throughout the trip Dr. Wei has been more or less in demand among the Chinese servants for eyes, for aching heads, and hollow stomachs. Thanks to Dr. Baker's coaching, Dr. Wei has not made any great mistakes and Nature has done the rest. But as this poor fellow blesses me and says he will pray for me, and I am his Father and Mother, I feel my ignorance and wish that I could indeed justify his faith. He is getting on nicely, though, his temperature down to normal at 4:00 P.M., and his strength gaining a trifle on a few swallows of chicken broth every two hours.

In the meantime Harvey and Eliot are out pushing on the work. It never stops while there is daylight, and we are so equipped that no part of it need fail though one or the other is taken off for a day or two.

But there are much pleasanter thoughts to chat about. Night before last as we sat in the smoke-begrimed inn at Si Tai Yang, nine miles east of here, Li came in with packages and letters. They were sent by the postmaster at Paoting-fu, who dispatched

a special courier, and were forwarded by our energetic friend, the magistrate of T'ang-hsien. They were the more delightful, if possible, because they surprised us.

Your letters, Margaret, are of November 26 and 27, Thanksgiving time. The picture you give of the home is lovely. It is a great happiness to me to think of you and our boys making dear Mother's days bright with cheer. The Thanksgiving dinner is one incident of your thought and effort for her, and the little chaps do their share through the unconscious loveliness of childhood. I bless their little hearts for their loving wishes for Father. I am puzzled to know how Neal writes his letters, since I know he can't do it alone and I don't see how Mamma helps him to spell so well and write so nicely. Here is a true story of a donkey and a bicycle, boys; I hope you will like it very much.

### CH'ING-CH'ING

("If You Please")

As Father was wheeling in China one day,  
He came to a place in a deep, sunken way,  
Where a donkey was loaded with bundles of sticks  
From the tips of his ears to the end of his tricks.

Now the tricks of a donkey are long, you must know;  
And the longest he plays when he's mind not to go,  
Nor to let a man pass in a deep, sunken way,  
Though he's pulled at and hauled at the whole livelong day.

The driver was *lao* ("old") and *hao* ("good"), of course—  
A Chinaman seldom is surly or cross;  
If you say but "*ch'ing-ch'ing*," that is "if you please,"  
He'll smile most politely and quite at his ease.

He tugged at his donkey to turn him aside;  
To make room in the road his hardest he tried;  
But the donkey was stubborn. What tho' he be switched,  
Like the mule of Alhambra he stood there bewitched.

Now Father is coming; he'll soon have to leap  
 Or land with the donkey and wheel in a heap,  
 With his legs tangled up and donkey on top!  
 Let us hope that he sooner will come to a stop.

But Father rang "ting-ting, *ch'ing-ch'ing*" on his bell.  
 He smiled at the donkey—and, wondrous to tell,  
 The ass moved a little and let him slip by.  
 Do *you* know the reason, and can you guess why?

When you meet a donkey, with four legs or two,  
 Just try what *ch'ing-ch'ing*ing to please him will do.  
 And if he be stubborn, have patience awhile;  
 Perhaps he will let you pass by for a smile.

*Wang-tou, on the railroad, January 15, 1904, 8:45 p.m.* Here we are with the 12½ hours' trip behind us and the sick man able to say that he is feeling very well "Thank you, Lord!" We have had a mild, clear day without wind. The mule litter was enclosed by mats except at one end and with plenty of blankets it was no hardship to lie still in it. Abdullah has recovered far more rapidly than I had dared to hope and will shortly be fit for ordinary duty again. I am sorry to part with him. He would be a staunch friend.

I have had little to do in tramping these thirty-odd miles ahead of the slow-moving litter except to note the atmosphere and the people. We started among mountains and have come far out on the great plain. Our road for the first few miles was along a wide, sandy river bed, through which ran a little stream. In July it is a flood covering its bed 300 to 400 yards wide, and it is then deep and swift. As high as Storm King, the mountains have no other feature in common with our familiar hills. There are no broad shoulders; they are thin, sharp, and craggy. There are no trees; they scarcely bear any grass. There is no variety of color; they are pale dusty brown near at hand, but golden or rosy or violet at a distance according to the light that filters through the dust-laden air. We shared the road this morning with scores

of donkeys loaded with coal going our way, or returning with empty sacks. Their drivers are a rough good-natured lot, who long ago disremembered to wash their faces. There are marked differences of feature among them, but the wide-nosed, high-cheeked, flat-faced Mongol prevails. The younger ones are fat and hearty; the older men have seamed faces and their eyes are often nearly closed by the drooping lids. They all dress alike in wadded blue-cotton, baggy coats and breeches, and wear fur caps which give these chaps quite a fierce look.

An interesting incident occurred at a rickety bridge. The mules carrying the litter refused to go on it. In the effort to drive them Abdullah was tossed about, but he kept quite still. When it became evident that they would not go loaded, the driver called on the bystanders and ten volunteers carried Abdullah and the litter over. They practically tried to carry the mules, but in vain. There followed a moment of energetic chatter, suggesting a chorus of magpies, and one man appeared from the group minus his lower garments and holding his coat up with one hand. With the other he led the mules. It was freezing in the sun, there was thick ice on both banks and the swift current was full of floating ice. He led them across coolly, I might say chillily, but he did not seem to shiver, and put on his trousers leisurely as though it were a summer day.

*Wang-tou-hsien, January 16, 1904, 8:30 a.m.* I have just been out for a stroll through the village market. In front of a closed, dusty old temple are gathered the dealers in various articles. There is nothing but what enters into daily needs, and at this early hour the itinerant vendors of cloth, nails, brassware, smoking outfits, and earthenware have not arrived. There are baskets of split and flattened cornstalks, which in their fresh yellow tint, relieved by dashes of red and pale green, are very attractive. They are three feet high and two feet across, with straight sides and drawn in at the top. Good waste-paper baskets for my study if I could get them there.

Half a dozen barbers were waiting in the porch of the old temple gate, each one equipped with his stand and brass bowl

for heating water and his stool on which to seat the candidate for a shaved head and smoothly braided pigtail. Near them were two dealers in hair switches, suitable to give a fine large braid where Nature has been ungenerous.

Those who are driving a trade just now are dealers in steaming bean cake, hot tea, and biscuit. One hears the rattle of the sticks as the buyers gamble for a breakfast all up and down the street.

We leave here at noon and I shall get mail at Paoting-fu. Abdullah goes on to Peking, being quite well enough, and tomorrow I start back to rejoin the boys, whom I will overtake about fifteen miles east of Fouping. We will soon be beyond the Great Wall in the province of Shansi.

*Paoting-fu, 9:00 p.m.* Abdullah did not go on to Peking after all, since Dr. Lewis, to whom I had sent word yesterday to meet us at the train, thought it unwise for him to take the risk of further exposure. He is accordingly resting quietly in a nice clean bed in Dr. Lewis' hospital. As I said good-bye to him, he asked my address. "My Father shall write to Your Honor; but for you I would have been dead to this life and born again to other parents."

"You think I have been kind to you, Abdullah?"

"You have, Your Honor, and—"

"Pass it along then. You don't understand? Well, if you can be kind to someone, Chinaman, or anyone, be so. Pass it along."

"I will, sir," with a puzzled look at this new doctrine—my Mother's.

*Fouping, Chihli, January 20, 1904, 9:00 p.m.* Harvey sits just across the square table figuring on an observation of the sun for local time. Eliot is in another room preparing a red-billed ibis for the National Museum, a bird of Egypt as we think it, living through winter's coldest month by these ice-bordered streams! The order of the evening—(1) Journal, (2) discussion of the day's work, (3) preparation for tomorrow's work—is accomplished and we are free to do as we please. That we may

do so in entire security is apparent as the watch has just passed by, vigorously sounding his gong: "Awake, all ye sleepers, be on your guard! Flee, all good burglars, the watchman comes!" It is one of the *opera bouffe* features of these queer people.

Fouping has been one of those stations in the journey by which we mark off progress. It is the last district or hsien of Chihli through which we pass. Beyond lies Shansi. We came to Fouping yesterday, the baggage train first, Eliot and Harvey separately, and I last from a day's work with the plane table to help Harvey. I found our quarters prepared in a new school building, where in a few moments we received a visit from the magistrate, Mr. Pu-jeng. Expecting Wei Dahren much earlier, His Honor had waited half an hour outside the east gate in a pavilion made of mats, but he was too polite to mention the fact and he waved aside my expressions of regret that he should have been inconvenienced by my tardiness. Mr. Pu-jeng (pronounced Pu-yrung) is a Manchu, forty-eight years old, formerly a teacher in the family of Prince Ch'ing, and at the latter's request appointed hsien (magistrate) some six years ago. A slight man, with black mustache, high cheekbones, and smooth yellow skin; his expression is given by raising his eyebrows anxiously, and was accentuated by a deep, flat hollow between his eyebrows over which the wrinkles of his forehead arched. He had the polite manner of a courtier, without the true ring of nice old Mr. Ch'ou of Wan-hsien or the good-fellow way of Mr. Liu of T'ang-hsien.

*Li Yuen-pu, January 23, 1904.* This little village is twelve miles west of Fouping. We have said good-bye to Fouping, and I wish you might have seen the farewell! But there is more to tell of the days there.

Mr. Pu-jeng kindly sent up grapes, pears, and cakes, the fruit being brought by courier from Paoting-fu. On the 21st, when I came in from a day on the heights, there was a message that he would call again shortly, as he wished to talk with Wei Dahren, and sure enough he came in state in a brocaded silk surcoat of deep maroon color. He is a crystal button man, that is, of the fifth order of mandarins, and wears of course the magistrate's

official hat. The etiquette of these visits begins with the announcement that His Honor is without. I go outside, greet him with a Chinese handshake or our own if he prefers, and show him in. I must particularly insist that he enter first, and there is much "after you, my dear Gaston," as the boys say, at each door. At Fouping I had one room and the two boys another. Mr. Pu-jeng came at 6:30 and stayed till 8:00! You may imagine what those two ravenous fellows wanted to say and do, being thus detained from dinner.

While playing the host with Li's help as well as I could, I tried also to get some information from the magistrate. If he knows much history he skillfully concealed the fact. What Fouping had been in the days when the Great Wall was a boundary I did not learn, but I found to my surprise that the wall is not the boundary between Chihli and Shansi; that lies some twenty miles west beyond it, probably along a divide. His Honor looked at the pictures in the *Book of Marco Polo* with interest. He admired some of the panoramas I am sending you. He asked how we made our maps, and then you should have seen Li, who, having first asked permission to explain, gave a lecture on triangulation, traversing, contours, and altitudes, that did credit to his clever brain. Mr. Pu-jeng listened most attentively and said "Ssirr, Tssirr," to everything. He expressed admiration for Wei Dahren's ability to climb mountains and endure so much fatigue (I only give you his manner of speech). He had heard that Wei Dahren knew much about mines though he was too wise to care for them. Had he seen any in the district of Fouping? When at last he thought we might need a rest from the fatigue of the day and took his leave, he said he would be on hand in the morning to say good-bye. It was no use to protest.

I would like to have been a bystander in the morning. Eliot and Harvey were gone, both to climb 4,000-foot peaks and reach this village by night. I was ready to start.

"Where's the magistrate, Li?"

"He waiting for you, sir, outside west gate, sir." It was about 8:30 A.M. and the thermometer below 20 degrees.

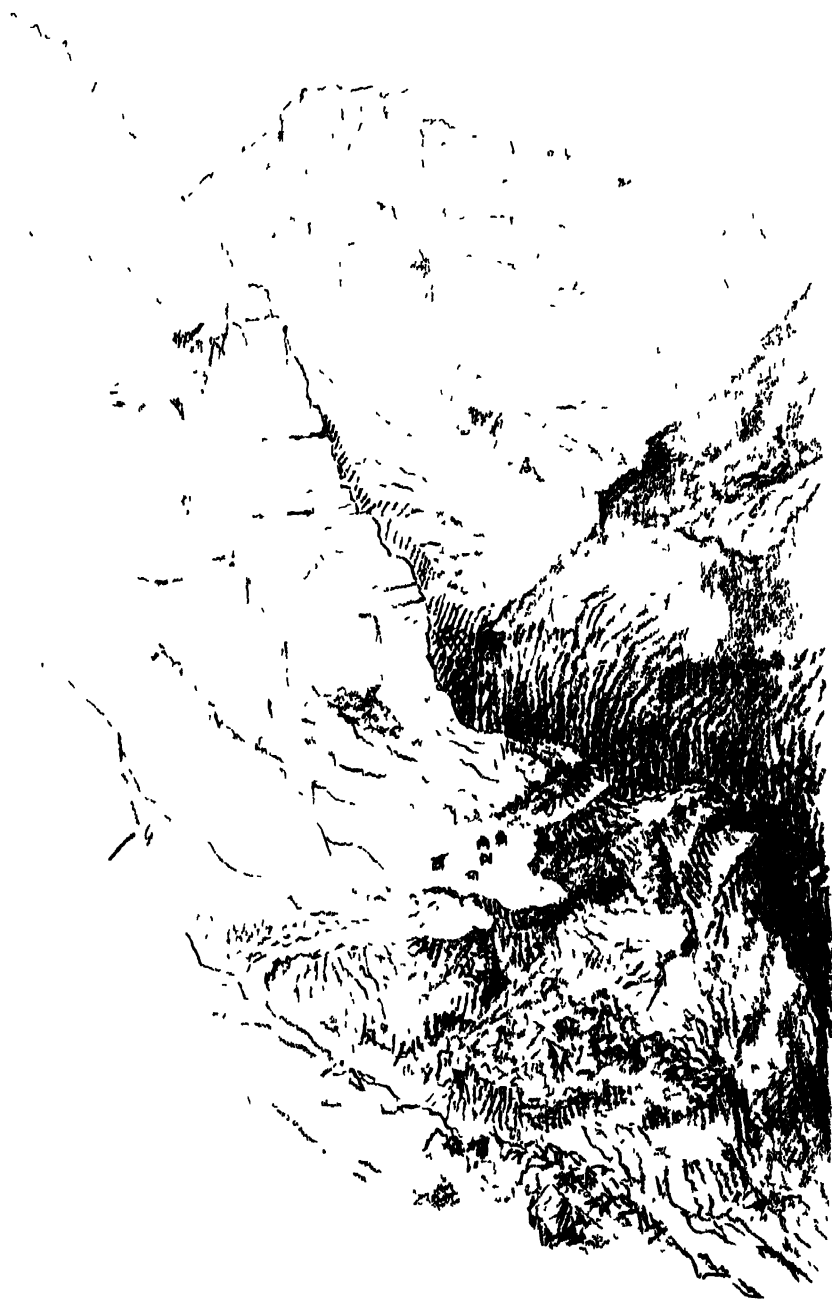


"I'm sorry, Li, but I said 9:00 o'clock, and I must get a photograph before I go."

Let me be one of the crowd at the west gate. There is the wide, level sand bed of the Sha-ho coming up to the earth wall of the town and the old gray gate tower without a touch of color. Out on the sand is a blue-cottoned crowd, standing, waiting as patiently as the four officials, who sit in a square shelter of matting. They are dressed in official robes, much embroidered. Their chairs are covered with red cloth, as is the table, and their tea is served in delicate cups. Two official red umbrellas with silk fringes are set in the sand outside. Wei Dahren has been taking a photograph east of the town and comes through it in haste with a crowd running, laughing, calling each other behind him. A few long strides bring him down the slope from the gate to where the four officials have stepped forward to meet him. He stands up very straight and bows very politely, but for a Dahren he is rather poorly dressed in an old brown suit. Except for his cap of sable fur and his gloves of foxskin, there is nothing fine about him. He carries his instruments on a belt and his field glass and kodak; and on his back he has a bag of greenish cloth in which he has his fur coat to put on on top of the mountains. A Chinese, indeed, would let a coolie carry these things and call for them when he wanted them, but Wei Dahren cannot wait for coolies.

Li San is there at Wei Dahren's left hand, and he takes the four red cards of the officials and reads the names. Besides Mr. Pu-jeng, there are three officers of the army. Each one bows and shakes hands with Wei Dahren. He says, or Li San does for him, that he is sorry they have been waiting in the cold and hopes they have not become chilled. They all bow and say, "Tssirr, Tssirr." Wei Dahren looks as if he expected to be asked to drink a cup of tea and there is silence a moment. Then Li San says: "May be say hope meet again, sometime, never, just you like, sir; go." "All right, Li, say your nicest in Chinese," and Wei Dahren smiles very politely, shakes hands, shakes hands with Mr. Pu-jeng twice, bows all around and goes off along the





The pilgrim path to Wut'ai-shan

road with long steps. The officials watch him a moment. Then they put their hands in their sleeves, get into their chairs, and are carried into town. They cannot understand Wei Dahren. Can he them?

It is interesting to see the inquiring energy of the West thus face to face with the potent inertia of the East. Which is stronger, which more enduring, which holds the future of the human race?

I stayed late on the mountains that day and just before sun-down reached the path which is the so-called highway. During many hundred years, it has been dug out by hoof and sandal and wind, but no one has tried to smooth it or grade it. Where otherwise no path could be, it is rudely walled and sometimes paved with large stones, yet there is no recent work of repair, even where much needed. "This is a very poor district," said Mr. Pu-jeng. As I tramped along, sometimes in the light of the exquisite crescent moon, sometimes in shadow, I passed through deep, narrow defiles where the local banditti have in times gone by found favorable opportunity; also it was the scene of a fight in 1900 between 40 Germans and 1,500 Chinese soldiers. The latter were defeated, and the idols in a temple near by were thrown down by the victors.

The coolie and two soldiers gradually dropped behind till I could no longer hear their footsteps. I sang the "Wacht am Rhein," as no doubt the Germans had before, but when thinking of home I began a nursery rhyme. I had to laugh at the incongruity of the associations. Two men who stopped me in the road were not brigands, but servants sent out two miles from the village to light me in.

We are up among high and jagged mountains now. There is snow on those ahead and the bigger fellows will touch 10,000 feet or more perhaps. Harvey begins to take account of the difficulties of climbing, though he never hesitates at anything climbable. We have looked ahead to the Great Wall and the watch towers beyond it, and tomorrow night we shall lodge close to it.

I will write you of it in a few days, but the letter will be mailed at T'aiyüanfu. This goes out tomorrow by special courier to Paoting-fu, and by him we expect to get the mail due at Peking today. He carries instructions to forward all mail to T'aiyüanfu; and so once more we change our base.

We are all writing letters. Eliot looks across the table and says he's sleepy. Harvey, the hardest worker of the party, cannot deny that he is, and I don't. There will soon be three Americans dropping asleep with thoughts of home; and all about them are the people with whom there is no link of understanding, save that grace of courtesy or touch of kindness which is foreign to no race.

*Wut'ai-shan, Shansi, January 30, 1904.* There is quite a space in time and distance between my last letter from Li Yuen-pu and this one. There is also a complete change of environment; from a small Chinese inn of a little mountain village to this Buddhist temple set high among white mountains beside a white pagoda. The impulse is to describe the present surroundings, but let me go back to Li Yuen-pu and run over the days with you.

(I am interrupted by servants bearing a smoking hot dinner, fruit, and confections sent by the magistrate.)

Li Yuen-pu was the smallest village in which we have stayed, and its inn was proportionately inadequate. There perhaps we had a suggestion of the discomfort of Chinese travel when one is not prepared. Oil for our stoves not being available, we had to fall back on the bowl of glowing charcoal, which is the most dangerous thing in China, and I at least felt the effects of it. I believe I omitted to mention the fact that seven of our escort at Ling-shan were found unconscious at 3:00 A.M. and restored with difficulty. This instance and many others of which we had heard had put us on our guard against the charcoal gases, but we did not entirely escape them. It was a relief therefore to move on to Lung-tsüan-kuan, the last place at which we stayed in the district of Fouping, Province of Chihli. There again we were given quarters at the inn, among surroundings that suggested Biblical scenes. Our two rooms were separated by a large ante-

room in which were huge earthenware jars and immense wicker bins containing vegetables and corn. Just through the paper window the mules munched all night and the ass from time to time rasped out his sad bray. At Lung-tsüan-kuan is the southern branch of the Great Wall, by the map, and approaching it I had my interest keyed up to see the line of masonry and fortified towers stretching away over mountain and valley. Now, like Marco Polo, I might omit any mention of it. The wall at Lung-tsüan-kuan is a small one about the village, like many we have seen, with a branch over a hill to defend the road. On the summit of the divide are watch towers, to one of which Harvey and I went the next day. It stands on a broad, grassy summit, a mile or more east of the pass, where it commands a view down the Ts'ing-schui-ho into Shansi. For 2,200 years its square form and crenelated top have caught the eye of passing travelers, and as late as 1900 it might have served against the German raiders, who swept across from T'aiyüanfu on their mission of terror and civilization, after the war was over.

Harvey set his plane table on the tower itself. I sat in its shelter on the sunny side and sketched in pencil the outlines of the mountain waves that rise crest beyond crest toward the southwest. The most distant, snow-covered ones were Wut'ai-shan, the Five Holy Mountains.

In them and in the canyons cut in the mountain masses I read the record of successive uplifts and wondered again what it means. Chinese shepherds herded their black goats and white sheep on the near-by slopes, three white-tailed deer came running over a spur and, catching sight of us, stood a moment tense with curiosity or fear before they dashed away with splendid bounds. When we had lunched together on our frozen roast chicken and biscuit, I went north along the range to seek answers to geological questions and to look for the Great Wall. Approaching a pass several miles north I found traces of the old work. Where no natural hollow could form along the descending ridge was a broad, shallow one and beside it ranged the bank of earth thrown out. Even an earthwork more than 2,000 years old is impressive;

but a continuous castellated wall there never was in this section of the country.

On a remote mountain path I met two boys of ten or twelve toiling up the way under bundles of brushwood that seemed large enough to bury them. These mountains, less bared of soil than those of Shantung, still support small underbrush, locally, as well as grass. The mountaineers and their families cut and bundle it, and it is carried to the valleys for fuel. When brought to Fouping it was worth two cash a catty ( $\frac{72 \times 2}{1,000}$  cents for a pound and a third, or about ten pounds for a cent). It had been brought eighteen to twenty miles, and a man, if he could gather one hundred pounds, carry the brush to market, and sell it, all in two days, would earn five cents a day. It is little wonder that we find the people in these villages very poor, yet I have not seen any who seemed in real want and we have met no beggars since we left Paoting-fu.

*Lin Yuen, 16½ miles southwest of Wut'ai-shan, February 5, p.m.* During six days full of interest and work from dawn till late, it has been impossible to write, but I must keep the thread of events. In crossing the divide from Lung-tsüan-kuan we passed from the jurisdiction of our friend Yuan Shih-kai to that of Chang Tseng Yang, governor of Shansi, of whom we know nothing. I notified him a month ago of our intention to travel by this route and it is evident that he has given orders of some sort, for a messenger has come into Chihli fifty miles from the nearest magistrate to Shansi to inquire when we might be expected. I was not surprised therefore to hear at Lung-tsüan-kuan that quarters were ready for us at a conveniently situated temple on the upper Ts'ing-schui-ho, the Tiger Temple, erected where a Chinese emperor three hundred years ago killed a tiger in the forest. Moving day from Lung-tsüan-kuan, Harvey and I spent on these treeless heights and just at dusk we approached the Tiger Temple. The hoary old pines about its gate and an acre of trees on the hill behind are the surviving descendants of the forest. We crossed the empty courtyard and searched through

the outer buildings till we found a scared countryman and learned from him that our party was at the village of Shu-tzui a mile and a half down the river. This incident of the Tiger Temple remains unexplained, unless it be an evidence of the terror inspired by the Germans.

Shu-tzui ("Rocky Corner") is a very small village at the junction of the Ts'ing-schui-ho ("Clearwater River") and the T'ai-shan-ho (Holy Mountain River), the latter flowing from Wut'ai-shan. Here Li San had made friends with the head policeman and his two chief assistants, The Unwashed Three, and they had freshened the old inn with patches of paper on the windows and a clean mat or two on the kang. Before supper was served, Li said The Unwashed Three would like to welcome us, and they were ushered in: Three simple country bumpkins, such as you might find in a remote English village or a German one, but hardly in America. We stayed two days with them and parting left a kindly feeling in their simple natures toward the strangers, I hope.

One of these days I was off alone with a native some ten miles on the road to Wut'ai-shan when a man approached on horseback and, dismounting, gave me a courteous greeting. He was accompanied by a policeman and was plainly an official. He wore the crystal button, his furs were fine, and his broad, strongly molded face expressed character. He asked my name, where I had come from, and when I was going to Wut'ai-shan. When I had told him, he again greeted me very courteously and, remounting, rode on toward Shu-tzui. That evening he called upon us there. He was chief of police of Wut'ai-shan and formerly when they had soldiers there he had been captain of a company. Captain T'ien, as we may call him, stayed at Shu-tzui till we were ready to move and then accompanied me. A northwest wind swept down the canyon of the T'ai-shan-ho that day and it was bitter cold riding. I walked, but Captain T'ien rode his white Mongolian pony and wore a Chinese hood which completely covered his head and neck and had besides a backpiece a yard long and two-thirds of a yard wide. The prevailing color of his fur-lined robe



was blue, but this backpiece was rich crimson. He repeatedly invited me to ride, but I declined on the ground that his honorable age was more truly entitled to that dignity than my immature youth. He is about sixty.

There is no road to Wut'ai-shan. The bed of the T'aishan-ho is an expanse of shingle and boulders, spread by the torrents of summer. The stream has a fall of one hundred to one hundred fifty feet to the mile and moves rocks three to four feet in diameter. Its tributaries are steeper and pour out into the main canyon immense masses of cobbles, such as I have not seen equaled elsewhere. Over this stretch of heaped mountain waste men and animals pick such a path as they may. A stony one to stumble along indeed. The little stream, which one may cross in three good jumps, is partly frozen over. The ice here forms cascades, there it fringes the banks, and again bridges the current, which runs black beneath its white arches. The ice margins are fretted and hung with icicles. As I walked past them, I seemed to hear Mother calling my attention to their delicate beauty; and again I seemed to recall the icebound brook at Idlewild, where I peered into such caverns and wondered how the ice fairies built them. The question takes another form today, but it is unanswered still.

Evening was coming on as we drew near Wut'ai-shan. Captain T'ien had ridden on, Eliot and Harvey were off at their work. Li accompanied me. The canyon, which is precipitous in some lower stretches, here widens slightly to a mountain valley shut in by the smooth, snowy grass slopes of the Wut'ai range, rising 2,000 feet or more above it.

A little village lies along the stream to the right, and at its gate there is a gathering of people. As we draw near I make out Captain T'ien and eight policemen around whom are the villagers. The policemen are gorgeously dressed in blue surcoats bordered with crimson four inches wide. They wear black turbans and carry ancient spears, of which four are flame-shaped and four combine the crescent with the blade. Captain T'ien receives me and I thank him for all his courtesy. The policemen form up two





The Pai T'a by moonlight

abreast and lead along the village street and out at the farther gate.

"We going to the Great Pai T'a, sir, Mr. Wei, sir," says Li. I look up and, hitherto hidden from me by the hills, I see the central feature of Wut'ai-shan, a white, urn-shaped pagoda about eighty feet high, rising from among temples on a spur of the snowy mountains.

The sun has set, but a rosy tint lingers on the pagoda and the heights, and the red temple walls are softened in the twilight. The soldiers led on across an open half-mile, through a second village, and up stone-paved ways to the temple at the base of the Great Pai T'a. The head priest meets us in the courtyard. Captain T'ien follows and we are shown into a suite of three rooms selected for us by the magistrate of Wut'ai-hsien. After the usual courtesies of welcome and thanks and the cup of tea which is the signal for ending the interview, we are left to look about us.

## XVII

### *Wut'ai-shan*

THE MONASTERY—ITS HISTORY—A FOREIGN "MEDICINE GOD"  
—THE TWO HEAD PRIESTS—THE DRAGON RULERS OF HEAVEN  
AND THE MINOR GODS—IN THE ABSENCE OF WEN-SHU-SHILI  
THE BAD GODS GOT IN THEIR WORK—THE BARREN WASTE  
FOLLOWING DEFORESTATION—A VISIT TO THE TEMPLES—  
THE KINDLY PRIESTS—AN EXCURSION TOWARD TIBET—  
AN EXAMPLE OF TIBETAN MANNERS

*W*UT'AI-SHAN, *February 1,*  
*1904.* Our rooms at the

monastery of the Great Pai T'a have the usual raised platform, or kang, at one end, which may be heated and on which one is expected to sleep. The large windows of paper have also the rare feature, a pane of glass. The doors are hung with wadded cotton curtains in blue and red, except that the anteroom is divided from the one on the left by two thinner curtains on which are red and yellow dragons. In the center of each room is a carved wooden stand holding a brass bowl full of glowing charcoal, but the furniture is otherwise simple. These are rooms assigned to visitors of special rank: A German prince occupied them; rich Mongols coming on pilgrimages to the temple stay in them; and we hear incidentally that they subscribe large sums of money to support the holy place.

As in well-stocked libraries I have not been able to find any account of Wut'ai-shan beyond a mere reference to it, you may not know that it is the principal seat in China of the worship of Manjusiri or Wen-shu-shili or Menjusili, a secondary divinity of Buddhism. If I may judge by the fact that Mongols come

more than a thousand miles to pray here, it is a shrine scarcely second to those at Lhasa. Elsewhere during our journey we have seen only neglect of holy places; temples going to ruin, idols covered with dust. It has been evident that the Chinese in general pay little attention to the temples, and we are told that the Imperial government encourages spending money on schools rather than on idols. But at Wut'ai-shan the practice of religion is active. The head priest has ninety-six young priests as students and several assistant priests. There are saintly devotees and pilgrims are numerous.

Can you imagine us more curiously placed than in the shadow of the Great Pai T'a, the White Pagoda?

It was the second evening; I had spent the day with Harvey on Nan-t'ai (South Holy), one of the five broad, snow-covered mountains which constitute the Wut'ai; supper was just cleared away and, being fed and warmed, we were enjoying a tired man's rest. Then Li came to the door with a hesitating manner he sometimes has when not sure that his purpose is fitting:

"One young priest, Mr. Wei, sir, very bad hand cut, would like know can the Dahren do anything for him?"

He is perhaps twenty, thin, pale, and dressed in the dark robes of a priest with the black silk cap. His hand, cut in falling with a glass bottle four days ago, was tightly bandaged then to stop the bleeding and has not been washed since. He has prayed four days to the Medicine God, but it does not heal. Can the Dahren help him? More than an hour later he left us, striking his head on the floor in spite of our protests, and he came again each night and morning. In two days the cut, a deep flesh wound, is healing, and he points to Heaven and tells me I must be a saint with divine power. I have done what the Medicine God did not.

I have not shared his confidence. I have been very anxious about the outcome, and not only for my patient. If he died it might go badly with us.

When Li first held up his bandaged arm I could see only part of the hand. It was sickly white. I felt it. It was cold as ice. That, perhaps, had prevented gangrene, but it seemed dead.

I was about to say that Tibetan devils had killed the arm and I could not bring it back to life, when I caught the imploring look of the young priest. He had hope and faith, and Li had, or he would not have brought him to me. I had to go through with it.

When I took off the wrapping of oiled paper my stomach turned and I almost quit. The arm was bloodless, dead like the hand. I ordered hot water, cut away a flap of skin that had covered the palm of his hand, and washed the wound. He watched without moving or twitching. Perhaps there was no feeling. I talked to him in English, soothingly. Perhaps he thought I was praying. When all was clean I bound the hand up with carbolic acid, but left the arm bare and gave instructions that it should be rubbed, as I showed them, to drive out the devils. It is a miracle, but it has worked.

I have become much interested in the two principal men, the head priest and second priest of the temple. After making the call which courtesy perhaps required, they came again each evening, and on the day which I spent at the temple, they both visited me in the morning, so that I saw quite a little of them. They contrast strikingly in person and character.

A spare man, of delicate appearance, the head priest has neither the stature nor the bearing of the second. His thin features are habitually controlled, his manner is that of a quiet student; but underlying the reserve is the nature of an enthusiast, a devotee. It breaks through when he becomes interested in speaking of his religion; then he becomes animated, speaks rapidly, and, pushing back the sleeves of his yellow robe, uses his hands expressively.

The second priest had been an officer in Manchuria up to fifteen years ago, when at the age perhaps of forty-five he took leave of his wife and four sons to become a priest at Wut'ai. The sons visit him and he is going home next year. He spoke of his affairs with frank simplicity and evidently takes pleasure in talking of the outside world. You may imagine that his nature is that of a dreamer, in part, and his manner expresses it.

I shall long remember the kindly old man, who passed his



Priests in a prayer-wheel pagoda





beads incessantly through his hands while he talked of Peking and of far-off strange lands he would like to know. It chanced that I can do something for each of them. The second priest rarely leaves his room, he said, because of sensitive eyes; his right eye is nearly gone. A pair of dark glasses meets his need. The head priest is growing far-sighted and can no longer easily read with the scholars. He is pleased with a reading glass, which I have adorned with a piece of the crimson ribbon that came from home round the outside of my Round Robin.

It would be too much to expect that one might get a fair knowledge of Buddhism in a few conversations through the medium of an interpreter, but I have been interested to inquire regarding the point of view. We have been told that a temple in a village was no longer visited, the idol no more addressed in prayer and with incense, because the god had left it. In one case a bad Chinaman from South China has persuaded or has stolen the god away, but the idol remains. The spirit and the image are thus distinct among the common people. Would the educated priest carry the idea a step further and recognize the distinction between these gross and grotesque dieties and the personification of Buddha's higher ideals or principles? I have failed to get any direct answer, partly because the thought is beyond Li's grasp, however simply I try to put it, and he cannot interpret it. But I have learned that there are three gods, who govern heaven: the golden dragon, the silver dragon, and the iron dragon, naming the most potent first. And four gods rule the world, one having charge of the seas, another of the ground or earth, a third of fire, and the fourth of the mountains and stones.

"Li," said I, interrupting him, "not long ago in Meikwar (America) there was a great mountain, which all at once breathed out a great blast of hot air and in five minutes killed 30,000 people. Where was the god whose business it is to keep the mountains in order?"

Li interpreted most dramatically and the head priest expressed surprise and horror. Then he gravely answered: "Wen-shu-shili must have been absent on important business and the

bad gods got in their work." Perhaps in keeping with this was Li's interpretation of an explanation of the nature of Buddha: "Buddha regular lady, not same man."

In answer to queries regarding the antiquity of the establishment at Wut'ai, it is said that Buddhism was brought to China from Tibet after the first Han dynasty, that is about the beginning of the Christian era, by Mo T'ung and Chu Fa Lan. When the capital was at Nanking, the Han emperor, Ming Ti, dreamed of a white pagoda near five great white mountains in the far north, and sent out to find the spot. There the first pagoda was built. It is now within the Great Pai T'a, and it contains the ashes of a very holy man, who came there and after living a life of sanctity died sitting in the original pagoda. These are matters of history.

Inquiry regarding any earlier history of monasteries or temples at Wut'ai-shan elicited nothing back beyond the advent of Buddhism. Unlike the T'ai-shan in Shantung the site is not conspicuous and there is little reason to suppose that it became a center of veneration and worship for any older religion. But it is a spot at which pilgrims and travelers have paused in their journeys since time immemorial. It is a sheltered valley, just below the expanse of the great plateau of Tibet and at the head of the steep descent into the maze of canyons that leads to the plains. Here east-bound caravans stopped to arrange camel loads before attempting the downward pitch, and here men and animals rested after the climb, en route to the great marts of commerce in the west. As a breathing place the vale, which in former centuries was clothed with trees and beautified by brooks, has served mankind throughout his development from the prehistoric age.

As bearing on the changes which men may work on the face of Nature I was especially interested to learn that even Pei T'ai, the highest of the Wut'ai, was covered with trees in the time of the Emperor Kuan-hsi, A.D. 1662-1723, the first of the Ch'ing dynasty. Only the priests then lived here and the mountains were uninhabited. The Emperor Ch'en Lung one hundred sixty years ago promoted immigration and ordered the people to cut the trees, on which he levied a heavy tax. Now only an acre here

or there survives. The great bare mountains are at the mercy of the elements, the wastes of gravel and sand along the streams are evidence of the effect, and huge gullies eating their way toward the summits tell what progress denudation is making. Shantung went through the process three thousand years ago. On Wut'ai it has advanced far in a century and a half. In the United States we have in part at least arrested its destroying progress.

In my study of the uplift of the Tibetan plateau the little valley of Wut'ai-shan takes its place as a note, which records a pause in the rise of the ancient plain from near sea level to the height at which the plateau now stands. It was a pause such as has occurred in similar uplifts elsewhere in initial movements; but I am getting ahead of my conclusions, thinking aloud as my thought develops.

I made a visit to the principal temples immediately near the Pai T'a in company with the head priest. If the word "temples" suggests the elaborate buildings of India or the sacred groves and rich decoration of Japan you would be disappointed in Wut'ai. Chinese architecture, so far as I have seen it, it as unvarying as the people. It is patterned on a design whose simple forms were worked out centuries ago; it satisfies, and is ever repeated.

The plan of a temple is an oblong room, large or small, the end walls and sometimes the back are of brick or stucco, the front a frame filled in with panels or doors and paper windows. The roof often rises in steps to the highest central part, and it is carried out over the portico by that adaptation of many cantilevers and uprights which, when built up in a score of steps and in three directions, gives the characteristic profile of Chinese eaves. The roof tiles have the universal form of split bamboo, perhaps the most artistic element of the design.

There are old temples and one new one at Wut'ai, the latter replacing one which was past repair. The new one has cost 40,000 taels, say \$25,000 gold, including I suppose the decoration and idols. The building is perhaps 70 feet long by 30 wide, and the columns of the portico 18 feet wide. Open-work carvings of dragons and birds of paradise partly fill the corners beside the

latter. Within, the roof is supported by a number of columns, in the center 35 feet high, and the large idols are placed under the central part. The columns are trunks of trees as nearly straight and round as they grew, the bark replaced by a coat of crimson lacquer.

Around the walls on a raised ledge are idols of many kinds, some simply ugly, some grotesque, some frightful, but all gleaming in fresh gilt and paint. Enthroned in the middle of the temple are the three colossal figures of Buddha or of Wen-shu-shili which are especially addressed in prayer and with incense and gifts. Their mien and attitudes suggest perhaps eternal calm and the twilight which filters through the papered lattice in front helps out the suggestion. Before the idols are long tables or altars on which stand incense burners, candles or lamps, vessels with water and grain, and drums. The most curious of the latter are shaped like hump-backed crabs with their claws crossed in front. They are carved of wood and are struck apparently to call the attention of the diety when a petitioner prays.

I have described this temple as an example of what others are, but they vary in purpose and correspondingly in fittings. The most curious which I saw has a huge lotus flower as a central figure. The chocolate-colored petals are hinged and the flower revolves. As it turns the petals open, displaying small idols, upon which they close again. One versed in Buddhism might give us a poetic interpretation; we learned only that the flower symbolized life. In another temple are 280 books containing the teachings of Buddha. Each volume is a package thirty inches long and a foot thick, tied up in yellow silk between heavy, lacquered boards. In still another temple are hung gifts of silk, girdles, pictures, and banners, moldering under thick dust. They are never cleaned, it is said, because he who should disturb them would have a headache. He well might.

Again the high priest led on to a small temple, all of brass and given by a Ming Emperor, but not otherwise distinguished.

We have been followed by a crowd of interested boys and men, who watched closely to see how large a piece of silver the

foreigner would leave before this idol or that one. I went on for a couple of hours and then, realizing that I could see more than I could remember, I begged the high priest not to fatigue himself with further temples. One could profitably spend a week at Wut'ai.

"Would he allow me, if it were not contrary to any rule, to photograph the temples and idols?" The permission was given without hesitation, but he wished to show me something more. He led outside the Pai T'a to an old monument, a tortoise bearing a memorial stone. Too old to be read, it had stood till a few years past, when a lightning bolt struck it and broke it into many pieces. I attempted no natural explanation of this visitation of an angry god.

During the afternoon I took what photographs I could with the big camera. The exposures were long for the interiors, and the crowd which was at first silently watchful sought amusement of some sort. In the new temple where the half-light and the incense-laden atmosphere were oppressive, a half-dozen little chaps had fun daring each other. They had been motioned back out of the camera's view and the game was to put one foot across the doubtful line or to jump in a step and back again. One bold five-year-old even ran two or three steps forward and darted back to hiding. They were too quick to be caught by the camera in that light, so I laughed at them, and the crowd smiled with me.

At another temple, I had set the camera outside facing the central idol, when service began. The young priests chanted mechanically but looked at the camera, and the priest in charge came out to see, while the drum went on and the chant rose and fell.

The next morning the head priest and the second priest stood for their portraits in one of the prayer-wheel towers under the Great Pai T'a. Soon afterward they came to my room to bid me good-bye, as I left at noon that day on a side trip northward across the Wut'ai-shan. The second priest had asked me for a writing, which he might keep to show other foreigners, especially in case of trouble, and I had for him a paper we all three signed, saying:

"We came here uninvited and strangers; we were received as

guests and treated as friends. For these men of peace and hospitality and for the place in which they dwell we would ask the kindly consideration and good will of all who may come after us."

There was nothing forced, I think, in the expressions of regret with which we parted. Neng Chien and Pao Te-sheng and I live in very different worlds. I hardly think the sympathy which sprang up between us was because we had been friends in another life, as Neng suggested; but rather as I said to him: "There are many races of men living under the one sun which shines for them all; and among them all there is one feeling which all share, that of kindliness." And Neng answered, as he slipped his hand inside of his old-gold-colored robe and bowed his head toward me: "One heart."

As I left the Pai T'a, I passed the devotees, a man and a woman, who hope to become saints. He sits on the steps of a temple and beats a drum for hours each day. He has promised to do it for six years, of which two have passed. He squats in the sunny portico and looks cheerful as though the road to saintliness were by no means thorny. At night he goes to his room. A far severer task is that which the woman has voluntarily assumed. She sits tonight, and when you read this will be sitting, where she has been for thirteen years, in a porch of a building facing eastward toward the Pai T'a. She never leaves the spot and there she intends to die, hoping thus to gain her place among the saints.

Two Mongolian women and several men were making their pilgrimages round the Pai T'a, a thousand times around, telling beads, and each time touching the prayer wheels, of which there are four large ones and on a second terrace many small ones.

One among the pilgrims, a stout old fellow, whom I would have trusted as a companion in a trip to the Tibet he knows, stopped in his prayer to say things, which I took for a Mongolian good-bye and good wishes. A common language was wanting, even Chinese, but we understood. Three days later when I met him again in a distant canyon, he jumped off his horse and again we exchanged greetings. He was going to meet his family or

relatives, whom he had preceded to Wut'ai-shan, and I had walked an hour beside their train that morning. I made him understand that they were not far behind.

They formed a most picturesque group of nomads. Their journey of a thousand miles during midwinter had told on animals and clothing, but the men looked hardy and had a devil-may-care way in strong contrast to Chinese manners. The train of twenty camels with eight horses and men was the escort of one young woman, who was accompanied by an older one, apparently a servant. While the younger managed her own camel, the older led one, and the younger was peculiarly dressed.

She walked at a steep, narrow place. Her plum-colored coat reached to her feet and was girdled at the waist. The extraordinary sleeves were puffed three inches high on the point of the shoulder and fell thence to her ankle, where they ended in a gold-braided cuff. They were wadded and stitched around every few inches. Close about her rounded cheeks, to which the sharp wind had brought a rich color, was fastened a fur-lined hood. It came low on her forehead and from under it she watched me with feminine curiosity.

In front rode a dull Mongol leading five camels, each one attached to the preceding by a string and bit of stick through his nose; the foremost carried two large chests, while the others were loaded with bags and bales. The young woman and her servant followed, and behind them came the rest of train, except one man, the leader, who dashed about on his pony with the recklessness of a cowboy. We passed and repassed as they kept on their slow way and I, stopping to read my compass and note the distance, was overtaken. The leader and I exchanged greetings, and he talked Chinese to my coolie. He was not the kind of a man one would expect to provoke with impunity after a glance at his strong face and a note of his quick, impetuous manner. He gave me an example of Tibetan manners.

I was standing, sighting back along the narrow path, compass in hand. He was a couple of hundred yards away, when he gathered up his reins and spurred his horse to a gallop. He urged



him on, faster and faster. It appeared he would run me down. I had heard of the hardy riders of Tibet and the rough games they play with each other. He might mean to test my courage and if I weakened he would chase me like a hare. I put my compass in its case on my belt and took out my flexible notebook; it would serve to slap his horse.

On he came, faster and faster. I was writing, apparently, but I had my eye on him. He reined up at the last instant and the horse planted both forefeet close in front of me. The gravel flew up in my face. I may have been scared. I froze in my tracks.

He jumped off and, striding close, he slapped my compass case, demanding that bright thing. He was a fierce-looking chap; bigger than I and much bigger in his great gray coat of wolf skins. His keen black eyes looked aggressively out from under a fox tail that covered his forehead.

I took out the compass and handed it to him, but went on with my writing. He turned it over and over. It was neither gun nor knife. He could make nothing of it. I took it from him and laughing at him I said in English, but with a derisive gesture: "You don't know much." Then, having established control, I showed him that the needle would always point north and said: "*Nan, pei, tung, shi*" ("south, north, east, west," Chinese way). He, who could cross the great wastes by the guiding stars, understood; he reached for my automatic, which I carry where they don't know the meaning of "*ch'ing ch'ing*." I stepped back and, poking my finger under his nose, I said: "Bang!" We both laughed. The episode was over.

That night we had to occupy the same room in a very small inn, much to Li's disgust. "The Princess," said he, "have got good room!" I produced a mirror, probably the first the camel driver had ever seen. He looked at himself admiringly, delightedly, and twirled his scanty mustache like any French dandy. I expect he is a devil among ladies.

Eliot and Harvey remained at Wut'ai-shan a day longer than I did and saw more of the temples. Among others they went up to the one which is placed highest and in which accord-

ing to Li "the God-All-might Lama lives." I presume we might use the title Archbishop to describe him. He has privileges otherwise reserved to the Imperial family and goes to Peking to visit and advise the Emperor once a year. What they saw and what I missed I scarcely know, we have so little time to talk things over. At the end of the third day I rejoined them at the village of Liu-Yuen.

As souvenirs of Wut'ai-shan I have three little bronze idols, of which the other boys also bought several, and what I prize more, a wonderful map handed me by Pao Te-sheng, a sacred book, a gift from Neng Chien. Perhaps no one place in China has been more deeply interesting.

## XVIII

### *Wutai-shan to Wutai-hsien*

PROGRESS OF OUR WORK—OUR GEOGRAPHICAL SETTING—  
WE ENTER THE NORTHERN COAL FIELDS—COAL TRANSPORT  
BY MANPOWER—CHINESE NEW YEAR—TEMPLE QUARTERS—  
A PATIENT FOR DOCTOR WEI—THE THIRD DAY OF CHINESE  
NEW YEAR, VISITING THE IN-LAWS, ALL DRESSED UP—RECEP-  
TION AT WEN-SHUI-HSIEN—REVOLT OF THE BOXERS—THE  
FAITHFUL MISSIONARIES—A LOYAL DISCIPLE, HIS PRAYER  
—A FAMILY EPISODE, I ASSERT MY AUTHORITY



S'UNG-TS'OU-TS'UN, SHANSI,  
*February 9, 1904.* A new  
subject needs a new chapter and so I begin one, having written  
you what I could of the Wut'ai in the preceding. While I have  
been at it we have passed on from Liu-Yuen to To-tsun, and  
thence to Wut'ai-hsien, the magistrate's seat; last night we were  
at Shupen-kou, which is not on any map, and day after tomorrow  
we will return to Wut'ai-hsien. These names represent only  
sleeping places. The days are spent in the broad loess-filled  
valleys, or in the deep canyons, or on the mountaintops, whence  
there is a grand panorama of mountain forms, each one of which  
expresses a group of geological and physiographical facts. During  
these superb winter days, which follow one after the other with  
cloudless skies, we are enjoying and working to the limit of our  
ability, each in his own way.

For six weeks the thermometer has ranged from 7° to 25°  
Fahrenheit at 8:00 A.M. At these altitudes of 3,000 to 8,000 feet  
above sea level the air is very bracing and we are keyed up to a high  
point of physical endurance and buoyancy. Harvey works untir-

ingly, walking long distances, climbing 2,000 to 4,000 feet, and standing for hours on the exposed summits each day. He never flags or complains. His work checks out accurately, and I give my unstinted admiration to the moral steadfastness that enables him to carry out work of such precision when both mind and body are numb with cold. The warm days are coming and his hardest work is done, I am happy to say.

Eliot and I have not felt the cold severely, for our work allows us constantly to move about. Eliot's forte is detailed observation of definite facts, and his notebook is a storehouse of exact information. I think he likes best to work alone with the one bright coolie, Lazar, for a companion, but Eliot and I have had a number of pleasant and fruitful days together. I find enough to keep me occupied, also. I might say to the boys: "What's your work is mine and what is left is mine, also," but they do not leave me anything they can do. It is delightful to see the cordial feeling which has sprung up between Eliot and Harvey. They mutually admire and like one another and their good fellowship is warm and sincere.

Up to Lung-tsüan-kuan Harvey had the important work to do, the geology being that of the very old gneisses and granites and too intricate to be worked out in a short time. Now, however, we all have our hands full, and there will be a chapter to write on the Wut'ai district, which will add quite as much to our knowledge of the geology of China as the Shantung report may.

Our friends in Tientsin, some of them, told us of many hardships we might expect, the intense cold, the dirty inns, the dust storms, etc. We remember them now with a smile, and doubt if they had traveled so extensively as we had supposed. Many of the conditions which might make hardship have been met by adequate preparation and good service; others are such as anyone knows who has roughed it in America; and some we have not experienced severely.

Dust storms are among the peculiar incidents of travel in China which are most dreaded, and we have been fortunate in escaping them till recently, but we are being initiated. A few

days ago with a cloudless sky it blew a gale from the northwest. "Why," asked Harvey, "doesn't this wind kick up a dust?" It was still clear that night. In the morning there was a tawny note of color in the view and the wind blew hard; by noon the dust-laden blast was upon us in full force. It caught me twelve miles to leeward of Wut'ai-hsien, whither I was bound, and with a wide loess-filled valley to cross. A harder beat to windward I never had, I think. The frost in my beard was brown. I saw only the path at my feet and the sweeping dust cloud that enshrouded my soldier and me. Sometimes even sand rose with stinging force. At three o'clock the light was that of late afternoon, and it grew dark an hour too soon.

It is remarked that there is a curious form of lockjaw occasioned by these storms, for a man, shutting his teeth on a breath, finds that it solidifies rapidly and cements them. The only remedy is to make an opening with a diamond drill and administer liquid food, but the victim usually dies of suffocation before he can be relieved!!!

For those who are geographically minded and like to know where they are, I should, perhaps, sketch our position. We are in a region of deep and precipitous canyons that invade the margin of the vast plateau of Tibet. We are well within and to the west of the outer heights that overlook the Great Plain of eastern China. We are on the headwaters of the Hu-to-ho, a river that rises northwest of Wut'ai-shan and flows southwest a hundred miles before turning abruptly toward the southeast to strike across high country to the lowland plains. Politically we are in the northeastern part of the Province of Shansi (West Mountain Province), in the Wut'ai district, north of Wut'ai-hsien. Geologically we are happily out of the area of metamorphic rocks that we cannot decipher, but which we know are too old to contain any fossils, and we have come into a region where Eliot finds Cambrian trilobites, like those in Shantung, and also the younger, Carboniferous strata that carry coal beds.

This is the northern edge of the great coal basin of Shansi, which von Richthofen explored and which the Germans now

covet. I hope they may never get it. From what I have seen in Shantung and on the track of their punitive expedition I judge them capable of oppression that stops at nothing to achieve its object.

*Fang Lan-ch'en, February 22.* I began this letter at a little village of coal miners, twelve miles south of Wut'ai-hsien, but it was too incomplete to send when we had returned there and dispatched our courier with letters to Taiyüanfu on the 20th. The fact is the days pass like lightning and I find it scarcely possible to note the crowding impressions.

Shupen-kou and Ts'ung-ts'ou-ts'un are worth a paragraph or two. They are villages fifteen miles apart in two small coal fields southeast and south of Wut'ai-hsien. Our friend the magistrate of Wut'ai-hsien, Mr. Chin, of whom more hereafter, thought it impossible that we should visit them: The inns, mere hovels for donkeys and their drivers; the houses those of very poor people, who could not make room for us if they would, Chinese New Year beginning on the day after tomorrow when for five days nothing could be bought or hired at any price! Much better remain in our comfortable quarters at Wut'ai-hsien, where he might enjoy our company. We regretted, of course, but we went.

On the pathway to either place one meets scores of donkeys, men, and boys, loaded with coal and coke. Many of the last are ten to twelve years old and carry loads far beyond their apparent strength. A single block of coke or a bag, weighing 80 or 100 pounds, is a man's load. The donkeys carry two bags or baskets, or large blocks of coke lashed to a frame over the saddle. The paths are mountain ways, rising fifteen hundred feet in some instances, and the carriers toil slowly up the steepes and down into further valleys. The coal is bought at the mines for one-half cash a catty, (about 54 cents a ton) and sold a day's journey distant for one cash a catty. Not counting the return trip, the earnings are about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a hundred pounds per day's journey.

Again and again the quaint little burros, the trudging men, and the overloaded boys brought my kodak from my pocket, and some of them you shall see. They took but little notice,

except when I set up the big camera where it commanded a stretch of the road; then they gathered about me curiously—rough children, easily diverted by a bit of yellow glass or a rubber band.

The band is an excellent defense. When squeezed past endurance in a pushing crowd of miners, who never wash, I take a rubber off my notebook and stretch it more or less. Astonished (for they have never seen anything like it), they open and shut their mouths in rhythm, grinning with delight. I persuade one, a bold fellow, to take hold of one end and stretch it with me. Then I let go, snap!—and he jumps. All laugh and concentrate on the rubber band, while I go on writing my notes. When I want the band I hold out my hand and it is returned to me unbroken.

Shupen-kou, or Rock Basin Mouth, is appropriately named. It is a tiny village, built in a line beside a river bed under a vertical limestone cliff. The other wall of the canyon rises sheer in front of it, but a mile upstream the valley widens somewhat at the junction of two rivers. Harvey and I came to the place after dark and were shown by an obliging native to the little bit of an inn. Space had been made for a table and three chairs by knocking out part of a partition and our cots were arranged diagonally on the short kang.

When on the following morning, the 15th, I stepped out to look up at the canyon walls and grasp the scene, our boys, the soldiers sent with us, and several villagers came to salute and give me the Chinese New Year greeting: "*Pa'shi nien*," which they repeated to Eliot and Harvey. "*Pa'shi nien*" was the password that day, wherever we saw a pleasant look, or the response "*Fa tsai, fa tsai*," if they happened to greet us first.

Harvey climbed two thousand feet up the cliffs to his point of observation, Eliot went on a fossil hunt, and I pursued the once-familiar task of measuring coal veins in the burrows two or three miles away. Trying short cuts in the afternoon, I got caught above the continuous canyon wall and sought in vain to get down without going a couple of miles round. This is a new

experience in China, the land of wide valleys, where until now we have met no deep, narrow gorges, the features of topographic youth.

The following day we moved to Ts'ung-ts'ou-ts'un, where the impossible had been accomplished by Li San in finding a place in which we could stay, a small village temple. He had gone down the night before and stopped at the inn. "Most knock you down, sir, Mr. Wei, going in. S'pose all Chinamen dirty, I not so dirty some." I went through the courtyard under a big old pine and into the little temple. The three gilded idols sat in state against the middle of the long wall, on their right stood the "sergeant at arms," and on their left a frightened and frightful devil. About the rest of the room were some thirty small idols, and pictures of the Sunday school book style, in which the wicked come to grief, adorned the walls. Our table was in front of the altar and our cots filled the floor space.

"But Li. Do the priests want us in here?"

"I talk him long time, sir, talk him very smooth. Tell him you very good man, sir, joss like you very well. He all right."

Strokes on the great bell outside announced a worshiper, a boy came in and placed incense and grain on the altar, kowtowed, and went out. "Joss' supertime, sir," explained Li.

(It may be pertinent to explain here that Li is not what is called a religious man. He believes neither in gods nor devils. "Try do what right, sir. Not do man wrong, that all I know. Heaven and hell are here this earth, looks me, sir, Mr. Wei.")

That evening we heard incoherent cries and learned that an old priest who was crazy was in an adjoining room. When I came back from the following day's tramp Li said: "That old priest, sir, he no crazy. I talk with him a long time, talk very straight. Never see foreigner. Been sick a year. Maybe you do something for him, sir, Mr. Wei?"

It was of course a hopeless effort, but who could answer so. I said I would see him. I passed through the crowded courtyard, where people made an aisle for me, and found a skeleton lying on a felt mat on a heated kang, with a single quilt drawn over



him. He was otherwise naked. He tried to kowtow to me and looked curiously and earnestly at me; then he answered my questions through Li, while I sat on the kang beside him and studied his face and condition. There was some internal trouble that prevented his food from nourishing him, and the chills that crept over him and made him cry out were incidental, but it was those which I had to consider. So I ordered hot bricks kept ready and, making a body band of fleece-lined socks, put it on him as a protection against evil spirits. I said, however, it would lose its power unless put in boiling water every third day. His cries were shorter and less frequent that night and with a hopeful spirit he accepted Li's assurance that he would gradually get better. The idols looked straight ahead and made no sign when I went back to our temple.

We went back to Wut'ai-hsien on the third day of Chinese New Year. At this time the young wives and mothers go to visit the husband's parents. "Maybe this way, you see, sir. They get married maybe in December. Now go visit husband's Fadder, Mudder. Old people make much chow-chow ready. They stay three, four days, go back home. That time they know each other, know each other very well, sir. Not know before, no sir."

Perhaps you can make out just what Li meant, but I did not try to, my attention being fixed on one of the many couples we met as we climbed the rough mountain trail. The wife was a young girl who perhaps did not yet "know" her husband, an honest pleasant-faced countryman plodding behind her donkey. She sat on top of the square saddle with her tiny feet crossed on the back of the donkey's neck and her hands each in the other sleeve, a position not the safest, it seemed to me, on a steep path. She was a joyous rainbow! Her pea-green silk trousers ended in purple ankle bands and gold-braided crimson-toed shoes. Her under vest, the skirts of which fell over her lap, was dark blue. Her cape, the garment which is always showiest, was of a rich salmon-pink tint and its broad border, surrounding the cape and its wide sleeves, was of light and dark blue with gold embroidery. About her round face, powdered to an olive hue, was tied a purple

hood with an orange cord. She was a flame, but she was not the only one. The young wives affect red capes and are like brilliant poppies on the dusty pathways. The matrons dress more soberly, but behind them on the tiny donkey one is almost sure to find little Mr. Peapod in his coat of green, clinging for dear life to his mother's trousers band, yet in imminent danger of sliding off his donkey.

*Wen-shui-hsien, Shansi, March 15, 1904, 7:00 a.m.* We have to seize the moments to write during these busy days of traveling, and this moment is one just before mounting our carts to push on to Fenchou-fu. The day is brilliant, alas, for the officials of the province are praying to the idols for rain, which has not fallen in more than a slight shower for six months. The natives are busy in the fields drawing water from wells for irrigation and there is a faint tint of green in the tree tops.

We reached this place last night after dark and, as it is an important district town, were received in style. I had withdrawn into my cart and wrapped in a blanket was trying to distribute the jolts impartially over my back, when a loud shout called my attention: "We greet you, Dahren," and I glanced out in time to see eight soldiers kowtow beside the road. Led by them we went on a hundred yards or so to the city gate where more soldiers, buglers, and lantern bearers awaited us. A salute of three guns stampeded my leading mule and there was a babel of voices for a moment. Then the buglers led on, sounding funereal notes, the big silk lanterns were waved before us, and we filed into the dark passages of the gate and the narrow streets. The people were gathered in silent crowds and there was the sound of running feet. Finally the red lanterns which mark an official residence appeared, another salute was fired, and an official with a dozen servants received us and ushered us into these spacious courts and rooms. An elaborate dinner was served, and it was not till after 10:00 P.M. that we were freed from the observation of many celestial eyes. This is the aftermath of the courtesy shown us by the Governor at T'aiyüanfu. "The common people imitate the great:" The Governor having called and invited us to dinner, we are marked out

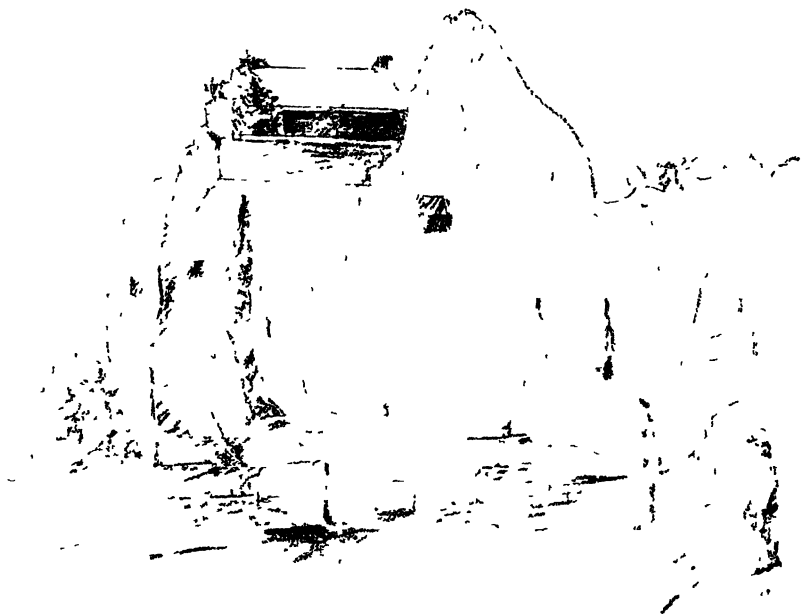
for official courtesies; but they will diminish in effect as the square of our distance from the capital.

*Ling-shieh-hsien, March 17, 7:00 a.m.* We reached Fenchou-fu day before yesterday and came on to this place yesterday. Fenchou-fu is a place marked in the disturbances of 1900 by the sufferings and death of American missionaries, their families, and their friends. I need not recount them, for you can read in *Fire and Sword in Shansi*, by Dr. E. H. Edwards, an accurate and guarded story of this episode and of each of the others in which 148 foreigners lost their lives. Having met three of the English missionaries, who though retired in 1900 after fifteen to twenty-five years' service are now working to restore the missions and uphold the native Christians, we have been much impressed by the sincerity and devotion of these men, and it was most appropriate, as suggested by Dr. Evan Morgan (Welshman), that we Americans should pay some testimony of respect to our fellow countrymen who had worked at Fenchou-fu. A memorial tablet was prepared in Chinese with the aid of Dr. Morgan, and left with the native Christians to be given to Dr. Atwood, the American missionary who will shortly return.

Yesterday we went some miles off our way to visit the spot where the little party of men, women, and children, traveling in carts under the pass of the magistrate, were by his orders set upon by their escort. In flat, far-spreading fields, that were then like cornfields at home in July, stands a curious monument of elaborately carved stone designed by Chinese Christians and erected at the expense of the Chinese government. The stone tablets bear characters which represent the names and tell the story, together with Scripture texts. There are carvings in bas-relief whose almost grotesque forms mingle scenes from the life of Paul and of Christ with dragons and other characteristic Chinese emblems. One might smile, but there was no levity in our thoughts as we stood before the monument.

We three were alone with Li and a native Christian who had suffered severely in 1900. It had been my intention to have silent grace but there was a misunderstanding of my instructions to Li

who passed them on to the native in the form of a request for prayer. The old man took his place in front of us and, with upturned face and strong though broken voice, prayed God to allow his teachers and the ladies and little children to look down and see



A remnant of loess, eighty feet high, supporting a temple of the  
Ming dynasty

these friends who had come so far to show them reverence, and that He would bless them and us and all the people about. It was an impressive, heartfelt prayer.

As we walked slowly back to a near-by village to lunch in a temple before an idol of Kuang Sheng-ti, the War God, we drew from the old man the story of his experience. In 1900, he stayed with the missionaries at Fenchou-fu till sent by them to care for a summer place in the hills a few miles away. After two

weeks he was driven out by soldiers who came to close and seal the house. The missionaries would not let him share their danger and probable fate, but he lingered about till they were taken. Then for several months he hid in an abandoned brick kiln in a waste spot, his married daughter sending him food from time to time as she could unobserved. So he escaped the fate of other native Christians who were killed during those months of frenzy in this province. So simple a story, simply told, we can hear only from one whose faith has absorbed his self.

By a long drive over the level plain we reached Chih-hsui after dark and were quartered in the kungkuan occupied by princesses of the Empress' suite, when she fled to Sian-fu. Such are some of the contracts of our association and environment.

The magistrate, a young man of thirty-six from Shanhai-kuan, rather insisted on calling, although we sent him word we were tired, and so we discussed the Russo-Japanese war and exchanged compliments for half an hour with him.

An incident which occurred a few days ago between two of our coolies should find its place here.

"*Ni pu shi tung shi*," said Shao Erko, "the miserable beings who begot you, *pu shi tung shi*!"

Now to say to a Chinese that he is not even a west-east-west is insulting and to say that his honorable parents are not is a deadly insult. So Ta Erko, "Big Son," whom Shao Erko, "Little Son," thus addressed, threw a rock which cut Shao Erko's head open and knocked him down.

Little Son is six feet and is the man I would bet on in a fight. He is quick as well as very strong, but he is a tease and perhaps relies upon his strength to give him immunity. Big Son is six feet two, also a man of great strength, but a slow, melancholy Mongol. He no doubt had endured much since we left Peking, but the insult to his father and mother was too much.

Harvey and I happened to come along the road in time to see Shao Erko pick himself up and we ran to help him, not knowing what had occurred, but he pushed us away and went on. Not till I reached the night halt did I get the story from Li.

I reflected. Me puzzled. What do make peace, all same, big family? . . . All same Chinese, maybe?

After dinner I told Li to bring in the coolies, where Eliot, Sargent, and I had taken our places on a low dais. I told Ta Erko and Shao Erko to step forward:

"Why did you fight?"

They told conflicting stories, accusing one another, as was to be expected. I said it did not matter.

"You have fought in the public road. You no sense . . . You my children. What people think of Wei Dahren, you fight? He bring bad men from Peking? . . . . .

"You think you can put my name in the dust, not be punished? . . . .

"What I do with you? Turn you over to magistrate? Tell him bamboo you? He do it all right . . . . .

"No. I not do that; you my children still. But you keep peace. You not fight. You work like brothers. If not, if any more fight, I take your shirts off and you beat each other . . . till I, Wei Dahren, satisfied.

"Go and be brothers."

Li San interpreted emphatically and with evident satisfaction. He followed the shuffling coolies out and reinforced his own face by elaborating what I had said. Authority was established and there has been no more trouble. Ta Erko and Shao Erko help each other "like brothers."

Li remarked: "Those coolies lose lots of skin off their face."

Shao Erko is my personal coolie, when I want him along, and he has been particularly attentive to my slightest wish ever since. He is a cheerful companion and quick to size up a situation.

I was looking at a cliff I wanted to climb, but it was impossible. Turning to Shao Erko I said: "You climb him," Shao grinned: "Master lead."

We are passing through a district where the Boxers were both treacherous and murderous. Four thousand Christians were killed, it is said. I am inclined to find a relation between the number of Christians available to kill and the brutalized lives of the killers.


The basic moral principle of any Chinese is respect for his ancestors; in accepting Christianity he has to compromise with it, and that compromise would be relatively easy for him whose ancestors were mere beasts of burden, as these people themselves are. Many accepted the promise of the Christian faith.

On the other hand men whose existence had been that of beasts of burden from childhood up and who saw no hope of a better existence for their children would not revolt from killing; they would rather take pleasure in satisfying their savage impulses.

## XIX

### *Wut'ai-hsien to T'aiyüanfu*

MR. CHIN, TIENTSIN MAN, HIS COUNTRY, HIS HEAD SERVANT,  
"HUNG-PI-TZE AND 1,200 TAELES"—CHINESE PERSONAL HON-  
ESTY—HSIN-CHOU, OFFICIAL MURDERS IN 1900—UNPLEASANT  
INCIDENTS—I TAKE MEASURES AGAINST THEM—A SHEPHERD  
AND HIS FATHER IMPRISONED—ON INVITATION OF THE CHOU  
I PRONOUNCE JUDGMENT AND QUOTE CONFUCIUS—"T'AIAN-  
FU, A VERY GREAT AND FINE CITY," WROTE MARCO POLO—  
OUR KIND FRIENDS, THE DEVOTED MISSIONARIES, THE UNI-  
VERSITY, THE HOSPITAL—AUDIENCE WITH THE GOVERNOR—  
THE RETURN VISIT—THE OFFICIAL DINNER—DISCUS-  
SION OF CHINESE ADMINISTRATION—  
A PROPHECY FULFILLED

UT'AI-HSIEN, *February 19,*  
*1904.* Mr. Chin Tso Lin,  
the magistrate of Wut'ai-hsien takes his place for courtesy and  
efficiency beside that jovial friend Mr. Lin Pen Chin of T'ang-  
hsien. Mr. Chin did not invite us to dinner as Mr. Lin did, but  
he sent us two very good ones and did much else beside. While  
we were still at Fouping, seventy-five miles away, he was advised  
by special messenger that we would arrive at Wut'ai-shan in two  
days; although this was not true, he could not know that, so he  
got into his sedan chair and was carried three days' journey from  
the hsien place to the temples among the mountains. There he  
waited in vain for us and at the end of several days was obliged  
to return; but none the less he ordered the arrangements which  
made our stay at Wut'ai-shan so pleasant.



Wut'ai-hsien is a small town perched on top of an isolated hill of loess and fortunately surrounded by a wall or it would fall over the vertical sides. As I blew in on a dust storm and climbed the steep ascent to the north gate, four soldiers presented arms and then led on to the comfortable quarters prepared in a temple next to the magistrate's yamen. Presently Mr. Chin was announced. He came in his sedan chair as a point of courtesy to us, for he likes to walk, and we received him at the outer gate and ushered him in, as custom demands. A Tientsin man, foreigners are no strangers to him. He smoked our cigarettes and cigars with a grace not always seen where men are not sure which end to light or, having lit one, which to put in their mouths. His high, square cheekbones and long, black upper teeth were points by which you might recognize him, but his character is expressed in the bright, twinkling brown eyes and pleasant smile. Though even for a Chinese ugly, the face is strong and pleasant.

One bright morning Mr. Chin and I took a walk together attended by a few servants and many townsfolk. We went out through the castellated south gate and down to the river bank, whence we photographed the place on its high perch. Mr. Chin was much interested in the effects of different lenses and the timing of the shutter from the *kwai-kwai* ("snap") to the *man-man-ti* ("slow") movement.

It chanced that I had to send a draft for 1,200 taels to T'ai-yüanfu to be cashed, but could not spare one of my own men to be gone five or six days. I asked Mr. Chin "what do," and I hesitated, I must confess, when he offered to send his head servant, whom we knew as Hung-pi-tze, or Red Nose. What might not a man addicted to *sam shiu* and having 1,200 taels do in the capital city of the province! But Mr. Chin said he would be personally responsible, and Hung-pi-tze went.

Five days later we three hardened explorers sat in our quarters, passing the time at our several occupations, but housed by a terrific dust storm. You could not see ten feet ahead, even if you could raise your head to look, and the wind almost swept you off your feet. I know, for I have been caught.

"No chance of Hung-pi-tze today," said I. A blast of wind and choking dust blew in as the door opened and Hung-pi-tze staggered in.

He was scarcely to be seen under the yellow earth that had been driven into every pore of his wrappings and of his skin too. But he had not lost his manners. He kowtowed to me and handed me the packet of money and letters he had carried through.

He had faithfully discharged his commission. This is but one instance in which a Chinese proved reliable in a business contract, but it is the rule. I have yet to meet a case in which a contract, once agreed to, is not executed to the letter.

Mr. Chin left us at Wut'ai-hsien to go to T'ai-chou to pay his respects to his superior officer and wish him a happy New Year; and on this same errand he went to T'aiyüanfu to the governor. It was interesting to discuss the Russo-Japanese War with him; he is anxious for his China. One comes to recognize two Chinas, an upper and a lower, an official and a people's China, as distinct as ice and water. One may glide over the surface, as we are doing, scarcely knowing the strong currents of the under life. Perhaps, in a return of the nation's spring the ice will thaw and the people, throwing off the foreign grip that holds them as a winter's frost holds the leaf buds, may awake to a new growth.

*February 24, 1904.* This is Hsin-chou, a city about seventy-five miles north of T'aiyüanfu, a thriving place in the heart of a very populous, rich district. Looking down from a mountaintop commanding the plain in which it is situated, I counted ninety large towns and villages within a radius of ten or twelve miles and every acre available is under cultivation. The Hu-to-ho flows near the city and irrigates the plain. The city walls rise over a low hill and within them are streets and shops that rival those of the ancient capital, T'aiyüanfu.

Hsin-chou is notable in the history of 1900 for the official murder of English missionaries within the walls of the east gate. In my experience it is associated with the solving of some tough geological problems; the meeting with Mr. J. J. Turner, the resident missionary, and Ch'ao, a Christian who braved the Boxers

and escaped; and with the one occasion when I sat in court with a Chinese magistrate. Let me take that latest incident. It came about through a chain of events. Harvey had been annoyed by a crowd of two hundred villagers, whose curiosity led them to surround and hustle him, but he had escaped them by humoring them. We had been called "Yang-kue-tze," "Foreign devils," occasionally, and so had come to feel that the local spirit was not altogether friendly.

One day Eliot and I went a short distance up a mountain, a shepherd and his sheep preceding us, and turning back we passed under a cliff to examine the rocks. As I walked in the lead a stone from above whizzed close by me. I looked up, but saw no one. Then I stood still and watched while Eliot went on a few steps. Presently the shepherd appeared above and stood looking down at us.

Out in the fields half a mile away were Li San, two of our boys, and two soldiers. We walked slowly back to them and I called for our luncheon. A number of village people who had followed us stood round.

I had not told Li about the shepherd or the stoning, but I said to him: "Take my notebook, show these people how write American. You write name of village, headman, and name of shepherd going up hill with sheep." Li asked not why. He got the names while we ate our lunch and I sent them into Hsin-chou to the magistrate with an account of the incident.

It has happened that, meeting an American missionary, Mr. Lyman, I joined him in a trip into the high plateau country northwest of Wut'ai-shan, to T'ai-chou, and have been gone a week. In the meantime the magistrate of Hsin-chou has not been idle. He promptly arrested the shepherd and also his father (who, of course, is to blame for having such a son) and held them in jail awaiting my coming. He invited me to hold court with him to judge them, and Mr. Lyman and Mr. Turner expressed the hope that I might help to establish good relations.

The court has been held. The Chou is a large man, smooth in face and manner, but perhaps weak and not too sincere, as I read

him. He received us with the usual formal courtesies and, having seated us facing him, with Mr. Lyman on my right, in the position of my inferior, he himself offered me the tea I might not drink till I should be ready to leave. The formalities being concluded, he remarked that the shepherd was blind and had not seen me (which was not true), but I might do as I liked.

Did I wish to see the prisoners? "Certainly." As they were, or would I wait a few moments? "As they are; let them be brought in."

The courtyard in which we sat was crowded with the more privileged. Beyond, in full view, were hundreds of the people of Hsin-chou. The smell of sweat was strong on the air. There was much low talk, a tense feeling, which as I looked over the faces fixed on me I judged to mean curiosity rather than sympathy with the accused.

They were brought in: one a white-haired old man, who wore a look of resignation, not devoid of dignity; the other a powerful, but dull-looking youth, who fought violently with his guards. He was frightened to death, expecting, perhaps, to be bastinadoed. They were forced down on their knees, their heads bowed to the ground.

"Let them stand up," interposed Lyman, and I added: "We don't judge men on their knees in America." Li interpreted loudly.

They wore chains from wrist to ankle. "Take off those chains," said I. "We don't judge men in chains in America. They not tell truth." A look of astonishment came over their faces and the youth tried to escape, but he was held, facing me. I tried to catch his eye, but it was rolling in every direction, seeking a way out.

"Why did you throw a stone at me, whom you had never before seen?"

Li interpreted: "He say, Mr. Wei, sir, he throw stone at dog, make him drive sheep. Stone maybe hit you. He run, look see."

It might be so, it might not. I looked over the expectant crowd, fully aware of the gravity of my verdict.

"Tell them, Li, Wei Dahren is just. He American, he Chris-

tian. He not know if shepherd speak true or not. No matter. Tell him go home, tell people his village—all people—Wei Dahren know how to forgive. Tell him remember what Confucius say: 'Be kind to stranger within your village.' He go."

But I stopped the old father: "Tell him, Li, not his fault. He suffer, I pay him": and I gave him a silver ingot.

Li exclaimed: "Quick, Mr. Wei, sir, tell magistrate send police with him. He be robbed before he get away."

Yesterday we came in through the South Gate and walked past the spot where two years ago missionaries and their families were clubbed to death by order of the Governor of Shansi, acting for the Empress. Were there in that crowd that stood watching and listening to me any who took part in that crime? It is quite likely. The murderers were Boxers, disguised as friendly guards under official orders till they threw off their uniforms and struck. They seem peaceable enough now.

After a light lunch of cakes and confections and wine we took our leave and the Chou accompanied us to the outer door, the limit of attention for high officials.

The resident missionaries expressed their appreciation of a Christian verdict.

*March 7-12, 1904.* After something more than two months wandering in medieval China, say about the year A.D. 1, we have come back to A.D. 1904 and reached the fringe of modern civilization in this old capital city, T'aiyüanfu. It was the capital of all China under the T'ang dynasty, during the eighth century, and remained an imperial pleasure resort under the Mings. It is, of course, a walled city, walled within a square, about two miles on each side, and no doubt has been crowded in days of prosperity. There are now many vacant spaces.

Marco Polo, who journeyed in this central part of China in the service of Kublai Khan toward the close of the thirteenth century, describes the city in the following terms:

After riding then those ten days from the city of Juju, you find yourself in a kingdom called T'aiianfu, and the city at which you arrive, which is the capital, is also called T'aiianfu, a very great and fine city.

But at the end of five days' journey out of those ten, they say there is a city unusually large and handsome called Acbaluc, whereat terminate in this direction the hunting preserves of the Emperor, within which no one dares to sport except the Emperor and his family, and those who are on the books of the Grand Falconer. Beyond this limit anyone is at liberty to sport, if he be a gentleman. The Great Kaan, however, scarcely ever went hunting in this direction, and hence the game, particularly the hares, had increased and multiplied to such an extent that all the crops of the Province were destroyed. The Great Kaan, being informed of this, proceeded thither with all his Court, and the game that was taken was past counting.

T'aianfu is a place of great trade and great industry, for here they manufacture a large quantity of the most necessary equipments for the army of the Emperor. There grow here many excellent vines, supplying great plenty of wine, and in all Cathay this is the only place where wine is produced. It is carried hence all over the country. There is also a great deal of silk here, for the people have great quantities of mulberry-trees and silk-worms.

From this city of T'aianfu you ride westward again for seven days, through fine districts with plenty of towns and boroughs, all enjoying much trade and practising various kinds of industry. Out of these districts go forth not a few great merchants, who travel to India and other foreign regions, buying and selling and getting gain. After those seven days' journey you arrive at a city called Pianfu, ["Si-an-fu"], a large and important place, with a number of traders living by commerce and industry. It is a place too where silk is largely produced. .

The prosperity has vanished with the centuries, but the site in a fertile valley, with near-by resources in coal and iron and on a main highway between Peking and Sian-fu will again develop industries and population when projected railways shall be built. That may come in a few decades, but we will still travel as they did of old on foot, by horse, or in heavy carts, of the type known as "Peking."

I should leave my account of the journey very incomplete, if I failed to write of our friends at T'aiyüanfu, both Chinese and foreign, who did so much to make our stay there pleasant and to forward our plans.

There are three foreign establishments in the city, the Shansi University, the English Baptist Mission, and Dr. Edwards' hospital. The first sprang from the ruins of missionary work in 1900, in accordance with the proposal of Dr. Timothy Richards that in lieu of indemnity the Chinese should support for ten years a university to be organized and run by foreigners for Chinese students. The mission and the hospital had been organized many years and are being restored to their former usefulness by the devoted purpose and sacrifice of the men who founded them.

Dr. Moir Duncan is the local head of the University and Professor Lyman his second. The one is an energetic Scotsman, for many years a missionary, the other a young Californian. Mr. Bevan, Professor of Law and English, is an Englishman who has lived both in America and Australia. The Rev. Evans Morgan of the Mission is a hearty Welshman and a learned student of Chinese literature. Dr. Edwards, the founder and rebuilder of the hospital, is an Englishman whose equal in manliness, modesty, and devoted purpose I have seldom met. He would appeal to Mother. Of the ladies of the community we met Mrs. Lyman, absorbed in three-weeks-old "Bobs," Mrs. Bevan, Australian, whose one thought was of her six months' husband, and Mrs. Duncan, a stirring Scotswoman. They overwhelmed us with hospitality and put us under obligations only the future can repay. One to whom we became specially indebted is Dr. B. C. Broomhall, Dr. Edwards' assistant, a brilliant young English surgeon, who, following the example of his father and two older brothers, places his talents at the service of this alien people.

It happened that, when I sent a letter of introduction by "Hung pitze" from Wut'ai-hsien to Dr. Duncan, the latter was away and Professor Lyman attended to the business. Then Lyman and Broomhall, off on a week's excursion to examine a gold and copper prospect in the western Wut'ai-shan, stopped with us a night and I joined them for their trip; and Eliot, having that afternoon fallen on an icy granite slope, was examined by Broomhall and pronounced sound, much to our relief. Chang, the cook, who had been ill for several weeks beyond my skill to cure, also

came in for the doctor's attention and later for a slight operation, which has made him whole.

Our two friends preceded us to T'aiyüanfu and on the day of our arrival came out with Mr. Bevan on horseback to welcome us and act as a "guard of honor" to the American "Ambassador." We were riding horses sent out by the local Foreign Office for our use and the cavalcade cut quite a dash in the avenues of T'aiyüanfu, some of which are six feet wide. Lyman and Bevan were the stars, the one riding as a wiry Californian does, the other large, dignified, and well-seated in his English saddle. During the evenings we spent in their homes (and they left us none free from Tuesday to Saturday), we got breaths of refinement, culture, and home atmosphere, which we could peculiarly appreciate. The gentlemen made us a number of visits in our inn, and the talks with Dr. Morgan and Dr. Edwards were particularly interesting in bringing out their motives and views as to the ultimate outcome of the effort to Christianize the Chinese. Their view is broader than their creed, their hope embraces the future not only of the Chinese people but of the human race. They know the barbarism in which China is sunk, they regard it as a menace to all humanity, and they believe that Christianity of whatever creed is an influence to regenerate, is the only influence that can.

When we had been twenty-four hours in T'aiyüan we had seen Mr. Lien, the Taotai of the Foreign Office and Mr. T'ang, his assistant secretary, both having called, and we had exchanged cards with the other principal officials including the Governor, but he had not expressed any desire to meet us. As I thought it important to our further journeying that I should be received by him, I asked for an audience and he appointed 11:00 A.M. on the second day following, explaining that on the morrow he and other high officials must go to the temple to pray for rain. "Of course, we know it is nothing," said Mr. Lien, "but it quiets the people."

Our reception by "His Execcency" was strictly according to etiquette. The lesser official, Mr. T'ang, received us at the outer door of the yamen, his superiors, Mr. Lien and another of like rank, greeted us at an inner entrance, and the Governor himself



stood at the door of his reception room. After the appropriate mutual urging at the doorstep, Lyman was seated on the Governor's right, Eliot and Harvey in front of him, and I on his left. The Chinese officials withdrew to one side. There was comparatively little complimentary talk before we got down to the nature of our work, our journey, the objects of the Carnegie Institution, and the possible advantages to the Chinese of such work as ours. Harvey's maps were brought in and explained, and the Governor pursued the subject with interest. He seemed particularly struck with a suggestion I made, that the maps might be printed with Chinese characters for the Chinese. After half an hour we adjourned to a lunch table, where champagne was poured and the conversation flowed freely. Unfortunately Harvey and Eliot could not well converse with their neighbors, but the Governor, Professor Lyman, Mr. T'ang, and I got on as well as one can in two languages.

Mr. T'ang had the day before sent me a history of the Wut'ai-shan, with an ambiguous note, which left me in doubt whether it were loaned or given. Now, as I sounded him, I learned to my regret that it could not be duplicated and he could not spare it; but the Governor inquired and, after a little conversation between the two, Mr. T'ang graciously gave me the book. As he is a scholar and a bibliophile, this may have been hard on him, but I may get even by sending him a translation into Chinese of Herbert Spencer or of Darwin's *The Origin of Species*.

Glass-making in Shansi was a subject I wanted to discuss with the Governor and I found it easy to interest him. He went at it in a businesslike way: What were the necessary materials? What products and market? What would it cost to get an expert from Europe to teach the Chinese? My object was to show him how useful the Shansi University could be as a bureau of information and I developed the glass project along that line to such advantage that Professor Lyman and I were commissioned to see what could be done. The interview lasted all together an hour and we took our leave in the same graduated way as we had been received.

On the following morning the Governor called as custom

requires, but the brief visit of courtesy was drawn out to an hour and a half before His Excellency took his leave. He showed a lively interest in our instruments, including my camera, enjoyed candied fruits from Paris and a heavy port wine, and discussed the Russo-Japanese War with serious anxiety. He asked for my photograph and in return for one of Harvey and myself, such as I sent you, he gave me his. Finally he left with much courtesy and soon afterward Mr. T'ang came with the Governor's respects and a request that I name a time to accept a dinner with him. Although I had already twice refused the same invitation, I had to give in when it was thus renewed. Unfortunately the Governor was not present. I had sent him a box of glacé fruits, and he was laid up with a toothache.

Harvey has written an account of that dinner which you in Washington have seen; he has told you how our hosts threw off restraint and joked us in a fashion not overelegant and not unknown among Occidentals; how they helped us with their own chopsticks from the common dish in the middle of the table; how when I cried enough and, quoting the Chinese proverb, "The big fish eat the little fish, the little fish eat shrimps, and shrimps eat mud," said the Chinese ate all, it seemed to me, I was answered: "You have had the big fish, the little fish, and the shrimps, but you still have to eat the mud."

But perhaps he did not write you of the more serious discussion of the organization of government in China. Mr. Lien, to whom I addressed myself, is a young man already well up in official rank. He should be a man of promise. Listen to him: "Why should we care? Look at this wretched place we receive you in (it was a poor affair), but we are here for a few months or a year and then moved on. We can have no interest in anything except to get all we can out of a place." He spoke bitterly and I, to relieve the situation, suggested that officials should form a mutual benefit society so that each should improve the conditions for his successor and all should profit by it. The novel idea raised a laugh, but Mr. Lien continued: "It is not a thing to laugh at. It is all wrong, the curse of China."

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"What if a man should come who proposed to change it and establish tenure of office on good behavior or satisfactory performance, would he have the support of the officials?"

"It could not be done," was the answer, "the Emperor himself could not."

"But why not?"

"It is only because an official gets a fat office occasionally that he can live. If he were in a poor one and had to stay there, it would never do."

"Has it always been so?"

"No, not long. Before the Han dynasty it was different, but now it is custom and cannot be changed. It is not good talk."

We had sat three hours and a half at the table and eaten of twenty-odd or thirty dishes, when we rose by simultaneous agreement and, bidding our hosts good-bye somewhat formally, took leave. It was like Harvey to go out that evening still to make an observation on the North Star from a distant station on the city wall and like Eliot to go with him. They joined me at Dr. Duncan's where we were to pass our last evening, but not until nearly ten o'clock, and the morning was on when we finally turned into our cots.


One other souvenir of T'aiyüan I have to place beside the Governor's photo and Mr. T'ang's history. It is a gift from Mr. Morgan, a little old book, in Chinese of course, a book of prophecy which it is a capital crime for any Chinaman to possess, since it foretells the downfall of this dynasty. Among its queer, often meaningless, sayings is one to the effect that "ping-ping" shall be hung between heaven and earth and soon thereafter the Emperor shall go west. "Ping-ping" is what the Chinese now call the glass insulators on the telegraph poles, and soon after they were put up the Emperor did go west! *Q.E.D.*

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XX

*T'aiyüanfu to Tungkwan*

WE HEED THE GOVERNOR'S WARNING—GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS—WHY ARE THERE NO REMAINS OF ADAM TRILOBITE?—HOW IS THE CRUST OF THE EARTH PUSHED UP LIKE THAT OF RISING BREAD?—HOW RECENT IS THE UPLIFT OF THE WUT'AI-SHAN AND TIBET?—WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE YELLOW DUST OR LOESS (LERSE) THAT THE CHINESE CALL HUANG-TU?—DESCRIBED BY PUMPELLY, VON RICHTHOFEN'S EXPLANATION—WE CHANGE TO A PROCESSION OF CARTS AND PROCEED AS THE EMPRESS DID—GLASS-MAKING—THE LONG RIDE THROUGH THE LOESS COUNTRY TO THE GREAT BEND OF THE HUANG-HO AT TUNGKWAN—HOW THE HUANG-HO GREW BY CONQUEST

 HING-YUAN, SHANSI,  
March 13, 1904. We left

T'aiyüanfu "promptly," as Eliot puts it. He does not know exactly why, nor did he ask. There is a long road ahead and the birds were awakening and singing. He is an ardent ornithologist. This morning he shot a goose on the wing to the astonishment of all observers. Neither does Mr. Sah suspect why we started at daybreak, although he really is the cause of it. If you were to ask him what he did last night about nine o'clock he might answer that he "shot Polaris for a final azimuth on the line from Wut'ai-shan." I have not told him or anyone else that the Governor sent me word about ten o'clock that Mr. Sah had waved a light above the city wall and called down destruction on the city. We

might be mobbed if we were not out before the people got abroad in the streets.

He really did, you know, wave a bright acetylene lamp from a tower on the wall, or had a coolie do it, while he at a station in the fields measured the angle between the line to the lamp and one to the North Star.

So we left the city with the line of coolies who daily carry out the night soil to fertilize the fields. It is well for us that the murderer, Yu Hsien of Boxer days, is no longer Governor of Shansi.

In turning our back on northern China we are for the time abandoning the search for Adam Trilobite. The limestones in which his remains might occur seem to be quite barren of fossils. That is the case in all of the rocks which are older than the Cambrian, and here in Asia, as in North America, the opening of the Cambrian age appears to have been marked by the rapid development of organisms with hard skeletons or shells that could survive as fossils. That seemingly sudden development is a fascinating puzzle about which Walcott often speculated, but which remains unsolved. At any rate we have done what seems to me reasonable in the search for Adam and are turning our exploration to the study of some of the broader problems of geology which this great continent of Asia presents.

The question which has occupied my mind in these weeks of wandering in the heights of Wut'ai-shan and the borders of the Tibetan plateau is one related to terrestrial forces and their direction in raising portions of the continent without producing mountain ranges. We don't know why a mountain range is pushed up, but we can recognize that it is the effect of pressure acting horizontally to compress and thrust forward a segment of the crust. It is a more or less local phenomenon. In contrast to that we have here in central Asia, as also in other continents, broad areas like the plateaus of Tibet which are pushed up vertically and retain their flatness or are but slightly warped.

For instance, the broad summits of the Wut'ai-shan and the adjacent plateaus are surfaces which have been raised from near

sea level. If you ask me how I know that to be the fact, I must refer you to studies in the action of the elements in wearing down all elevations of the surface by eroding and leveling them. It is the work of streams, which in the course of time can carry away to the sea even a great mountain range. That process of erosion was recognized by the Scotch geologist, Hutton, in the eighteenth century and has been emphasized by Powell and William M. Davis and established as a fundamental principle of dynamic geology.

In recognizing that the summit of the Wut'ai-shan had once been down close to sea level and must have been raised bodily to its present height, I faced the question of the antiquity or recency of the uplift. One of the facts which geologists have come to recognize since I was a student some thirty years ago is that the action of streams in wearing down land areas is much more effective than we used to think. No mountain range can survive during any considerable geologic age and so great an elevation as that of central Asia must be a comparatively recent effect.

One may imagine the changes which develop as the mass of the continent is raised; how all the streams flowing from the land to the sea gain in fall and power to erode; how they cut canyons which deepen as the elevation increases and how each little tributary carves its ravine deeper and deeper and grows at its head like a gulley in a field or like the branches of a spreading tree. The great gorges up which we clambered in the heights of the Wut'ai have thus been produced. They are very steep. The walls are very precipitous. The gorges are narrow. The scenery is often savage. That is, the uplift is not old enough for the streams to have widened their valleys and to have encroached far into the mass.

The uplift is recent and the scenery, topography, is young. That is the conviction with which I turn away from the plateaus of Tibet.

In the region we are about to traverse on our way to Sian-fu there is another condition that demands our attention and pre-

sents a puzzle of a different kind. We shall not see much of the rocks as we ride the next two hundred miles because the country is covered deeply with yellow dust. It is an unusual kind of dust, being very, very fine, a kind of a rock dust, but not of the rocks of the region.

It was first described by Raphael Pumpelly, the American explorer, who penetrated into China and crossed Siberia some forty years ago. He was my chief in my early geological studies and is one of my heroes. The Chinese called him the Red Devil because of his great red beard, like that of Barbarossa. I have smiled sometimes when diverting a Chinese crowd with a rubber band to recall Pumpelly's question: "Can you shoot with a revolver?" and when I answered that I might hit a target if it were broad enough, he remarked, "I don't mean that. Could you shoot a man?" I said I didn't know for I had never tried, and he commented, "I have emptied mine into a crowd of 5,000 Chinese and never hit a man."

I afterward got from him the story of that adventure. He was going up the Yangtze River in a houseboat when he was taken down with a fever. The captain having tied up at a considerable city for supplies, a rumor got around of the presence of a Red Devil on the boat, and a mob gathered. The crew kept them off although the captain hid, but the captain's wife, being a Chinese amazon, cut the mooring and they drifted out of danger. In the meantime, Pumpelly in his delirium was shooting at anything in sight, including possibly the captain's intrepid wife. He laughed at the recollection.

Pumpelly, in traveling across the deserts of central Asia, observed that the crystalline rocks disintegrate in the intense changes of temperature between day and night and separate into granular sands, which, as they blow out in clouds on the wind, grind themselves to powder and are distributed far and wide over the vast spaces. The powdered minerals decompose chemically and are reduced to their most stable constituents, quartz and clay and iron rust. In that condition the dust blows on and on over the desert waste in the western winds and has accumulated in the

mountains of central China. There it lies, covering the landscape often to a depth of several hundred feet. The Chinese call it *huang-tu*, or yellow earth, and it gives its color and its name to the Huang-ho, or Yellow River. Von Richthofen applied another term "loess" (pronounced *lerse*) after a similar formation which occurs in Germany, but there consists of a rock meal produced by glacier grinding.

Although the loess is nothing but dust and we would expect that any thickness of it would slip down to a low pile, it does not do that. On the contrary, it will stand in a vertical cliff 200 to 300 feet high. It is astonishing to look up at such a cliff of material which you can crumble in your hand.

My curiosity led me to examine closely the loess deposits that I came across as we approached T'aiyüanfu, and I have an explanation which I shall test by further study as we pass through the loess country. Baron von Richthofen, who described the loess with meticulous detail, reasoned that it had accumulated as the dust settled in grasslands and piled up around the stems of grass. The grass died as it became buried and the casts of the stems gave the mass the corresponding structure.

I think he was right as regards the manner of accumulation but there are additional reasons for the strictly vertical structure. I notice that rainwater seeps vertically down into the fine dust and that when it evaporates the rising moisture leaves a vertical column of the salts it had dissolved. The movement of the water is straight up and the little hollow columns of lime or salt remain as the vertical framework.

The columnar structure gives the loess good supporting power, as for instance to hold up the load of temple walls or the ceiling of a cave. And since it is easy to dig a cave in it thousands of Chinese live in them. But there is little coherence between the innumerable tiny columns, and a vertical face retreats rapidly. We pass a temple built a few hundred years ago in the time of the Mings assuredly at a safe distance from any cliff, but it now stands on the very edge and must fall before long.

Where the road crosses deep drifts of loess the cartwheels



cut into it and our caravan is enveloped in a brown cloud that hides the leader. The cloud blows on and we descend through the deep cut between vertical walls. Our cart was designed for a flat plain and has no brakes. Neither has the harness any breeching. To avoid overrunning the fleeing horses the cart is driven against the walls of loess, into which the long axle digs deeply. Thus undermined, the loess caves in and the road works over to the right. One may see the old roads high up on the left.

To meet the conditions of travel in the loess country we have to change our transport. Walking in deep dust, in the clouds that rise at every step, is not what it was on mountain paths. Riding, as a Dahren should, is a costly luxury for humble scholars. The cart is the last resort, but we are driven to it.

We have three personal coaches, one for each of us great men. They are heavy, comfortless two-wheeled carts, Peking carts, in which even the Empress as she fled to Sian-fu during the Boxer troubles ("withdrew to the ancient capital" is the diplomatic phrase) must have been jolted past endurance. Two baggage carts carry our equipment, and the coolies make themselves nests in it. Li San is a freelance, to ride where he pleases or to mount his little donkey that has come with him or under him from Paoting-fu. Thus we stretch out along the Imperial highway which has been a trunk line of communication for more than five thousand years, yet remains a mere wheel track.

We left T'aiyüanfu on a wave of official favor, and have traveled sometimes on the crest, sometimes in the trough; that is, we have ups and down: At Hochow an escort of eighteen soldiers to meet us, carrying ten splendid banners, blowing trumpets and firing salutes, at Hung Tung not a servant even. At the one place a kungkuan (official residence) prepared, tea and luncheon served, and finally dinner; at the other left to ourselves to find an inn and refresh ourselves as best we might.

The incident at Hung Tung was an extreme one and had its amusing side. We had established ourselves comfortably enough, when a servant of the magistrate appeared with tea. As he brought no card I refused to receive him and sent him and



A road cut in loess—descent to the Yellow River



his tea packing. In half an hour he was back again with the proper credential, so I accepted the red cushions he brought for our chairs and the guard of four soldiers. We learned through Li that the magistrate had been having "big theater" all day with a fellow official just relieved from Pingyang-fu, and it is probable he woke from an opium dream to learn that we had come and gone. We have speculated what might be his feelings when he had missed the American "ambassador," which I am it according to the title in the Governor's instructions.

We may credit the "ambassador" with the reception at Hochow which was like one he had received at Kwo-hsien except that the drill and the flags at Hochow were exceptionally fine. The soldiers came to "present arms" with a snap that would do credit to Company H, of Central High School, and as to the flags, they deserve enumeration: each one was about 6 by 8 feet; two were of red, white, and blue, black and yellow stripes; two were crimson with black borders and characters; two were old gold with black, and two were blue; but the two I wanted were white silk with a superb "flying tiger" in green and orange! As they waved in the sunset light before us they were really worthy to go before the American Ambassador.

Our procession is not an imposing one. Our three Peking carts form the lead and in each sits a foreigner, Wei Dahren in the first, Sah Lao-ehr (Sargent) in the second, and Pai Lao-ehr (Blackwelder) in the third.

The mules are hitched tandem and the driver sits on the shaft at the left directing them with voice and whip. Everything and everyone is covered with yellow dust, the mules are unkempt, shaggy, and travel-worn. One of mine is black except where his hipbones and backbone show through, and he is blind in one eye, but he has one virtue, his mind and his feet are firmly set against running away. The other, a brown mule, is twenty feet in the lead and is constantly bent on increasing his distance. He jumps at the rawhide traces and bringing up short takes it out in kicking the air, while his patient fellow stands firm, and the driver remonstrates in gentle tones. The rein on this kicking

would-be-runaway is a single light cord, quite too light to hold him except that it is tied on one side of his headstall and passed through his mouth between his upper lip and the gum.

Harvey's leader is a stocky brown pony that plods industriously, suggesting a small boy who has just so much wood to saw before he can go out to play, and Eliot's team is headed by a tall, white mule, who might have come out of a football scrimmage.

Behind these three chariots of state come the four baggage wagons, covered with mats and each drawn by three mules hitched two in the lead and one in the shafts. Since the two can pull harder than one and their trace is fast to the shafts between which the one is confined, they jerk him this way and that whenever they depart from the straight and narrow path. They do so not infrequently, especially when protesting a beating, and progress ceases to be rectilinear. It is apt to be "steady by jerks" and "off side."

I find the behavior of the lead mules to be quite human and the progress of the cart to resemble that of empires in general and that of Chinese dynasties in particular.

We jolt through the narrow streets, stared at by the people, wheel sharply to right or left into a courtyard around which are stables and rooms, and are shown by an official waving a red card into the apartments occupied by the Empress Dowager in her royal progress along this highway. They may have been handsomely furnished for her, but the Imperial trappings are gone except the red paper dado, and the royal environment is seen to be that of the ordinary Chinese. Her Majesty heard the mules crunching their straw, was roused by the donkey's bray, listened to the mule drivers preparing for the morning start; of exclusion of unpleasant sights and sounds, of privacy, of the refinements of life there can have been none. Like Catherine of Russia, she is the Empress of a barbaric people.

In leaving T'aiyüan we were accompanied by Professor Lyman with whom I was commissioned by the Governor to look into the methods of glass-making in a village between T'aiyüan and Fenchou-fu. To establish the Shansi University with the offi-

cials, it is important that it should be instrumental in promoting the development of resources and industries. Glass-making was one of the latter which had occurred to me after chatting with Professor Lyman, and I had suggested to the Governor that it should be possible to make window glass and other useful articles, which are now imported at high prices for very limited use. We found the industry to be an isolated and limited one, as seems often to be the case. It is a survival of the art once more widely practiced and the articles and processes are identical with those we saw at Poshan.

In this Shansi village the glass-making is in the hands of one large family and is carried on in the individual homes. The representative man of the family, a quiet, mannerly businessman of forty, came at our request to the temple at which we lunched and was soon put at his ease by Professor Lyman's courteous inquiries as to his age and the condition of his health. Guided by him, we visited one little room after another in separate houses and saw made beads, buttons, flasks, and bulbs, all toys. The furnaces are of brick with a fire pot in which the glass pot is buried in coal. As there is no chimney, the heat is moderate. An opening in the front of the fire pot allows the workman to put in his tools and take a mass of the molten glass, which he manipulates with the usual arts of turning, blowing, cooling, and reheating that European workmen employ to get the shapes they wish. One of the things made both here and at Poshan is a small flask, generally of red glass, which has a flat and very thin elastic bottom; by alternately sucking and blowing at the mouth, the bottom may be drawn in or out with a succession of sharp reports. Another form is a glass bowl in the bottom of which there is an imitation of a branch of coral. An old man, who had been fifty years before the furnace, he said, made one of these for us very deftly. We invited our guide to luncheon and Professor Lyman drew from him information regarding materials and mixtures. There are methods and skill sufficient to form the basis of a new industry, a fresh blossom one might say on the old art tree which last bloomed under the Mings.

*March 26, 1904.* Tonight after nearly two weeks from T'aiyüanfu we are in sight of the Huang-ho at Puchou-fu and have crossed Shansi. It is a little difficult to realize that the wish I framed last spring to visit the Great Bend of the Huang-ho has been met and that the problems of mountain and valley may be solved along the lines of development that then seemed probable.

On any map of China that shows the rivers you may notice one that runs nearly due south in a wriggly line from above latitude  $40^{\circ}$  to below latitude  $35^{\circ}$ , about 300 miles. It is the great Huang-ho or Yellow River. At the southern end of this course, at Tungkwan or East Gate, it turns sharply east. I have often asked myself why? Now I think I know.

In the summits of the Wut'ai-shan I saw an upraised plain, raised from some low altitude. It was an extensive plain, as wide as the Tibetan plateaus, but it has always had limits or slopes beyond the area of the broad uplift. As we have come south I have noticed that the mountain summits which represent what is left of that plain are lower and lower. We have come down the southern slope of the central Asiatic uplift.

Now it is known of rivers that if the slope on which they flow be tilted they grow, gullying the slope. From the low level of Tungkwan a little stream has grown up the slope, always about in the same direction, northward up the tilt of the plain. When it met another river, flowing say from west to east, it tapped it and took its waters to itself. The Huang-ho thus extended its watershed over much of northeastern Tibet by successive captures.

But what of the abrupt bend to the east? Why did the mighty stream not flow on southward? Because a mountain range was growing across its course. I first saw that when I topped the height from which I could look south beyond the Tungkwan. I saw a magnificent granite wall, crowned by granite towers that stand 5,000 feet and more above the fertile Wei Valley. It is the Hua-shan, the Holy Mountain of central China.

I know other mountain fronts, such as the superb face of the Grand Teton in Wyoming, the east escarpment of the Sierra Nevada, California, some scenes in the Bernese Alps, which are

equally majestic, but none that exceeds the Hua-shan in boldness of cliff and pinnacle. It owes that distinction to the vertical cleavage of the granite, like Half Dome in Yosemite, but the peaks of the Hua-shan vie with the glacier-carved precipices of El Capitan.

Now this character expresses rapid growth and youth. The Hua-shan has been thrust up vigorously on a long fracture, extending from west to east, and the Wei Valley, which covers the southern margin of the slope up which the Huang-ho grew, stretches also from west to east along its base.

The mountains and the rivers speak.

Says the Hua-shan: "I am earthborn, a mighty giant begotten by Pluto, Monarch of the Underworld, in the womb of Mother Earth. By their life force I grow, by fire and the universal force of gravitation. By them I am raised up, a symbol of majestic power; but why or how I know not.

Says the Huang-ho with the boastfulness of youth: "I am a great conqueror. I, who once was a tiny rivulet tributary to the Wei, am now the master stream. I have seized great rivers and extended my domain over distant watersheds. I bring their waters to the Tungkwan and pour it into the old channel of the Wei to return to the vast ocean from which it came."

Says the Wei: "I am old. Long ages have passed since I began my task of leveling some ancient mountain range. That done, I flowed on for ages more, winding over the plain that I and others had made. And ever I held my course toward the rising sun. And I hold it still, although the internal fires of the underworld have again been heated and the earth has heaved to produce the Hua-shan; and my one-time rivulet, the Huang-ho, has grown to a mightier river than I ever was."

*Fushui-cheng, March 28, 1904.* Today we have seen the Hua-shan in all its grandeur. As a range it is fine, and the Ta [Great]-Hua-shan itself is a majestic mountain. Its form is that of a great cliff 2,000 to 2,500 feet high, or three-fifths the height of the mountain above the plain. The peak is one of China's holy places and is crowned with temples to which a path



leads up, part way, it is said, by means of chains and irons set in the rock. In this it is like Adams Peak in Ceylon. The sunlight has not lifted the gigantic form in effects of light and shade today, but even under the flat light of a gray sky and stripped of shimmering atmosphere it has presented a most imposing view.

It has dominated the Wei Valley, the home of the ancient Chinese race, since man began to evolve. Here the Shang dynasty flourished more than four thousand years ago, and back of it stretches indefinitely that unknown past through which the races of man have developed.

## XXI

### *Tungkwan to Sian-fu*

GOOD-BYE TO SHANSI—SPRING MEETS US—WE CROSS THE  
HUANG-HO—HOT SPRINGS OF LIN-TUNG—ARRIVAL AT SIAN-  
FU—NO OFFICIAL RECEPTION—WE SEEK AN INN AND TAKE  
REFUGE IN A WRETCHEDLY POOR ONE—A BATTLE TO SAVE  
FACE, THE GOVERNOR'S FACE, CHINESE STYLE—CHANGE OF  
FRONT—WE ATTEND MILITARY REVIEW—INTERVIEW WITH  
THE GOVERNOR—HE GRANTS MY REQUESTS

HAVING said good-bye to Shansi, our last night in the province has been passed at Puchou-fu, a half-ruined city. At various points along the way we have seen villages whose empty houses and silent streets told of people gone, of many starved, of others wandered forth in search of a happier land. Some places were depopulated when the Tapings swept through the district as far as Ping-yang-fu in 1861 or 1862; others were deserted during the great famine of 1879 or 1880; others in that of 1900. And Puchou-fu has been flooded by the Huang-ho. Within its extensive wall are acres of open ground dotted with heaps of ruins and the people in its narrow, dirty streets are poor, ragged, and victims of opium. We have seen no more hopeless set in all our journey, and I all the more admire the devoted courage of two women, a Swede and an American, who have settled there to establish a school for girls. We did not meet the ladies, but their co-worker, a Mr. Berryting, called on us during the evening at our inn.

As we drove out in the delicious cool, moist air of a spring morning past fields of wheat and fruit trees in full blossom, it was

difficult to realize that throughout many hundred years there has been scarcity or famine once in five years, that the lack of snow or rain for six months past presages drouth this summer, and that in twelve months the awful fact of famine may be here. Perhaps you have wondered how it is that any number still have food while thousands starve. A famine is a time of scarcity and consequently of high prices. There is food for those who can pay for it, none for the too-poor. While the needy multiply, charity remains unknown.

As we drove toward the Huang-ho I was reminded of Zoe Underhill's lines to the dandelion:

Pretty spendthrift! so to throw  
Gold away upon the grass,  
And set thy shining gems so low  
Thieves may pluck them as they pass.

The dandelions were not alone, however. Violets purpled the banks, some small and without fragrance, another variety large, of deep color and scent that rises on the air, and still another, pale but with yellow center like our crowfoot. No wonder that I forgot China and played again in the meadows at Idlewild and walked with you about Washington.

From the level upland we descended two hundred feet through a cut no wider than the cart between vertical walls of loess to the Huang-ho. Its broad channel was half-dry, a stretch of mudbanks and shallow water on the hither side, a breadth of swift, muddy water along the other. The southern bank was high and very steep except for a landing space from which a stone-walled roadway led up to the right to a gate tower in the castellated wall about Tungkwan-hsien. The walled town crowns the slope like a huge fortress.

We rode in our carts across the mud flats and were carried coolie-back aboard the big flatboat which was anchored in shallow water. Our carts and mules were pushed on and a number of Chinese passengers waded out or were carried according to their station. With much clamor we were shoved off, three men

wading nearly waist-deep tracked us upstream, and finally at the proper point we were sent out into the swift current. The crew worked two big oars with startling energy till we were swept diagonally against the other bank and safely anchored. Do not imagine it was accomplished quietly; the Chinese outdo the French in useless talking and gesticulation, and our crew was no exception; but the passengers were quiet, being spellbound by Li San, who was airing his knowledge of foreigners and extolling the particular virtues of his own special examples. "Telling them how the foreigners catch the lightning dragon, Li, and make him carry mesages, drive carts, and cook for them?" "No, sir," answers Li blandly, "we just talking 'bout big Chinese militelly officer, try get through this place, sir." You must not think Li lies in any matter of confidence, but I was poking fun at him and he had to save his face.

Up through the great gateway, past the *lyken* (customs) station, we drove into the crowded streets of the city. Playing children, busy men and women, merchants behind their counters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, butchers, bakers, and basketmakers, gentlemen smoking their water pipes, and coolies hurrying with burdens, all stopped to see the strangers. The magistrate was expecting us and we were shown to the official kungkuan, the entrance of which was guarded by two great stone lions of the time of the Han dynasty, 200 B.C.

*Sian-fu, Shensi, April 4 to 10, 1904.* Lin Tung is the gate of Sian-fu for all who would approach the Imperial City clean in mind and body after the long journey overland. Emperors of the Shang dynasty, 4,000 years ago, no doubt bathed in the hot springs of Lin Tung as the Empress Dowager recently did; and we too found refreshment in the clear, strong current of spring water, which, flowing from the base of a precipitous mountain, has a temperature of 104° F. The springs are enclosed within several suites of buildings suitably arranged for lodging and bathing by different classes. The populace may disport themselves in a large pool opening from the main entrance court. Official visitors have their choice of one within an inner court or

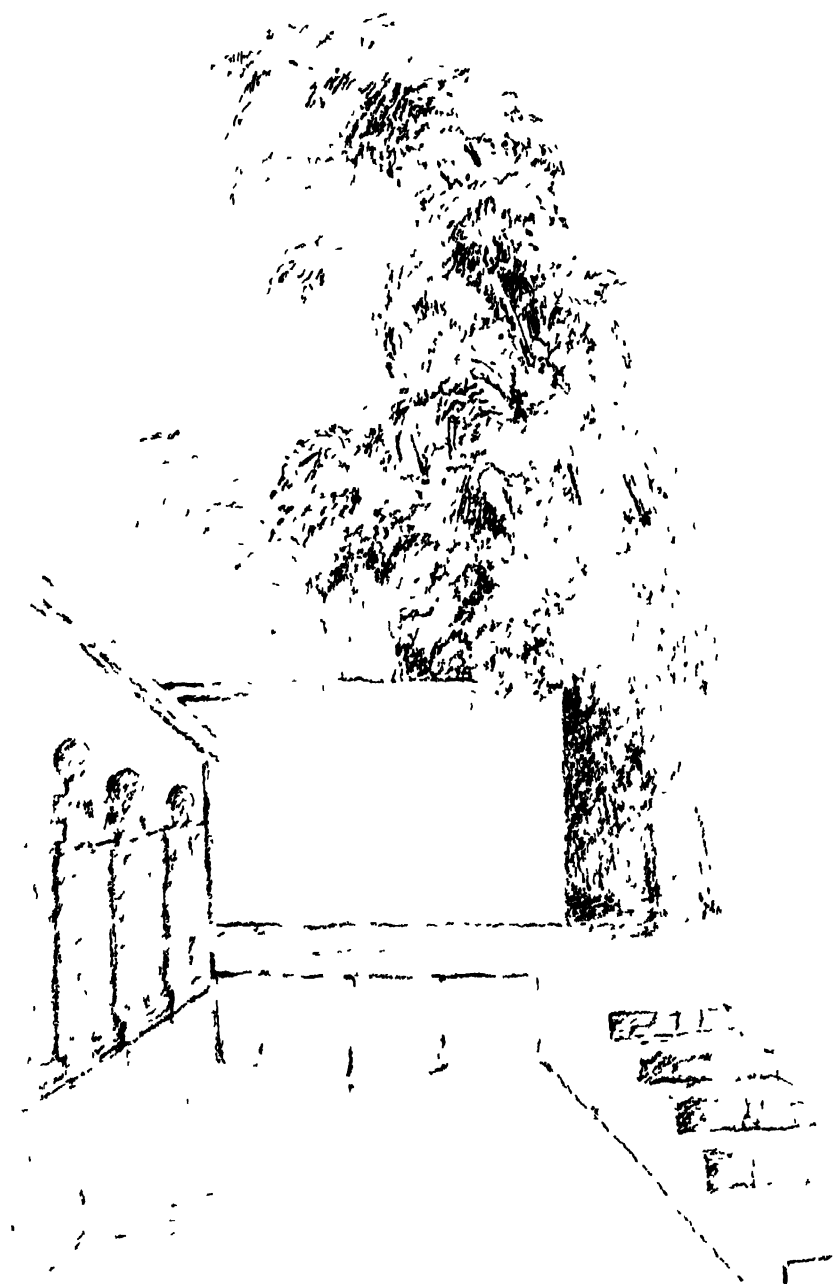
of separate tanks inside the kungkuan. The Empress' bath is still farther back within a high wall, in a garden where the hot water flows in lagoons about airy pavilions, and graceful bamboo grows abundantly. Shabby servants, who had been abused by a beggarly German six months ago, at first classed us with the unclean who bathe in common. Li was mad enough to thrash them, but when I took his stick and threw the pieces across the yard, they mended their notions and opened the kungkuan. When I carelessly left a little silver lying on the table, they wished to know if we would like to see the Empress' quarters and all doors opened to us and to my camera. There were pretty scenes about the lagoon and pavilions, where bamboo and Chinese rooflines give graceful forms, but the Empress' own rooms are so plain and severe in their stripped condition that even imagination could scarcely clothe them with imperial state.

Nevertheless I made my apologies to Her Majesty as I stepped down the marble steps and slid into the deliciously warm pool. She, no doubt, had sensed the comforting wave of ease that flowed over me and perhaps had turned on her back to look up at the columns of marble and the masses of bamboo that shut in her privacy.

But we have left Lin Tung behind and are very differently circumstanced here in Sian-fu, the seat of government of this province of Shensi. It would seem that the protecting arm of Yuan Shih-kai has been withdrawn, or perhaps does not reach across the boundary at Tungkwan.

It was early afternoon when our little procession of carts approached the east gate of Sian-fu (West-Peace-capital) and passed through the three massive gate towers, whose gloomy archways are appropriate to war but have no relation to peace. There were the officers of the lyken station exacting toll from everything brought into the city, and consequently there is outside the gate a long street of thriving shops.

"Nobody here meet you, sir," said little Li after a glance about in search of the Governor's escort. "Very well, we'll go into the city to an inn, the best you can find."



The Empress' bath



So, unattended, we passed in through the gate and along the busy street to a great central tower, where the traffic from two directions at right angles is again compressed into arched passages. Looking through straight ahead I could see the space between shops jammed with such a crowd as only China can produce, facing from me toward a street theater. To get a Peking cart with its long projecting axles through seemed impossible, but Li, pushing on, beckoned, and we followed. Within the archway, where the congested traffic demands all available room, are clothing shops clinging like parasites to the dark walls, and cafes, their kitchens and their tables occupying full half the roadway. I admired the nerve with which a man ate macaroni with chopsticks while my axle grazed his elbow. As I screwed up my courage for the struggle through the dense crowd ahead, we turned off and made our way around through alleys. Probably two miles and a half from the eastern suburb and near the central arch, we stopped in a short street faced by several innyards, which were reached by narrow passages between shops of all kinds. Li went first to one and then another and finally reported that only one was vacant. It is small and dirty, "But 'twill do for an hour or so," I thought, remembering we had had no lunch though three o'clock was near.

"Shall unload carts, sir, Mr. Wei?" inquired Li in a troubled way.

"Certainly not. Take our cards to the Foreign Office and inquire where we are to be quartered."

"They very much fill up the street, sir."

"Very sorry, Li; you can tell Taotai that and ask him what he's going to do about it."

Li went off and therewith began a fencing match between the Taotai who would not and the Waikwarjen (foreigner) who was bound he should.

3:30 *p.m.* Li returns; reports having seen the Taotai by insisting that he had important word from his master. "Taotai very polite, sir. Inquire you have pleasant journey, sir; hope you very well." (I cannot write the sarcasm of Li's expression.)



"I tell him, sir, this: You very need res'; you like very much know where you go, sir. Carts all standing fill up street. He look surprised, sir, yes he do, sir, an' tell servant to go quick tell hsien make one inn all fix up nice for you."

"Thank you, Li," and we three continue our lunch in the damp dark room.

4:00 *p.m.* Hsien's servants arrive and hang the red lantern and curtains of official occupation before the door.

"Li!"

"Sir!"

"Tell headservant to report to the Hsien that this dirty inn no place for guests of Governor. Governor, he lose much face put Wei Dahren in such a place. Wei Dahren will wait. Tell him take down red lantern."

We wait. It is a nasty place. The walls are dilapidated, damp, and green with mold. Through the small court runs an open sewer. It stinks.

The situation is serious. Our proposed route from here south lies across the Tsinling Shan, the east-west, central range of China. It is high and broad and is crossed only by footpaths unless one goes far to the southwest by the cart road to Chengtu-fu in Szechwan Province. Von Richthofen traveled that route but we propose to strike a new trail, where the geology is unknown. We must have official backing; it would be hazardous to proceed without it, even though the reports of bandits in the mountains are probably as ill-founded as such tales have so far proved to be. We must have the authority of the Governor. Patience.

5:00 *p.m.* Mr. Y. Ch. Le arrives. He is a dapper young fellow in a dark blue satin coat lined with the best lamb's skin, an expensive coat. He smiles most blandly and lies most gracefully: "Sian such a very poor place, no official kungkuan (there are only seventeen), this inn one of the largest in the city, this the inn where foreigners most like to stay." All this in a broken pidgin English that I cannot understand, till I call upon Li San and have it rendered into Chinese. "Who is this gentleman, Li?" "He chief interpreter, sir, at Foreign Office, sir." ! ! ! !

Mr. Y. Ch. Le, being given to understand that we are pained and surprised that the Foreign Office, which he so ably represents, should make the Governor lose face, goes out.

9:00 p.m.

WILLIS, Esq.  
with a protecting  
Evidece

is the address on an envelope containing this epistle:

MR. WILLIS

DEAR SIR:

I am told my First manage, just now. But he is very sorry to say that as the lodge shop is bad, he will bid the Magistrate to find a nice for a change.

Here respectfully to inform you that as there had not the be public hall in the city of Sian. The magistrate must be ready a shop for them who is travel for information. May I hope your kindly excuse. Good-night.

Your Obediently  
Y. CH. LE

As we knew one-half of this to be an elaborate lie, we guessed the other half was also, and had little faith that the morning would bring a change.

*The second day.* The Chief servant of the Hsien comes to lie some more. He says the Hsien cannot find any better inn for the foreigners than the very large one they occupy; but that they may look find better place to please them, he will put it in order for them.

Li tells the Chief servant, elaborating I judge on my instructions, that Wei Dahren is a very learned man; it makes no difference to him where he stays; but he cannot allow the Hsien, who is a very bad servant of the Governor, to make the Governor lose more face. It not Wei Dahren's business to find good inn; it Hsien's business. Wei Dahren very sorry Governor have such bad servant, make him lose face very fast.

When he comes back, late in the afternoon he says that his

master has found a better inn (strange to say) and if Wei Dahren like move to it? Li, having been sent to inspect, reports favorably and I deign to accept what is my due. I give Chief servant a silver *shu* (small ingot); his manner alters. No lightning change artist could more quickly show another face.

However, it is too late to make fine big inn ready. We stay another night in this wretched hole, not fit for dog.

*Third day.* Mr. Y. Ch. Le is heard from, in the morning by letter, in the afternoon in person. His letter is another gem of English. It runs:

GENTLEMAN WILLIS.

I ask you about it. have the chiefly magistrate find a fine orther place for you? if not, yet, I shall send him again. Please let me know by bearer. Good morning Please give my compliments to your two friends.

Your respectfully

Y. CH. LE

One might credit Mr. Le with having brought around the stubborn Hsien, but in China one must not mistake the scapegoat for the really guilty. At any time a definite order from the Taotai would have been complied with and it was evident that he was saying one thing to our face and something else behind our backs. I think a word from the Governor probably caused the change of front, but I am not sure.

When Mr. Le called in the afternoon, he was most courteous. There was to be a drill before the Governor on the following day, a drill of the provincial infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and he would be very glad to accompany us. With some doubts as to the propriety of it and lest it be a trap to put us in a false position, I accepted after it had been made clear that, as I had not yet been properly introduced to the Governor through the Foreign Office according to Chinese custom, I did not expect or wish to meet him at the drill.

*Fourth day.* Early this morning Mr. Le appeared to conduct us to the review and he brought servants to move our belongings and outfit to the new compound. It would not be necessary for

us to pack up, we managed to understand; everything would be in order when we should reach the new quarters.

We drove in our several Peking carts to the parade ground, Li San, of course, accompanying me. Arrived there we were posted in the front rank of the crowd of Chinese spectators, on the far side from the pavilions of the Governor and officers. That was as I wished, but it left me in the dark as to our official status.

Presently two servants appeared and Li came to me saying: "Hsien want to know if you will come see him. No card, Mr. Wei, sir." Li was on his guard, as I was. An invitation that was not confirmed by the card might be laughed off, leaving you to make the best of the situation.

"Tell servants," said I, "that Wei Dahren does not accept if no card."

As soon as they could cross the parade ground and return the two were back with the card of the Hsien and we were driven over to the pavilions. There Li gathered that the Hsien acted upon an order from the Governor. So patience has won, though it has been sorely tried. Li has been furious and Mr. Pai and Mr. Sah have, I am sure, wanted to make some very pertinent or impertinent remarks, but they have restrained themselves.

The situation which we have met was created by a German traveler, who passed through here from the interior last August. He demanded horses, servants, food, and lodging and paid in blows. From Lan-chou down all the way through Kansu he did not pay one cash and was very abusive. Now, while it is the rule that foreigners who are not missionaries or merchants shall be entertained officially, the traveler is expected to pay his hotel bill in gifts that correspond with the entertainment. I have come to the rule of from 200 to 400 cash per servant per day and of 4 taels where there is an elaborate dinner; that is 12 to 24 cents per servant and \$2.40 for a meal and service. So far as I know we are leaving a good trail, but the German has done other foreigners a grave injury. Fortunately his conduct has come to the attention of his government, and he is not likely to repeat it. Another German, Lieutenant Filsner (I think), has just passed here en route

to Lan-chou to enter Tibet from the north. He is accompanied by his wife, a girl of about twenty, who is to remain in Lan-chou. Apparently she has more devotion than sense and he no appreciation of the situation in which he is placing her. She will be safe, but how forlorn and lonely.

Our hosts at the drill occupied a pavilion made of straw mats, a little behind and lower than that of the Governor, so that we were well placed to look across at His Excellency and party. In our own company, however, we had no lack of satin robes, embroidered gowns, and hats adorned with jade and peacock feathers, and I was kept too busy swapping compliments to pay much attention to the more distinguished but remote company in the grandstand. We looked past rows of gorgeous flags, among which red silken ones were most numerous, but violet and white and green and yellow were not wanting, toward the level ground where eight hundred soldiers were drilling and four or five hundred more were waiting, their arms stacked and they themselves at ease. The Chinese uniform is black for trousers, blouse, and turban, with a scarlet surcoat without sleeves and looking like a shield before and behind. The strong contrast distinguishes each man from the next and would make them conspicuous marks in war, but it is effective in a line of men at drill.

The officers had been taught at Tientsin by Germans and the tactics were essentially German. There were few evolutions, but much firing in volleys and in rapid succession around a hollow square, the firing going one way in the kneeling front line and the other way in the standing rear line. On the whole the work was fair, much better than we would expect of Chinese-drilled Chinese soldiers, and one got an idea of what might be accomplished with such material by a Gordon against native commanders.

When the infantry had concluded, one of our hosts, Colonel Lin, mounted a spirited black and white horse and rode off at a gallop to conduct the cavalry drill. He and his attendants made quite a dash in their long robes on prancing steeds.

The cavalry drill was a pretty affair through the effects of color and motion of many flags waved and dipped in salute. I

hoped for a spectacular charge but it was not in the program. When the Colonel returned we advanced and congratulated him in the best Chinese we could muster and he deprecatingly said we "would do it so much better, 'twas but a poor affair." I confess I did not then nor later when he called upon me suspect this rather jovial-looking round-faced, red-nosed commander of having given his soldiers absolutely unrestrained license with the men, women, and children of a village, which had rebelled recently against outrageous extortion by their magistrate; but the contrasts of Chinese character are like that between noonday glare and mid-night darkness.

The artillery, a battery of ten small breech-loading Krupp guns, advanced, filed and wheeled, took position, and fired with neat precision, except that it would be hard to guess what they would have hit. Then the roar of blank cartridges gave place to the click of chopsticks, which in our hands were equally blank when we dipped into a dish of sharks' fins or sea slugs. Our host at table was Major Chou, a pleasant old man who had served fifty years and fought under "Chinese" Gordon against the Taipings in 1862 and 1863.

After dinner a picked company drilled with a snap and accuracy that would challenge our best high-school cadets, and then they fired at a target at a hundred yards' range with Mauser rifles. The bull's-eye was a disk of red paper about five inches in diameter and it had to be replaced every few shots.

Toward three o'clock we took our leave after endeavoring in vain to hand ten taels to the head servant. Colonel Lin persisted so far beyond the usual limit in refusing that I finally had to give in.

"Li," said I, as we entered our inn, "I wish you would call in a very good Chinese writer. I want to dictate a letter," and an hour later I was seated with Li and Mr. Mah, a silk merchant, who was said to be an excellent scribe. I found it interesting and much the best way to dictate to Li in English, see it put into Chinese, and have it translated back to me. So I prepared my note to the Governor asking for an interview. As the Foreign Office is



the proper channel of communication I sent it there next morning, but at noon it was returned with a characteristic note from Mr. Le telling me his "chief manage say" I might send it myself. There he had me guessing again for the action was contrary to all precedent, but I promptly sent Li San to the Governor and he shortly came back saying: "Something looks like business, 'pears me." One o'clock the next day was named.

At the parade I had an opportunity to study the Governor upon whose word the progress of our expedition beyond this point so vitally depends. It seemed to me that he cut short the customary compliments used in addressing a high functionary and spoke rather sharply, directly, himself. I judged him to be a plain man of business. I got the idea that he might be impatient of explanations and would want to get our business settled quickly. I decided to omit the usual description of our scientific purpose and to ask only for the backing that we have to have to make the trip across the Tsinling Shan. I made a memorandum: police guard, couriers to bring our mail, 70 coolies—good mountain men—to carry our outfit and provisions. I would pay what might be agreed upon as reasonable and would guarantee the payment in any way His Excellency might dictate. And I instructed Li as to my purpose.

The interview with the Governor has been pleasant and went according to program. After the necessary inquiries for our respective conditions of health he proceeded to business by asking when I wished to leave Sian-fu and by what route. I did not need the hint; I was quite agreed that the sooner the better. I said I proposed to cross the Tsinling Shan, spring was coming and the rains might cause trouble. I would like to leave Sian as soon as possible. The Governor heartily agreed and when I put my list of needs before him he accepted each one without question. He expressed some concern over the difficulties of the mountain trail but did not insist when I brushed them aside. My purpose being accomplished, I drank my tea and took my leave. I have no doubt that the Governor will be as good as his word.

Li San interpreted throughout the interview with ease and




deference toward His Excellency, who, as I have since learned, was much pleased with his service as an intermediary. I was told in Tientsin that a coolie could not possibly act as my interpreter to high officials, but those who gave that advice do not know Li San. He knows his place and never presumes, but he is instinctively a gentleman, though a Chinese one, and knows how to adapt himself to any situation. I begin to think him a remarkable man.

As we left the Governor's office I told Li to distribute among the Governor's servants the silver ingots with which I had supplied him. He did it tactfully and they were not refused. I have since learned that he himself was offered a kumshaw but that he refused it, saying: "Mr. Wei not allow. Mr. Wei very strict, he very severe man. No, not one cash." Thus does he guard my reputation.

## XXII

### *Sian-fu to Hei-shui-kou*

BARGAINING FOR "BROIDERIES" AND OTHER TREASURES—  
CASHING A DRAFT; A GAME OF COURTESY AND BLUFF—AS-  
PECTS OF SIAN-FU—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE TSINLING  
SHAN—CHOU-CHIH IN THE WEI VALLEY, THE HOME OF AN-  
CIENT CHINA—MR. TSUNG, MAGISTRATE AND ANTIQUARIAN  
—FOUR-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD BRONZES AND OTHER TREAS-  
URES—OUR PROCESSION STARTS OUT TO DEFY  
THE RAIN DRAGON

IAN-FU, *April 10, 1904.* Li and I will leave Sian-fu to-  
morrow to join Eliot and Harvey, who have gone ahead to start  
the survey from the city to some point at which we will enter the  
mountains. In the meantime Li and I have been here alone, and  
we both have enjoyed the opportunity. He likes to wait on me,  
to cook and serve my meals, and attend my slightest wish; but he  
particularly enjoys exhibiting his ability to hunt out treasures and  
tempt me with them. He knows that I have a fancy for jade and  
'broideries.

One morning he said, "Mr. Wei, sir, want to see 'broideries?"  
and when I said yes, expecting to inspect a satin cape or two, he  
beckoned to a man who came in with a great bundle on his shoul-  
ders. At a word from Li he opened it on the floor. It was like a  
blossoming of a brilliant flower garden. There were satins, silks,  
and 'broideries, prayer rugs, coats, and scarfs, a large number of  
them, just dumped out on the floor. I sat in my chair and looked  
at them with assumed indifference though I found it difficult not  
to reach down and pick out this or that temptation.

"Tell him, Li, hold up that one." The order was obeyed, and

I waved the coat aside. Another and another. And so on until I had the fifty or more pieces separated, most of them in the pile of "not wanted" ones and some fifteen choice ones from which I intended to select one or two.

"Li, tell him hold up that light blue satin coat with pretty rosebuds." He did so.

"How much?" "Six taels." I could hardly restrain my expression of surprise; three dollars and sixty cents: and I would have paid something like maybe fifty without question.

So it went on for an hour and in the end I had bought the entire lot for some sixty dollars.

"Want sable coat, Mr. Wei, sir?" asked Li, when Eliot and Harvey had gone and the situation was favorable for handling a purchase since there was only one buyer left. Now Li had known all along that I wanted a sable coat, but he had not been able to find one so long as there were three possible buyers. My mind was on the problem of cashing a draft for 3,000 taels, but I know better than to say no to Li. He stepped outside and returned with a man who carried the familiar blue-cotton bundle in which treasures are often wrapped. Having untied the corners the man held up a magnificent mandarin coat. I glanced at it indifferently and said, "Tell him, Li, he can leave it." So it was thrown over a chair and the owner departed. I at once ran over and examined it eagerly. The fur was so deep, so soft, and the coat so ample. The great sleeves hung down below my hands and it reached to my knees. Li said nothing, but that afternoon and evening I went over again and again to enjoy its beauty.

Next morning Li said, with his usual nonchalance: "Want see sable coat, Mr. Wei, sir?" and there was another man with another coat. We went through the same play, and when I was free to enjoy number two, I recognized that it was even handsomer than number one.

The third morning Li said, without a change of tone, "Want see sable coat, Mr. Wei, sir?" and there was a third coat, somewhat unlike the first two which were of a rich dark-brown color, while it was lighter brown with little white hairs.

"See, Mr. Wei, sir, this coat got white hairs. Other coats all brown. They dyed, burnt sugar. This real sable."

It took three more days to finish the negotiation, and Li enjoyed himself hugely. The three sellers came each morning and afternoon, and he played them off one against the other. He gave them tea and chocolate, and if one of them made an offer at a lower price, he would laugh at him scornfully and go off across the courtyard laughing, leaving him to reflect. On the third day he came to me and said, "Mr. Wei, sir, you get number one best sable coat for 450 taels (just half the asking price). I think he not go any further." Thus I acquired Margaret's sable coat.

It was quite another matter to cash the check, which was drawn in Hong ping taels on a bank in Shanghai, payable to "Mister Foreigner." The banker to whom I was referred did not question my identity, but politely pointed out that Sian-fu taels were at a premium over Hong ping taels. There would also be a charge for cashing the draft in Shanghai, and that also was an opportunity for further discussion.

We were sitting in the banker's business office, a charming garden where a fountain played and gold fish swam in the basin, while bamboos waved overhead. The banker was entertaining me with all the courtesy due a friend, while figuring just how much tariff he could exact. With Li's aid, which was quite efficient, I protested the excessive charges; and the banker suavely assured me that they were reasonable and discoursed at some length and most fluently on the difficulties of conducting financial exchanges at such distances as separate Sian from Tientsin or Shanghai. I listened with some amusement for I, too, could enjoy the game, but also with grave anxiety, for I hadn't enough cash to pay my hotel bill and I had to have the banker's payment to meet expenses ahead. Even in the mountains we would have to pay for chickens and lodging, and we must carry our money in copper cash, in basketsful of the heavy small change, because silver *shus* would be hundred-dollar bills for the poor mountain folk.

At last, my patience exhausted, I played my last card and drinking my tea I rose and said: "Wei Dahren deeply regrets

(Now Li, you tell him very straight what I tell you) that Mister Banker so very ignorant his business. Wei Dahren will have to send draft back to Tientsin to be cashed at banker's expense," and bowing I turned and left the garden.

I spent an anxious twenty-four hours sitting tight. I couldn't leave Sian-fu without the money, and if the banker was as obstinate as I was, or more so, I would lose much face.

In the afternoon came Li San: "Here come Mister Banker, Mr. Wei, sir." There was a little note of triumph in his voice as he ushered in an older man than the one with whom I had negotiated, a grave and dignified old man dressed in rich sable and much 'broidery. He expressed great sorrow that his partner had been so mistaken and, agreeing to the percentages that I had named according to the information given me at Tientsin, he paid over a part of the amount in Sian-fu taels and handed me a draft on Shanghai for the balance.

So I have won the poker game of bluff and wits and can leave Sian-fu tomorrow.

Sian has interested me in many ways, and there are two phases of which I have not written, yet wish to; the missionaries I can only name tonight. Dr. Hagquist, a Swede, has been most friendly and helpful. Dr. Shorrock, an English "divine" was very courteous and I enjoyed a dinner at his home with Mrs. Shorrock, their dear little girl of five, and two ladies who are conducting a school for Chinese girls. A young man, Mr. Cheesman, has exchanged mission work in East London for work in China and believes the poor in London to be more hopeless than the Chinese. A Swedish American, Mr. Paulson, has just come from northern Wisconsin.

The other aspect of Sian on which I would like to dwell deals with street scenes. I have been through the streets sometimes in a cart, sometimes on foot, usually attended by servant or soldier, but several times alone. One sees Chinese life, so far as it can be seen in public, in the streets and shops and street eating-places. One catches many glimpses of Chinese character and ways in watching them, too busy in discussion or work to see the stranger.

I have dozens of kodak shots in memory that I would like to place before you in their original form and color and action. I would, but it is way on into the night and my eyes are closing in spite of me.

*Chou-chih, Shensi, April 16, 1904.* Today I have been in touch with the mountains once more and feel that I know the strength of Antaeus. For eleven days the jealous clouds have veiled them and, descending, even hidden the plain. They still hang low and circle slowly past about some fixed pole that is over the valley of the Wei. We were at Sian when the sunshine ceased and have since been here unable to proceed with our surveys, yet not idle; but now the socks are darned and our limit of time is reached. We move tomorrow to Hei-shui-kou (Black Water Mouth), a little village at the base of the Tsinlings, and begin our work, rain or shine. I walked out there today and climbed the first low hill, behind which rise the truly great mountains whose summits we have not seen. Their bases ascend sharply from the plain and canyons are cut deeply and far back into their mass. As I walked toward them this morning I was reminded of the Bitterroot range, in Montana, past whose front I rode a wheel for fifty miles several years ago. Their grandeur in the early morning light has not been equaled here, the conditions have been so different, but in height and form these mountains promise that it may be. I remembered Mother's interest in that ride, and as I climbed the little foothill another scene which I shared with her came back also. We drove together past green slopes where tiny hollows lay like dimples in a rounded cheek, and Mother said so. Here it is the young wheat which resembles New England sward and dips and rises, dimpling over the foothills.

Our days at Chou-chih have had their own interest. The place is a crowded walled village, whose many people should make a stout defense against any force not armed with cannon. Forty-odd years ago, when the Mohammedan rebellion started at Hwa-chou and spread throughout the valley, devastating with fire and sword, they were put to the test. Panic-stricken they left

their strong walls, fled past the heavy iron-faced gates swung back in their niches, and sought refuge in the mountains, leaving women, children, and the aged to the fanatical enemy, who spared none. There was no public spirit even for common defense, no leader to command a following. The little village community was typical of what all China is today.

A walk on the wall has been one of our opportunities to escape the beggars and the curious. It is perhaps twelve feet wide on top with a parapet five feet high on the outer side, and it rises thirty to fifty feet above the plain. All about are the checkered fields of grain, of poppies, and, where the land is low, of rice. The last are all flooded now. There are many trees, far more than we have seen elsewhere, growing in groups about graves or in lines beside irrigating ditches. The color under these heavy gray clouds has been wonderful; no sunlit landscape equals this mist-shrouded one in depth of hues and atmosphere.

The magistrate of Chou-chih has made our stay pleasant, so far as was in his power, and when I asked him how soon he was going to let it stop raining his explanation that he really didn't know seemed sincere. When Eliot and Harvey first came he sent them gifts of food, including a whole sheep, and when I arrived he made me a similar present, but he did not call, although he sent us the "handsome word," as Li calls it, saying he would very much like to see us.

Finally, having some business to discuss with him, I asked for an appointment at his yamen and, being told to choose my own time, named ten the next morning, but my message had not reached him when he appeared unannounced and unofficially, to talk, as he said, as friends without show. He is just my age, a rather thin-faced, somewhat excitable man, a student learned in ancient Chinese writings and history, and a severe ruler. Toward us, his guests, he has been the very spirit of cordiality in his own Chinese way.

Having been taken into his own sanctum and seated at his private desk (Eliot and Harvey being also there), having been received by him when his queue was being braided, and having

photographed him and his grandsons, I feel on quite intimate terms with him.

Mr. Tsung is most interesting as an antiquarian. During our first call on him the conversation was led to the ancient history of the Wei Valley, the records of which cover more than three thousand years, and it appeared that Mr. Tsung had been active in securing for the then governor, Tuan, a rare find of ancient bronzes unearthed two years ago. The articles were a table and bronze vessels, buried by accident or design during the Chou dynasty (1122 to 256 B.C.) and which were then 1,400 years old, it is said. That is, they might be now between 3,500 and 4,000 years old. A peasant struck them in plowing and notified the magistrate. The governor bought the ground for 1,500 taels, and paid another 1,000 taels to quiet the people of neighboring villages, who wished to place the vessels in a temple. Seeing our interest, Mr. Tsung sent for scrolls on which were rubbings and drawings of the articles, or some of them. They are large and heavy bowls or urns with feet and handles, apparently skilfully worked. Each vessel bears an inscription, by whom made, for whom. When I asked Mr. Tsung if I could obtain copies of the drawings, though he said no others could be had, he offered to allow us to draw them, and instead I photographed them. He showed us one or two very old bronzes which he owns and also a thin blade of jade, which was found with the bronze table. It is a wide, straight knife, which was used for sacrifices or for cutting up plants to make medicines, as the stone was not affected by liquids or juices.

Mr. Tsung also sent for books containing copies of inscriptions in characters of different ages from the earliest to the present and including those employed by Confucius. On his desk were a dozen jade seals and on the wall hung a picture of mountains and pilgrims, which has come down from Ta Ming, 500 years ago. There were carved boxes at hand, suggesting many treasures we did not see.

From this room where history and art were represented, where they were intelligently appreciated and interpreted, we



stepped out into a damp brick-paved hall, the audience room in which we had been received, passed between ragged servants reeking with opium, and plunged into a mire of mud, deep indeed, but not so deep as the ignorance and superstition of the gaping crowd. Oh, China! Land of contrasts and extremes!

The explorer Pumpelly used to discuss the origin of man and the hypothesis that his ancestral home was in central Asia. In the course of his investigation in Peking years ago he caused certain old Chinese manuscripts to be translated and came upon the statement that the Usbeks, a people with blue eyes and red beards, had lived in western Turkestan. As he had blue eyes and a big red beard he thought they might have been his ancestors and possibly descendants of early man. After the lapse of forty years he is even now engaged in exploring in that region to test his idea. Here in the Wei Valley in China the oldest records of what we may call civilized culture have been found. Did the Chinese come from Turkestan or are they an independent development? I hope Pumpelly may find the answer.

*August 17, evening, Hei-shui-kou.* So we are moved. Last night I listened to the pouring rain and wondered if we would be. This morning it still fell steadily, but I ordered everything made ready and by eleven o'clock there was a promise of clearing. The procession of sixty men started out briskly in spite of the mud, dressed in a strange variety of wet-weather garments. We wore mackintoshes or yellow slickers and heavy boots. The coolies in their blue-cotton blouses, trusted to the characteristic hats of southern China which are wide enough to cover their shoulders. The better ones, such as we will wear in the warm weather, are closely woven and varnished; those of the coolie class are skeletons of bamboo filled in by birch bark. Under these extinguishers the sturdy little men trotted along loaded with sixty to seventy pounds apiece. Most of them wore only short, loose, cotton drawers and sandals or were barefooted, and their muscular legs might have served Michael Angelo for his picture of Roman soldiers bathing in the Arno. Four soldiers forming the escort sent by the Governor wore their scarlet surcoats, two of which were protected by

big hats and two by red paper umbrellas. They, too, had adopted the straw sandals or went barefoot.

Fortunately it soon stopped raining, the clouds lifted, and Eliot and Harvey were able to go at the triangulation with which our work is started. Very slowly the mountains came out, black and craggy over the lower green slopes, then white with fresh fallen snow and exceedingly sharp in form.

"They promise no end of fun ahead," says Harvey. The Hei-shui-ho (Black River) comes tumbling out of its canyon, clear as a mountain stream in New England, and flows in deep green pools and over rapids, past this Temple of the Dragon (Lung Wang Miao) in which we are housed.

As I write, the Rain Dragon is out in force and it may be that I shall not start tomorrow as I meant to for an independent trip with Li and a native guide over the hills and far away. So I will only bid you all a loving good night.

## XXIII

### *A Side Trip*

A CAMP IN THE TSINLINGS—SCENES ON THE MOUNTAIN  
TRAIL UP THE CANYON BY DAY AND NIGHT—VILLAGE OF  
THE MIAUTZES, LITTLE DEVILS, SURVIVING ABORIGINES—A  
CHINESE BUDDHIST TEMPLE—LI SAN'S RELIGION—WHO  
COMES TO WALK THIS MOUNTAIN PATH?

#### CAMP IN THE *Tsinling* *Mountains, Shensi, April*

18, 1904. This is a letter to those who love the wilds, who are at home where the walls of night enclose the campfire, and who though unsheltered can say with Heine to the stars above them: "Ein stiller Friede kommt auf mich, weiss nicht wie mir geschehen." ("Peace comes over me, I know not how.")

The little fire yonder under the ledge is the first campfire of our trip, but it is not likely to be the last, as these mountains are very sparsely inhabited and places where strangers can stop are far apart. I am alone with Li tonight, with my thoughts of home and of those who would gladly share with me. Our guide and two soldiers and three coolies are not far off to be sure in a mountaineer's hut, but they would not be much use if robbers should come as somebody has suggested they may. Who comes then to listen to the tumbling stream? Who challenges to leap from rock to rock where the water foams? (It surely would have cost me a ducking had I accepted it as I stood by the falls at sunset.) Who will share my improvised tent just big enough to cover a pair of blankets and high enough all round off the ground to let the night winds blow freely through? Now don't all volunteer at once, for it would be close-lying as a crowded Chinese kang, but you are all welcome if you will come.

I left Eliot and Harvey at Hei-shui-kou at noon today. They are housed in a temple to the Great Gold Dragon, "No. 1 Boss of Heaven," as Li puts it, and are busy tonight with their notes and calculations. Seven miles east of Hei-shui-kou is Tien-yüé-kou and there I turned south into the mountains. From its very mouth the canyon is deep and its rugged sides ascend very steeply to jagged arêtes. The stream falls rapidly and just now after twelve days' rain is very full. Its cascades and deep green pools are a delight in contrast to the muddy rivers of the loess country.

Along the footpath is here and there a hut, and one meets many of the poorest of the poor carrying out heavy loads of wood or boards. The latter are sawed out by hand where the tree grew, are about three inches thick and usually eight feet long. Three or four boards a foot wide make a load, evidently a heavy one, and are so slung on the man's back that when he stands upright one end rests on the ground. In each hand he carries a stick, shod at the upper end with an iron point, and on these he can rest the boards, taking all the load off his shoulders. The sticks serve also to steady him at difficult places on the path.

Slowly these human ants crawl on their way. Meeting me without warning, when I had gained a hundred yards or so on my followers, their faces expressed dull amazement. Only slowly could anything so out of the common round of toil be grasped by their inert minds.

There was much along the way to remind me of home! A delicious odor of earth and green things after the long rain, the tints of spring, and the flowers, all carried me back. Violets and forget-me-nots and dandelion and buttercups are of home. Dutchman's-breeches' first cousin is here, a charmingly delicate pink kind that sometimes colors whole fields, it grows in such profusion, and there is a rosy purple lupine that vies with it.

The little fire has burned low, the stars are bright overhead, and the river sings a lullaby. Good night. I shall sleep soundly tonight.

*Mutze-ping, Tsinling Range, Shensi, April 19, evening.*  
When I woke this morning there were rosy clouds in the northern

sky and the greenery on the canyon walls was assuming its daylight tints. Just across the brawling stream was a cliff in which, thirty feet above the water, were round horizontal holes. "Queer potholes," I thought sleepily, half thinking back to the time when the stream ran at that level. Then my eye wandered to bits of old wall built in niches at the same level, and, waking, I realized that the holes had been cut to hold posts supporting a pathway that once ran round the cliff. We have come over several such bits of aerial way today, a couple of poles or a shaky board high above the swift water.

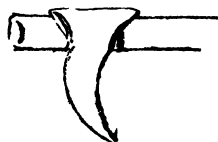
A curious relic of former enterprise is a suspension bridge seventy-five feet long, which spans the river. Stone abutments reduce the channel slightly and between them are stretched thirteen old iron chains, directly on which is, or was, the flooring. A few rotten pieces remain and are helped out by brush and poles and flat stones, making a possible footway. At each corner is a carved stone post.

As I photographed it this morning, a mountaineer came by under a heavy load of boards and, setting foot on it, tried his balance on the swaying chains. Then he thought better of it and, returning, waded across.

We have followed up the river all day, crossing and recrossing every few minutes to take advantage of the stretch of gravel on one side or the other. One man whom I asked regarding the character of the way ahead said as nearly as I could understand that it was *khoola-khoola*, *khoola-khoola*, which may be translated roly-poly; he meant that it was all round stones. The stream is a fearful torrent at times and confined between the near walls moves masses of rock of incredible size. Among the ledges which it crosses is one of pure white quartzite, and the channel is filled for some distance with big blocks like marble. In the bright morning sunlight with the sparkling rapids they formed a striking foreground to the cliffs in shadow and tempted me to set up the camera again and again.

A scene I had little expected was log-driving, just as you might see it in Maine or Idaho, except that the logs here are but eight

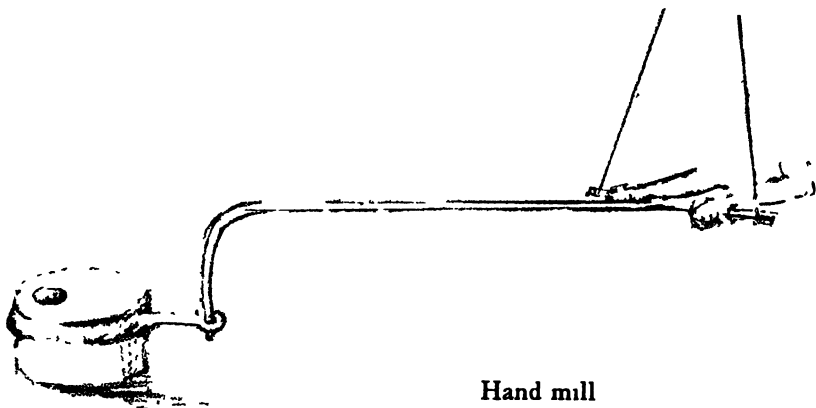
feet long and rarely a foot through. Half a dozen men wading the stream kept the logs moving, pulling and pushing them with an iron hook on a long pole. The hook is well designed to stand the particular strain put on it, there being good leverage on the farther side of the handle.



Cant hook

The men are a rough-looking lot, but so are all these mountain men, and their roughness seems rather a condition of external appearance than to spring from hard natures. They respond too slowly to an idea to catch a passing remark, but where I have stopped among them today they have been quiet and obliging. To get out of a cold north wind I lunched inside an inn with twelve Chinese, a dog, a puppy, two chickens, and two black pigs. It really was hard lines for the *shaowawa* (baby boy) when one pig in flight knocked him down and ran over him, but mama came toddling out on her tiny feet and, picking him up, consoled him very much as an American mother would.

In front of one hut two little boys were turning a curiously contrived mill, while an old woman fed corn into it. The suspended handle worked like a crank as they pushed it back and



Hand mill

forth, turning the upper stone. I stopped to examine it and chatted with Li. The old woman fixed her bright eyes on me and listened and then said with asperity and some dignity as if

to rebuke us for being so impolite: "*Wu pu tung niti hua!*" ("I don't understand your talk"). So then Li told her what I am and that in my country they don't talk Chinese, strange as it seemed to her.

Tonight I am housed in a Chinese inn of the poorest class. The big room where the iron bowl, three feet across, boils, where the common kang is heated, and whoever comes is expected to find a place for himself, is dark with smoke and steam and the vapors from the men who crowd it. I stayed in it long enough to get a distinct impression of the Devil's reception room. It is the next thing to Hades. In the meantime Li had found a corner in an adjoining space, which serves as storeroom and passageway. There my canvas is spread on the mud floor and my cot is my refuge.

As I am the first foreigner to tread this trail, I am an object of interest, but I have not been annoyed. A sweet-voiced child of eight or ten has talked quite a little to me and has been much puzzled by my English answers. "You are a very nice little girl," I said, "indeed you are," and she twisted about on one foot and pouted and answered with the funniest air of self-consciousness imaginable. I laughed outright and she ran away.

Near me is the family bag of flour brought these many miles from the plain and costing here 50 cash a catty as against 28 cash at Chou-chih. The innkeeper's wife comes with a peculiar basket, takes out two or three handfuls, and weighs it on a wooden "steel-yard." She is accurate. Her clothing is shabby, but in her ears are silver earrings, and she wears two finger rings and a bracelet, also of silver.

Gradually the voices and sounds of cooking have quieted. It is time for the Waikwar Jen to put out his bright candle and go to sleep also. With thoughts of home, Good night.

*April 20, evening.* To know where you are and to name the place are two different things and except to say that we are a short day's march west of Mutze-ping near the crest of the Tsinlings I am unable to place myself. Another mountain brook brawls by and outside the door of this little room squat several of the fa-

miliar blue-gowned figures, smoking long pipes and silently watching my pencil.

I am housed in the private dwelling of a gentleman whose extensive fields are tilted up nearly on edge. He and his ox must have good nerves to plow them. His thin face is pale yellow, his nose well developed, and his eyes are set straight. The high cheekbones and slender jaw complete the type we have come to know as Chinese, at least northern Chinese, among whom the slanting, almond eye is not the rule. There is here another type which I have not seen before. The face is very broad and flat; the eyes are set in long, straight slits and far apart; where the bridge of the nose should be is a hollow and the wide nostrils expand under a turned-up tip of a nose; the mouth is very large; the expression dull, but usually good-natured. Both men and women are remarkably short, but very broad and strong. I take them to be aborigines of the mountains, with whom the Chinese of the prevailing type have not mixed sufficiently to obscure the racial characteristics, but that is simply a guess.

One Chinese mountain woman amused us greatly today. She was alone in her house on the mountainside and had seen us approaching. Armed with a stout stick she took her stand in a narrow pass by the house corner and with fear in her face, but determination in her attitude, she met Li, who asked permission to boil some water and said we would pay for it. She had "nothing in which the water could be boiled." Li, who is prudent where dogs are concerned, looked at the three fierce brutes behind her and did not push matters. The guide and two soldiers were less considerate. Assuring her they meant no harm they outflanked her and then she knew not what to do, but she showed good pluck, retreating to the house along with their advance. Eventually she was entirely satisfied and accepted with good grace a piece of heavy marmalade cake for which I am indebted to my cook, Chang, but which I was glad to pass on.

When we started out this morning we faced a strong south-east wind that was driving gray cloud masses among the peaks. By noon, however, a good northwester had conquered and the



shadows were flying over valley and spur as the clouds retreated.

As evening approached we climbed a steep footpath to the remnant of a valley, secluded by surrounding cliffs. As we came within view of the little flat we saw a row of small fires under a long, low thatched roof. Over each fire was a big iron kettle; the evening meal was cooking; men, women, and children were moving about; there was much talk and laughter.

It is a remnant of the Miautzes, the "Little Devils," as the Chinese call them, aborigines, as I think. I noticed their broad, flat faces among the mountaineers below and surmised that they represent an ancient people, almost exterminated by the Chinese and driven to the last refuge in the heights. Somewhat against Li's inclination (he is sometimes worried lest Mr. Wei get into trouble) I insisted on visiting them.

As we approached, the entire community ran toward us, calling to each other. An interpreter having been found, for even Li could not understand their talk, my request for permission to stay the night with them was granted after some assurances by Li and he picked out a bit of ground where my cot could be set up on the edge of the space occupied by the family of the headman. There were no walls and but little shelter; it was camping in the open, in a crowd, but a very decent crowd. Li, aided by the headman, kept them at arm's distance, and I, wishing to watch them, soon rolled in my blankets and pretended to go to sleep. They were shooed away to their supper, which they dipped with their hands from the big kettle, but they could not keep their eyes off the strange being who had descended among them and at my slightest motion they broke into a chorus of exclamations, like the children that they are.

As the little fires of twigs and grass burned out the community became quiet and I lay looking up at the stars and wondered how many generations had passed since my ancestors and theirs had parted company in the long march of human development.

*April 21, 7:00 p.m.* Tonight it is a temple that shelters me, a temple in name, but without a temple's attributes. Many contrasts suggest themselves, but I think I can sum up my impression

in the thought that a temple should express the best of a people, but Chinese temples express the people's worst. They may be large and costly or like this one a hut ten feet square, of three mud walls and a lattice front; in any case they contain no suggestion of the beautiful, they express instead cruelty, superstition, and terror.

Close at my left hand is a demon whose acquaintance I made early in this trip and whom I have often met on the way. His blue face and horned brow are characteristic, and the expression of his grinning mouth, large teeth, and protruding eyes is the extreme of gleeful malevolence. You cannot doubt that in his capacity of attendant demon he will heat the grill thrice hotter. And yet I may do him injustice. He may be a guardian angel against the Evil One. Thus may we in our ignorance be misled by appearances.

The central figure of Buddha, for this is a Buddhist temple, is a fierce-looking man with long red mustache, wrinkled brow, and staring eyes; the dignity, the benign serenity of the great idols at Wut'ai-shan are entirely wanting in this caricature, but there are the six arms and the tiger, upon whom the artist has again exhausted his power of expressing the grotesquely terrible. On Buddha's left is a commonplace figure which might have come from Philadelphia, it falls so far short of Chinese ideals, but on his right, lighted by my candle, is an idol whose black face, red eyes and mouth, and sharp horns should satisfy even a Celestial's idea of the hideous.

"Mr. Wei, sir," inquired Li San, "what you think of all these diff'rent 'ligions? Some folks got a Buddha, some folks got a Jesus Christ, some folks got nobody 't all. What you think?"

"I have known men under various religions, Li. If they were sincere, they were all good men. But I would like to know what you think?"

"I not know about 'ligions, Mr. Wei, sir. I just poor coolie. All I know is do the other fellow like I want him do me."

Li lived his religion.

Two trees, one of them curiously gnarled, stand in front of

the temple on the edge of a cliff. Below is the ravine of a brook that hurries and leaps toward the river two miles away in a deep canyon. The Miautzes with whom I stayed last night live near the head of the river and we have followed down it today, coming northward. As long as the canyon was cut in green and purple slates it was wide enough to allow a footpath on one side or the other. The crossing, at first a matter of a long jump or two, widened past jumping, deepened over steppingstones, and became both wide and deep enough to require care in wading.

In the last the guide and I hung on to sturdy little Li, whom the swift current rising to his middle was about to sweep away. But where the river enters a belt of granite in its lower course, the cliffs stand closely opposed, and the path turns aside to cross a high mountain. We had come halfway up by four o'clock and rain was falling fast. Had I been packing my blankets with my old comrade Billy Driver, we would have pushed on to the summit or beyond, but a Chinese coolie must have a heated kang on which to sleep and he borrows a kettle to cook his rice. Since neither kang nor kettles grow on bushes and there are no houses above us, we stopped here, where the coolies could get into a shanty and I could sleep with the idols.

As I turn over the leaflets of the day there is many a charming glimpse of scudding gray cloud about majestic mountain peaks; of delicate foliage in the tender green of opening leafbuds, and of violets both blue and white, of exquisite wild peach blossoms and wild lilac, of stern gray-green rocks and clear water, a scene that would vie in color and light and movement with our own wildest brooks.

With much truth I said to the guide who questioned if I could walk the mountain path: "Here I am at home. *Iyang Meikwar*" ("All the same America").

## XXIV

### *The Dragons of the Liu-yüé-ho*

THE VILLAGE—ANCIENT PRACTICES—I AM MAROONED, ALONE  
WITH COOLIES — THEY DISPLAY INDIVIDUALITY — “AUNT  
NANCY”—THE CATARACT BRIDGED—A SWIM AVOIDED—LI SAN  
MIRACULOUSLY APPEARS—WHAT TO DO WITH “LOUISA?”—WE  
REACH THE HEIGHTS AND INTERPRET THE SCULPTURE—  
READING THE LANDSCAPE — SOME PROBLEMS — A ROBBER’S  
NEST—MY HOST, KUANG SHENG-TI—STARVING VILLAGERS—  
A ROLICKING RIVER—SPRING CLIMBS WITH US—WE CROSS  
THE “GREAT DIVIDE”



LIU-YÜÉ, *April 25, 1904.*

This is a village of much importance. Though not so large as some, it is larger than those of one house only, for it boasts two houses, and though one of them is small, the other is quite large. It is not populous; indeed, since the innkeeper moved away because he had no customers, it might be said to be a deserted village. In better days, before the track that follows up the little Liu-yüé River was swept away by slides and floods, this inn at the junction of that tributary with the master stream, the Hei-shui-ho, did a good business. Here, according to the tales repeated to me, it was customary to examine a traveler's goods and if possible his purse in order that other innkeepers, farther removed from police supervision, might rob him (if it were worth while) without having to pay for the privilege. In those halcyon days we might have been thought worth the risk, but now it is the river itself that threatens us.

The Lui-yüé is a bold mountain brook. As it approaches the Hei-shui-ho it hurries, leaps, and tumbles in elfin dance among

the boulders it has carried from the heights. In summer, at low water, it no doubt murmurs gently as it ripples over shallows: but this is not summer. The dragons of a spring freshet ride the swift waters and roar.

Just below the junction the Liu-yüé has built a bar across the Hei-shui, and there the track coming from Chou-chi-hsien crosses the latter from the western to the eastern bank. Eliot and Harvey had come across the ford the day before Li and I got here from our excursion to the Miautzes, and they have now gone on with their coolies to continue the survey of the route. The Liu-yüé-ho was even then high, but as they have not come back I know the path must be practicable, though probably difficult. There are still forty coolie-loads of rice and cash to be brought up and Li has gone back for them.

It rains and rains ever harder and harder; the rivers rise ever higher and higher. And I am here alone with sixteen coolies and two days' rations. I will have to keep them busy, pretending to build out into the torrent, though it washes the rocks away as fast as we throw them in.

*April 26.* This is my first experience in directing a number of coolies personally, and I am interested to note that among them, as among workmen elsewhere, there are good workmen, dull plodders, and accomplished shirks.

When told to bring rocks, some bring the biggest they can lift or have two other men put still heavier ones on their back, and come staggering to drop them in the river. Others do the easier thing, and bring small stones and soon discover what is the smallest that I will allow to pass. One man of independent purpose, a clever dodger, is always ahead or at one side doing what he thinks might be done and will give him least trouble and fussing over it. His work usually has to be done over again.

One stout, good-natured shirker, whose round face under the straw hat of huge expanse suggests a motherly auntie, has found a great deal to tell me. I really think his place is in the nursery rather than in the coolie gang. I listen to him gravely and respond: "*Shing, shing*, Aunt Nancy, *shing*" ("all right"),



Rain dragons of the Liu-yué-ho



and, pointing to a large boulder, add: "*Ni na nako ta shihto, lai*" ("you take that big rock, come"). He really didn't look proper as you glanced from his bare legs to his old-woman face and hat tied with a blue ribbon under his chin.

During the night it rained harder and ever harder. The cloud-chariots of the Rain Dragons sweep over the mountains. They come on. The dragons ride the storm. They pour torrents upon us. Their attendant demons lurk in the slippery rocks. They swoop by in the swift waters. They reach for us. We must try to escape. We must meet and dare the rising flood, making our way from bank to bank as we may.

The site of one crossing is where big rocks project over a fall. Certain coolies whom I had sent ahead to lay a bridge of logs stopped on the brink, gabbling all at one time, as only Chinese and Frenchmen can. Each wanted the other to jump first or was suggesting some other way to get a log across without a man on the other side. They were frightened when I would essay the jump, they screamed: "*Dahren, Dahren*" in protest, and stood shaking their big hats and pigtails when I was safely over. Two of them followed and the bridge of poles weighted with stones was laid. The men with packs crossed steadily with the aid of a handrail of long bamboos held by three stout fellows.

Next we came to a cliff along the base of which there had been steppingstones in the margin of a deep pool, but the stones were out of sight, swept by the flood. I found a way over and placed men to hold the loaded ones as they followed me. These are good men. At the far side of the difficult pass I steadied them as they came down with the aid of a rope. It was interesting to see them search for crevices with bare toes or straw sandals, to note how some came boldly, scarcely accepting my help, while others came timidly and gave me all the weight I could take as I lowered them by the wrist. If we have much of this sort of thing I will come to know my coolies pretty well.

At last we were stalled by a swift current too wide to jump, a sheer cliff, and a bottomless eddy. I was figuring on some way to throw a tree across when a shout of many voices rose above



the roar of the river. Li San and forty coolies bearing sacks of rice and baskets of copper cash had appeared out of nowhere. The Hei-shui-ho is unfordable, the path that used to follow the east bank was long since washed out and abandoned! How did they get here?

We soon had a bridge of poles across the current and joined them.

"How you get here, Li?"

"Pretty hard, Mr. Wei, sir. Build raft, make coolies swim river."

"But the path is washed out."

"Yes, Mr. Wei, sir. Pretty bad some place. Have to put two, three coolie hold up other one, he come with rice."

The little man's face expressed no particular triumph. I thanked him in Chinese for the benefit of the coolies who were grouped around.

Said he, "Thank you, sir. I hardly know when I getting here. Thank you. Your eating soon cold, sir, Mr. Wei."

And that was that. While I had been battling the little Liuyué-ho, loyal Li San had overcome the flood of the great Hei-shui-ho and forced the loaded coolies to risk their lives following an impassable trace of a path along the cliffs to bring me help!

*Erh-ling-pu (Two-Ridge Place), April 27, 1904.* We overtook Eliot and Harvey here yesterday and the party is once more complete except for little Louisa. He (the little donkey is a jack) could not possibly tread these mountain trails. He has carried Li these many miles or has run like a dog among the coolies and carts, never getting confused, even though the road was crowded. He knew perfectly to whom he belonged. And yet Louisa was very sociable. He nosed horses and donkeys along the road and joined in our conversation, interrupting with a voice like a steam siren in agony. Louisa was also swift. To see his dog-like gallop outstrip everything with little Li balancing to his stride has been one of the ludicrous sights of the trip. Louisa has earned a happy home and has found it, I trust, with the grand-

children of the kindly magistrate of Chou-chi-hsien. But we will all miss him.

Li's return relieved me of all care for provision and made our advance simply a question of weather and muscle. Slowly the coolies climbed the long mountain spur, which ascends very steeply for 1,500 feet and more gradually 2,100 feet more to this point.

There are several level stretches at different altitudes and each of these is wide enough to farm and is covered deeply with soil, such as you find in meadows where a stream has run: but these are now hundreds of feet above the rivers in the canyons. When from a commanding height you let your eye range over the summits you may notice that they rise to a common general level, with here and there an outstanding peak, a distinctly higher mountain. You have but to remember that you are looking at a sculptured surface and that the streams have been the sculptors to realize that in olden times the landscape presented a broad, rolling country, above which stood the still distinct peaks. They are residual mountains that were not worn down to the general level.

The branches of the rivers were engaged in wearing that general level to a flatter plain when the mountain range began to grow and the main streams, gaining power with increasing fall, sank their channels into the rising mass. As long as uplifting continued the deepening of the canyon progressed, but if there came a pause, the canyons widened to valleys as lateral erosion exceeded vertical sawing. With renewed uplift the canyons have been deepened again and the process has swung back and forth as the earth forces fluctuated, now lifting, now resting.

Remnants of old valley floors remain on the slopes of the deeper canyons and the Chinese farmers have long ago recognized the excellence of the soil, though they cannot read the landscape.

The study of the mountains of Asia has occupied my thought since I began it at Lake Baikal. I made little progress till we reached the eastern province, Shantung, and I tried to read the record of that landscape as I surveyed it. On my map I was

delineating separate mountains or mountain groups that stood more or less isolated, like islands in a general area of flat plains. They had not been thrust up individually; they were masses of hard rock that had resisted erosion and had remained prominent while the areas of weaker rocks were worn down. And the process of wearing down had been carried to an approach to flatness over wide spaces between the surviving heights. There are no canyons.

Shantung presents the aspect of an old landscape, a plain still dotted with residual mountains.

When I walked with Harvey to the highest summit of the Wut'ai-shan we did not have to climb any precipitous peaks. We walked up a gradual slope and looked about at a wide landscape of similar slopes and rounded summits. I recognized a very old surface of erosion, worn down to such an approach to flatness that no island-like residual hills remain. In order that so nearly complete a plain should be sculptured by rivers, the height above sea level must have remained very slight during long ages. Yet that plain is now 12,000 feet above the sea and the canyons that have been slashed into it are still very steep and narrow. They are young; the uplift is young, it seems still to be in progress.

The high level around Wut'ai-shan is on the margin of the vast plateaus of Tibet. If, as I surmise, they also have been raised to their present elevation of 12,000 to 15,000 feet, the uplift is very extensive. The mass of central Asia might be compared with a loaf of bread, the top of which has been pushed up on rising dough.

That simile suggests a condition in the deep foundations of the continent that I cannot explain. Whatever the cause of the broad uplift of Tibet may be, it does not resemble the action that has raised the long range of the Tsinling Shan. That uplift is relatively long and narrow, not widely regional, and is related, I think, to the intrusion of the granite, into which these canyons are sunk. But the cutting of the canyons is a recent effect of the uplift, and the intrusion of the granite would have to be recent





Gorge of the Hei-shui-ho

too, if it has caused the uplift! That conclusion contradicts some ideas about the primeval age of granite.

I wish I knew more. But the Hei-shui-ho has cut a superb gorge and a pause in the carving is plainly to be seen in the remnants of old valley floors.

I stopped a few moments near a house on the way up to sketch the Hei-shui canyon, and Li chatted with the people. It was a mountain inn with a history worthy of the Apennines. As we went on, Li said with an expression of making a pleasant remark: "Lots people being killed here, sir."

"So! How so, Li?"

"That house, sir, and others up 'long. Just knock 'em on head, take money, throw in hole behind house. I see hole, sir." And gradually I drew out what he knew of a band of robbers, who, being innkeepers on the mountain, had for some time robbed and murdered passing strangers. Many a traveler returning homeward from a successful trip ceased his journeying in these hovels. Six years ago, however, the robbers were seized, tortured till they "told truth," as Li puts it, and beheaded. Skeletons were found behind the house where we paused, "several hundred," says Li, exaggerating dramatically.

*Hsiao-wang-chien, April 28, 1904.* Two days farther on our way and with a more reassuring prospect ahead than we have had for a week past. We have crossed the great mountain which makes this route a difficult one and progressed so far up the next valley that we need have little fear of being long delayed by high water, if at all.

Yesterday's dawn was superbly clear and the view from our high camp was very extensive and beautiful. Off to the West the range is 5,000 feet higher than here, the rain with us had been snow there, and the huge masses look like peaks in everlasting snow. All day my eyes have wandered to them, fascinated by their exquisite light and unknown heights.

From our camp we crossed a first high ridge, descended into a deep ravine, and climbed again 2,000 feet to gentle, cultivated slopes, the highest and oldest of the old valley floors. It is now

4,000 feet above the river. From this altitude the panorama of mountains, clothed with trees and shrubs and traversed by many profound canyons, was grand. We are following only a *shan-tao*, or mountain path, differing in name, but not in character from the *ta tao* or great road. The latter descends into the valley of the Hsuang-ch'a-ho and crosses and recrosses the river, without bridges. I waded that stream a number of times on an advance trip and with higher waters did not care to risk it in the lower courses. Whether the coolies thought well of my choice I shall never know. They reached our stopping place last night very late and tired out, yet during the afternoon when returning over the mountain I passed many of them and asked encouragingly: "*Hao. Pu hao?*" ("Good, not good?"), they cheerfully responded "*Hao.*" ("Good").

Today's march for the main party was up the river and in the river, occasionally on the banks. It is a rough, swift stream full of big boulders. The coolies came straggling in, and presently came one in haste to say another had been drowned. Slipping with a heavy pack, he was swept down. The head coolie sent men out at once and only when they came back did I know of the accident. A little later word was brought that the man, an old man, was not drowned, and I went out at once to see what could be done for him.

Pale as a ghost, his ragged clothes clinging to him, he came to meet me and kneeling struck his head on the ground. He was imploring pardon for having wet his pack!

I raised him and again he prostrated himself. Then one of the boys told him to stand up and he stood, but shivering from chill and nervous shock. I poured him hot brandy and water, which he drank eagerly, then one of our Tientsin boys, no other than Shao Erh-ko, whose good heart we have more than once had occasion to recognize, took the old man into a room, rubbed him down hard and lent him dry clothes. Later I called my boy: "Shao Erh-ko!"

"Ye-es, sir."

"How old man?"







The War God, Kuang Sheng-ti, guardsman, and slave

"Old man very hot, sir, very hot."

May 2, 1904. A sequel to the preceding amused us very much. As I stood at our door the next morning Aunt Nancy came bashfully up and suggested that he too had got wet yesterday and some hot brandy would just suit his case. We laughed him out of countenance and he shuffled off.

This is the fourth day since I last wrote and tonight we are at Chang K'ou Shih, twelve miles by trail, so said, and perhaps five in a straight line from Hsiao-wang-chien. On the 29th there was a very heavy rain, which lessened but did not stop on the 30th. We could neither survey nor proceed, so we stayed quietly in the comfortable temple arranged for us. We have not been idle. Harvey has worked up his map, Eliot's friends will enjoy the long letters he has written, and as for me, Kuang Sheng-ti has sat for his portrait.

The old military hero, who founded the "Three Kingdoms" about A.D. 220 is a favorite deity in Shansi and Shensi. We have reputedly enjoyed his hospitality, and as I write he looks down on me from the central place in this little temple, as he did in the one at Hsiao-wang-chien. In the effort to do justice to his commanding presence and his richly embroidered robes of state I made a careful drawing and painting in *gouache* and spent most of the daylight on it for two days.

The people of Hsiao-wang-chien are very poor. Once prosperous and three hundred in number, they are now near starvation and not more than twenty or thirty all told. Their trade in lumber has gone with the forest, which they destroyed. Their potatoes, introduced thirty years ago and never renewed, have run out. Their wheat is rooted up by wild boars, who drive the people away. Certainly there is little left.

It was the more touching that the headman should volunteer a gift: a basketful of potatoes and walnuts, a white chicken, a little macaroni, and some oat flour. He came accompanied by two or three friends and talked with us a few moments, his first interview with foreigners. I was at a loss for an equivalent gift, our supply being low and not well suited to the village man's

needs, but I bethought me of the generous supply of thread and needles, etc., which Margaret had provided for my use. Two safety pins, four needles, a spool of cotton, and a cake of chocolate made up our return. Li told me it gave much pleasure, most of the articles being the first of their kind the people had ever seen. Needles they had had, coarse Chinese ones, but not such cotton thread, so strong, so smooth!

Yesterday was one of those days after a rain, when the sky scintillates with light and the horizon is far, far away. Harvey and I climbed to a ridge 4,000 feet above the village and passed the day there. It was six o'clock when he was ready to leave his station and we felt for the trail on the steep mountainside when we could no longer see it. I had spent the afternoon tracing in delicate pencil lines the profiles of the great snowy range off to the northwest and of the intermediate mountains, and I have the exquisite lights and shadows to recall in some less delightful hours.

Today Eliot went with Harvey on the heights, while I accompanied Li and the procession of coolies on the path through the canyon. Forty fords in twelve miles we were told to expect, and I think we realized, though I did not count them. The river is a jolly, rollicking, boisterous stream. I could hear it chuckle as it rolled up on my legs and shook my footing on the boulders, and it fairly roared when it upset a coolie and the head coolie whom he was carrying across. It doused the head coolie's yellow silk hat, swelled out his purple gown and whirled his blue trousers topside; then it left him swimming in a deep green pool and went laughing on its way, rippling, murmuring, whispering its harmonies of wild brook music.

The demon god of the rapids was surely pleased. Perhaps the head coolie had failed to show him proper respect, had not offered him even a pebble, as all who would cross his ford should do in accordance with ancient custom. There, beside the shrine that houses his fearsome idol, is the evidence, the pile of pebbles thrown up by wary travelers to appease the spirit of the falls.

I contributed my offering and crossed safely.


We are journeying upward with spring, which we met way back on the plain by Tungkwan and which keeps pace with us up the canyons. Violets are here, among them a beautiful white one such as we transplanted for Mother from Idlewild, maiden-hair fern fringes the damp hollows in the rocks ("not quite like ours at home, a little hardier looking," I think I hear Mother say), and the large ferns, aspleniums or aspidiums, are uncurling their tall fronds. In places where the snow has not long been gone there are the leaves of our dogtooth violets with a seed vessel between each two of them, but I have not found the flower. High up on the mountains at altitudes of 6,000 to 7,000 feet there is a curious mingling of familiar evergreens, pine, spruce, and hemlock, with thickets of bamboo; and with them is a birch from which the Chinese peel the bark as we do from our white birch. Here and there we come upon trees which in form and bark suggest the catalpa, but which have no leaves as yet. Their stems are marked by deep crescent-shaped cuts from which sap is drawn and boiled down for lacquer. Whether this is the true lacquer tree or not I have yet to learn.

Tomorrow we are to advance across the Tsinling-Liang, the "Great Divide" of China and begin our descent toward the valley of the Han.

XXV

*Over the Tsinling Shan*

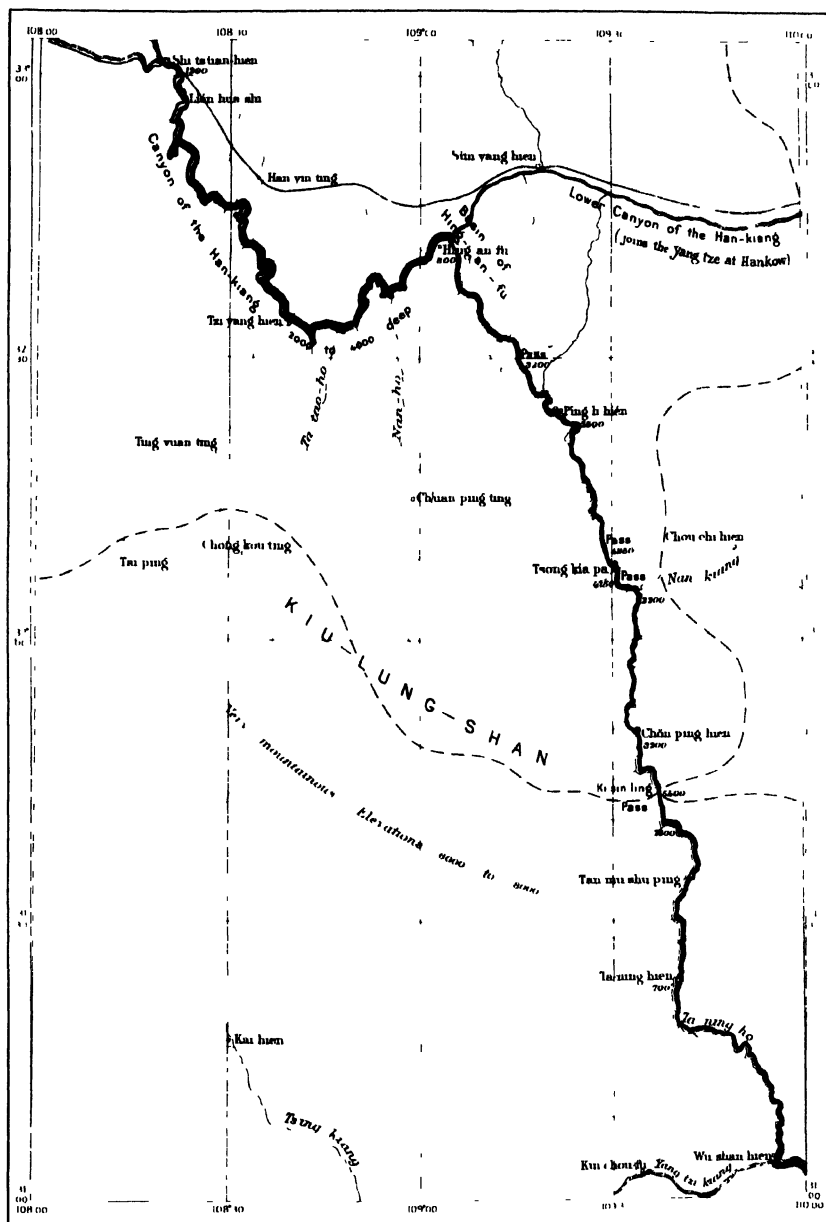
OVER THE DIVIDE—ON THE WATERSHED OF THE YANGTZE Kiang—A VILLAGE ON THE PU-HŌ—THE WALLED CITY OF SHIH-CH'UAN-HSIEN ON THE HAN, A TRIBUTARY OF THE YANGTZE—I SEEK A *SHAN-TAO*—BEAUTY OF THE SOUTHERN SCENE—A CHOICE OF ROUTES TO THE YANGTZE—MR. LI OF SHIH-CH'UAN-HSIEN, A CONSERVATIVE—HIS SON INVITES ME TO "COME OUT AND PLAY"—THE RIVER HAN—WE PROCEED BY HOUSEBOAT DOWN THE HAN TO HSINGAN-FU—A HOUSEBOAT AND ITS HANDLING IN SWIFT WATERS—THE ROCK THAT WRECKED THE BOAT OF THE ABBÉ DAVID—PROFITING THE SPIRITS—A COAL-MINING DISTRICT—WE TIE UP AT HSINGAN-FU

 I UN-K'OU-TZE, *May 3, 1904.* "This water run all way Yantze Kiang, sir, Mr. Wei?" asked Li this noon as we crossed the pass. "Go Hankow? Go Shanghai?"

"Yes, Li."

"Must be what make Shanghai water taste so sweet," said he solemnly, as though he had never heard of a joke. So we have reached the great watershed which England would allow no other power to possess were China to be divided. The one striking change in the scene is that which the forest brings. Here are pines, not an occasional tree, but hillsides and summits covered with them, and in the canyons large trees fit for a place in a Western forest of America.

*May 4.* Our courier from Sian-fu has come and is going.



Map of route from the Han to the Yangtze

The Governor is keeping faith in spite of the long road and the defiance of the elements.

*Ta-hō-pa, Shensi, May 6, 1904.* I wish I could sketch the scene of my noonday stop in curious form and quaint surrounding as I see it. Ta-hō-pa is a little village perched above the strong flowing Pu-hō, whose deep, clear reaches and swift rapids we have followed for many a mile. The village street is a stretch of the mountain path along which the little houses are ranged, leaving but a narrow, crooked way between.

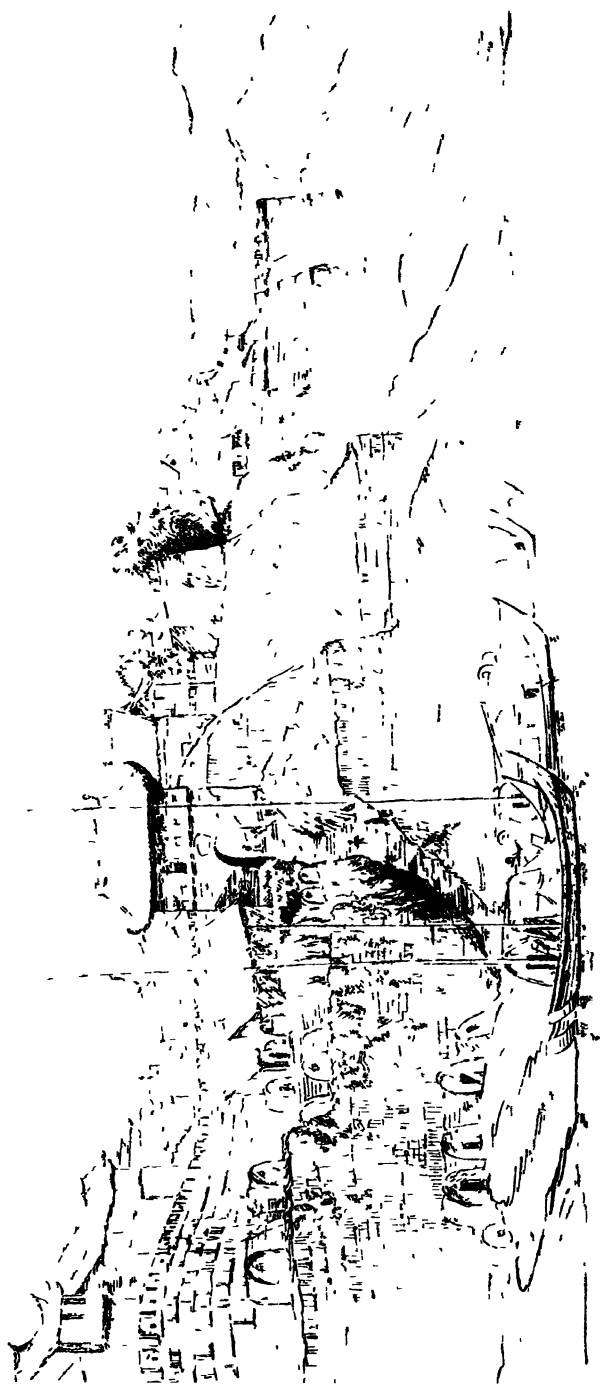
The temple, which appropriately stands above the rest, is in a niche below a cliff and is reached by a flight of very steep steps. It is dedicated to Kuang Sheng-ti at one end, to Buddha in the middle, and in a wing to Eve, I think; at least she is a lady in red robes before whom a serpent twines. The temple is also a schoolhouse and little boys of six or seven are learning Chinese characters here. They are bright-eyed, clean-faced little chaps, a contrast to the children of whom we have seen so many whom a bath would render unrecognizable. Each boy has his table and little bench and several books. Just now their studies are somewhat interrupted, for my writing is a very interesting process not only to them but to a score of their elders who are looking on. A girl of ten is here with her mother and is rather puzzled just now to know how to take me. I got her to hold one end of a rubber band while I stretched it, which always amazes them, but when I let it snap on her fingers her mother and the others laughed at her, and that she did not like. I have made peace, however, by letting her blow open my watch. It is astounding, indeed, that the little round box of gold should fly open at a breath from her.

“Must be dragon inside?”

Now Li comes with my lunch and at a word from him, the people politely withdraw, at least as far as the door, where they stand peeping, for to see a foreigner eat is so funny! The three little scholars and the little maid have each had a piece of biscuit covered with marmalade and have soberly eaten it. Before accepting it each clapped his hands and made his bow of thanks. To my







Shih-ch'uan-hsien, Han River, Shensi

"hao, pu hao?" they respond "hao" ("good"), but they are too much abashed to answer freely.

Let this pass for a tableau out of a day's experience, since it has no setting in the sequence of events. It was written en route to Shih-ch'uan-hsien, where I take up the thread again.

*Shih-ch'uan-hsien, Han Valley, Shensi, May 7, 1904.* Although the elements have been against us, the Tsinlings are crossed and I am here within the month's time allowed for the trip from Sian-fu to this place. Harvey and Eliot with the main body of coolies are about three days' journey behind me, as they are running the survey line, and I have pushed ahead. My object in doing so is to learn what I can about feasible routes by which to proceed. It is curious how little these people really know about their country. It is more than likely that there is in this town of several thousand people not one who has ever been beyond Han-cheng-fu on the west, or Sian-fu on the north, or south to the Yangtze Kiang. There are certain "great roads," which one may take with reasonable assurance that they will be practicable, since, though they are but bridle paths, the traffic over them is sufficient to maintain bridges or ferries and inns. But strike into a *shan-tao* ("mountain trail"), and you can be sure only of a footpath on which a mountaineer may at favorable seasons make his way. I am looking for a *shan-tao* to the Yangtze, 200 miles away. Wish me luck.

At this point the magistrate was announced and when after two hours he left at 10:30 P.M. I was ready to turn in.

Now it is the evening of May 8, but I want to go back and give you some little idea of the beauties through which we passed in coming from the Tsinlings to the Han.

At Ts'ai-chia-kuan I wrote you of the pines that grow thickly on the slopes. I might have mentioned the snow that still lingered in sheltered nooks. Here we are 5,000 feet below the high summits, cherries are ripe, and palms stand among the trees of the South Temperate Zone.

The valley of the Pu-hō is a garden. Still above Ts'ai-chia-

kuan bloomed lilac and rhododendron and a large purple columbine. Where rhododendron reached its lowest limit were the highest of the rice fields, which are terraced into every nook of the mountainside where water from the many brooks can be brought to irrigate them. It was near Seu-mon-ti that I came upon the white bramble rose festooning a cliff and holding on each graceful drooping branch hundreds of pink-white buds toward the sun. And thence for sixty miles it was rarely wanting in the view, its climbing vine overgrowing rocks and tall trees and blooming with a profusion which only our wild bramble approaches. The rose is like the bramble in form and color and suggests huge brier tangles, but the rose leaf is brighter and the young shoots and leaves are of that ruddy tint which so relieves a mass of green. Among the many rose vines, one which I measured had a stem ten inches in diameter and completely covered, as with a veil of white lace, a tall, widespreading tree. Single sprays hung from high branches almost to the ground, bearing hundreds of blossoms and swaying with upturned ruddy tips in the breeze.

Less graceful yet charming in their way were two mimosas, the one pale lavender, the other gorgeous yellow, and lupines and pea vines covering fields; but among flowers of field or mountainside none vies with the poppy. Full half the land is given to it, the native's pleasure, his profit, and his curse. It blossoms white as a lily and red as a jacqueminot, but more often of that somber sangre-de-boeuf hue, the shadow tone of rosy lights, which fittingly suggests the gloom into which the Chinese are drifting with phantoms of the opium dream. We first saw it unfolding its curling scimitar-like leaves in the chilly upper air; then we passed on every hand its gorgeous nodding flowers; and here, their work done, the petals are falling and the pale green serpent's head stands up naked, not ugly in itself, but hideous in its potency for evil.

*Shih-ch'uan-hsien, May 12, 1904.* In a houseboat on the Han we may not travel in company so varied and distinguished as on the Styx, but we are not lonely by any means. To begin in the





A mountain highway and resthouse

forehold, there is the crew of undifferentiated Chinese. They will become individual as we get better acquainted. Our own private apartment is amidships and is somewhat lightly curtained from those of the boat's owner. His wife and daughter, busy in their kitchen next us, are deeply interested in their strange passengers and are apparently inclined to pursue their observations beyond the limits of undress commonly observed by gentlemen in the presence of ladies. However, we got to bed last night without serious inconvenience. Two other boats accompany ours, the one being assigned to Li San and his boys and four soldiers from the Governor's guard, the other to our forty-odd coolies. Thus we are floating down the Han, a Chinese Rhine in size and color, among mountains that rise 2,000 to 3,000 feet above us.

At Shih-ch'uan Harvey and Eliot overtook me on the evening of the 10th, completing the survey across the Tsinlings from Chou-ch'ih-hsien. They had worked very hard and yet had enjoyed the beautiful valley of the Pu-hō and the experiences among the people. Harvey has keen insight into the conditions of life about him and will tell you many details that escape me. In the meantime I have inquired about the mountain road to Wan-hsien on the Yangtze, at least so far as I could trace it through a man who used to live near and travel it, and I have found it impracticable for us at this time. A month's journey even in fair weather, with scant accommodation under favorable conditions, it was not a desirable route when short of time, at the beginning of the rainy season, and after several short crops in that part of Szechwan, in consequence of which food is scarce. There remained the choice of ways to Hsingan-fu, a large city on the Han and near the highway to Hankow. We could proceed to it by road or by river (the Han) and from it we may go on to Hankow by the usually traveled road or by the river or we may cross a mountain region to the Yangtze at Wushan-hsien and so accomplish the original plan in all essential features. We are now en route to Hsingan-fu, in our houseboat on the Han.

Careless idlers we, indifferent to the future, accepting and enjoying these beautiful days, during which the stream bears our

boat swiftly onward. Three days so. Let their charm and novelty sink deep in memory and remain with us.

While we float with the current I must tell you more of my stay at Shih-ch'uan-hsien and of my good friend the magistrate, a Mr. Li. I first made the latter's acquaintance on arriving at Shih-ch'uan on the afternoon of the 7th. His own chair with four bearers met me a mile out of town. Soldiers, ragged boys with cymbals, trumpets, and flags, in all to the number of twenty-odd, formed the escort, and hot and dusty as I was, I was carried into town. At the entrance to his official residence, Mr. Li met me very graciously and the courtesies of welcome and thanks were exchanged with him and three military officers, all in full dress of embroidered silks and satin. Three weeks having passed since I had seen an official, the affair had entertaining novelty.

I had little more than finished supper, when Mr. Li was announced and he spent the evening, giving me less insight into his own character than I would have liked, but leaving me in no doubt of his kind intentions.

Having been presented with the freedom of the town and district, *ch'eng li-t'ou*, *ch'eng wai-t'ou* ("inside and outside the walls"), I spent the next day among the hills, bright with poppies, and on my return found that Mr. Li would again pass the evening with me. Three times more I saw him, once when I called at his yamen and photographed him in his official seat and twice in the cramped quarters of our houseboat, where he said good-bye to us at 5:00 A.M. of the day of our departure. The requirements of courtesy had then long been satisfied and it was with many expressions of friendly feeling that the old man left us.

He specially interested me as an example of those Chinese who look upon the foreigner and foreign ways with interest, but who cannot imagine that they should affect the established custom. Sixty-six years old, he has lived through most of the history of China's foreign relations, and the transformation of Japan has occurred since he reached manhood, yet he has learned no lesson of progressive change from the significant facts of modern times. Not that he is blind to certain advantages of foreign things. He

has caused his son to learn English; he was glad to be photographed, and was interested to understand our maps, etc. But the sacred customs of his ancestors are immutable. He stands for that Old China, the China of Confucius, which will longest resist the evolution of a New China and which may be the cause of a forcible revolution.

His son, a youth of eighteen or twenty, sent me a note in his Chinese English to invite me "come out and play" with him in the evening, but the father took up all my playtime; which was, perhaps, as well. Who knows what wild dissipation the young blade may have had in mind. One can't be too careful in such a metropolis as Shih-ch'uan-hsien.

*Hsingan-fu on the Han.* The Han gathers its waters from the Tsinling Shan to the west of our route across the range and flows to the Yangtze Kiang. It is a large stream, comparable to the Ohio, and it follows an ancient course, but its channel is young. The river has not yet smoothed its path through the mountains: it still frets and brawls with the rocks that impede its flow, and there are dangerous rapids to be passed by the voyager upon its waters.

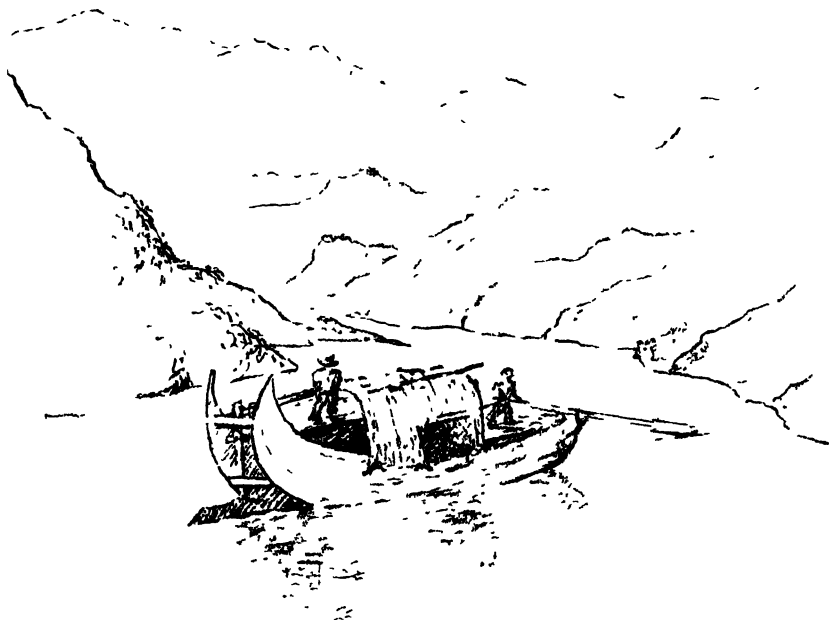
We decided at Shih-ch'uan-hsien to take the chance by the river, rather than to proceed by the highway, a mere track, that carries the freight along the banks by cart and wheelbarrow. But we will not continue by river beyond this important city. Here we turn south across the mountain range that lies between the Han and the Yangtze at Wushan-hsien, above the last of the great gorges.

A houseboat on the Han is a large bateau with the broad, flat bow which experience dictates for boats to stem swift currents, alike among all races of rivermen. Occasionally here the bow is ornamented by a canoe-like upturn, and the stern is distinguished by two great curved wings, which give the model lines of grace that it otherwise lacks. Two-thirds are covered by bamboo matting, enclosing the dwelling place of the captain and his family and the compartment for cargo. The foredeck is open for poling, sculling, and steering with the bow oar; the poop is high and from it the helmsman overlooks the boat and river, but he does not



command the course. That responsibility rests on the bow pilot who swings a big oar to turn the boat this way or that where the waters dash and foam over rocks and shallows.

It was still early morning of May 12, a beautiful day, when we saw the magistrate ashore and cast off for our voyage. I had not seen any boats as large as ours, seventy feet over all, afloat



Houseboat on the Han

on the river, and watched with interest to see how she might be handled. Two heavy sculls, thirty feet long, are pivoted on outriggers, one on each side to propel the boat. They are worked by three men each, one man standing out on a springboard.

Our captain, the bow pilot, mounted a bale of reeds and seized the big bow oar, and off we went with the current. In a quarter of a mile we shot our first rapids, the crew responding to the pilot's refrain and throwing their strength into the stroke at his call. Harvey, Eliot, and I sat on top of our bamboo house, on the hurricane deck as it were, and, dangling our feet, watched the course.



Our bow pilot



Near Shih-ch'uan, the valley of the Han widens slightly and there are long cultivated slopes rising from the banks, but both above and below, throughout the distance of a hundred-odd miles we have come, the river flows in a beautiful canyon. Usually narrowed in as the Hudson is between Breakneck and Storm King near West Point, the stream is strong and bears one on rapidly past the masses of gray rock and greenery. Here and there is a little brown house hidden under its heavy thatch beside the feathery bamboo grove and a field of wheat, and often beyond it down the vista of the canyon is the violet silhouette of mountains rising as much as five thousand feet above us. Of grander environment than the Hudson, of more charming color than the Rhine, the canyon of the Han suggests them both, and even somber ruins are not wanting to remind one of the "castled crag of Drachenfels." Many hilltops have been fortified, and the partly fallen walls invite the inventive fancy to tales of daring and romance, but the truth is more often a simple story of frightened villagers.

We soon learned the method of navigation. To drift with the current suffices, so long as the water loiters, but when the boat is borne swiftly onward the men must scull with might and main to give her steerage way and send her across the rapids into the harbor of an eddy. Calling upon them, the bow pilot cries out: "*Yu hai!*" and they respond: "*Hai ya,*" and he: "*Hai ya hai!*" and they "*Hai ya!*" And the refrain and stroke keep even, steady time, till he interrupts, saying in a conversational tone: "*Shing ta ch'ai,*" to which they respond with a louder *Hai ya hai*, and a stronger stroke; and so, while the rapids foam and the boat is being carried straight on to a rock, the old pilot is making three-syllable remarks to which the men shout their answers. We run into the eddy and their voices sink deep and low, while the old man takes up the song again and carries it on in a yodel. Several times an hour the voices rose and fell, breaking the silences musically, and each time there was the pleasant excitement of swift motion and momentary risk. In von Richthofen's geological notes from the journal of the French priest Abbé David, (about 1720), there is one which I particularly remember for its brevity and

scientific accuracy: "Here the boat of Abbé David was wrecked on a granite rock." The place was Tse-yang, which we passed at noon the second day, but I was looking for that "granite rock" many times before we reached it.

When we came in sight of it, it seemed to fill the view like a half-submerged reef. The strong, smooth current flowed quietly but swiftly toward it and rose against it before it poured off in sparkling surges on either side. We were swept along, directly at the grim granite, the oarsmen urging us on and on, faster and faster. I held my breath—just as the broad bow seemed sure to strike, the bow pilot swung us off to the left and we rode the fall to the eddy below.

The bow pilot of the *Abbé David* delayed, perhaps, a moment too long.

Once the bow pilot asked us to come down from the hurricane deck, where we spent most of our time, as there was a particularly bad bit of water ahead. We could see the dark stretch of smooth water end in the even line above a fall and the white foam dancing beyond it. One of the crew left his position and going aft returned presently with a lighted paper, incense, and fire-crackers. Making his bow with clasped hands toward the rapids, he burned the incense on the bow and fired off the bunch of crackers. Then having bowed once more he kowtowed, and returned to throw his strength into his oar again. The spirit of the rapids, whether good or evil, was evidently propitiated, for we went over the crest and through the broken water like a duck. The granite rock of the *Abbé David* had seemingly more nearly finished us, but a miss is as good as a mile, especially when it is an intentional miss.

There is so far as we know no survey of this part of the Han in existence and no geological notes of any value, so we did what we could to secure them. Harvey spent the days with compass and watch in hand estimating our rate of progress over each reach and rapid. I had my eyes out for rocks, which proved, however, to be much of a sameness, schists and limestone of the metamorphosed Paleozoic series. Only late on the second day was there

any fact of special interest, when we ran into a district where graphitic anthracite of the Rhode Island type is mined.

At a picturesque little village, tucked under cliffs and slopes twelve hundred feet high, we laid up for the night and just before sunset I went off up the canyon side for an outlook. A zigzag path down which coal is slid served me. I passed mine after mine where a bunch of coal had been worked out and continued to the top of the ridge, in which the vertical and sharply folded coal beds are now being dug. The outlook up the canyon of the Han, whose profiles told the story of two or three successive valleys, each later one cut within the slopes of the earlier, was not only of great interest, but was exquisite in the evening lights. Walking back to the boat I passed the huts under the cliffs. In the twilight men and women were sitting in the doorsteps chatting and smoking, children played or ate rice with chopsticks, and pigs and dogs and goats shared the family company outdoors and in.

Soon after noon of the third day we ran out of the canyon into a district of low hills covered with deep red soil and cultivated throughout, a rich district, and about three o'clock we drew up to the bank near the western wall of Hsingan-fu. A busy suburb stretched up the river for a mile and many boats were loading and unloading.

## XXVI

# *Hsingan-fu to Ping-li*

HSINGAN-FU ON THE HAN—MR. BURGESS, CHINA INLAND MISSIONARY, DROPS IN—THE MAGISTRATE SENDS ESCORT WITH A BAND—THE PROCESSION IS AUGMENTED BY TWO PIGS—WE GO WITH BURGESS, THE BAND AND PIGS PROCEED—THE MAGISTRATE IS NOT FLATTERED—BURGESS' STORY—EXPERIENCES AMONG THE CHINESE OF HSINGAN-FU—SECOND ADVENTISTS—WHO WAS PETER?—WE ARE OFF ON A *SHAN-TAO* TO THE YANGTZE—THE STREAM AND PATH ARE BRAIDED—ARRIVAL AT P'ING-LI—COURTESY OF THE HSIEN—I NEED SMALL CHANGE AND GET BASKETS OF IT—I VISIT A COAL MINE—CURING THE MAGISTRATE'S WIFE—PASSING THROUGH A FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICT—AN INTRUDER

HAVING dispatched Li with our cards to the magistrate, we were in the cabin packing up when we heard in a deep-toned voice: "May I come in?" and a large Englishman, in the Chinese dress of the China Inland Mission, looked in. "My name is Burgess. We were not expecting to see any foreigners. Where are you from?"

As we chatted in the boat, the escort arrived from the magistrate to take us to the yamen. He had sent down his chair and red umbrella and an escort of soldiers for me. I declined the chair. Nevertheless, the procession formed, gongs and trumpets and flags and all; and we started out along the dike. I was following with all the dignity I could command when two fat pigs fell into line just in front of me and trotted along side by side. They were

so comically proper that I couldn't keep my face straight. Then one pig was seized by the hind leg by a well-meaning native and his squeals outdid the band. By a desperate effort he got away, squealing, and ran to rejoin his mate. We left him, however, and his fellow musicians on their way to the yamen and thoughtlessly followed Burgess, who slipped into his garden saying: "Here we are."

The band and the pigs arrived at the yamen where the magistrate and his attendant officials awaited us. I imagine they were surprised. Half an hour later some much-perplexed soldiers and servants came to Burgess' door to see if we were there.

I don't blame the magistrate for being angry. Our conduct was outrageous.

Engrossed with Burgess, I did not realize how outrageous till I told Li San to present my compliments to the magistrate and ask him for a gang of sixty coolies to go across the mountains to the Yangtze. Li looked troubled, but silently obeyed. Presently he came back to report: "Magistrate say Wei Dahren know so well care for he self can find coolies."

I hastened to propitiate him with apologies and a five-pound box of candied fruits and chocolates, but he quite reasonably would have nothing to do with the barbarian. He did not, however, actively oppose me, and Li, with the aid of Burgess and the testimony of the coolies who had come from Chou-chi-hsien that we had been good bosses, succeeded in recruiting a new gang.

Burgess is an interesting character. He has told his story without reserve. Englishman by birth and brought up in London, his independent spirit protested the arrogance of the aristocracy and he migrated to Australia and became a trainer in a gymnasium. He had done social-service work in London and was led by his missionary purpose to join the Chinese Inland Mission Society. After three years' study in Shanghai, he came up to this remote province and for several years went from village to village as an itinerant missionary. He repeatedly came to Hsingan-fu, but was as repeatedly driven away and stoned.

In the course of his wanderings he visited a mission for girls



and there found a lady friend of Melbourne days, who had also obeyed the missionary call. They married and at once came to Hsingan-fu to establish their house. Burgess demanded shelter and protection according to treaty and they could not be turned away, but were received as grudgingly as possible.

For a year or more the Burgesses lived in the poorest inn on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by filth and squalor. One must have stayed in the like to realize it. But in time they won their way by kindness and helpfulness to the women and children and were allowed to occupy a piece of ground outside the walls and running down to the river. "A great advantage," said Burgess, "in case we had to take the children and fight our way to a boat."

"The people come about us," said Mrs. Burgess; "they are very friendly, but there are very few who dare come out for Christ. They are a hard people."

Both she and Mr. Burgess do medical work, she having been a trained nurse in Melbourne, he having read up and picked up some surgical and medical knowledge.

As I lunched with them on Sunday, an old Chinese came anxiously. Burgess listened to him. "Both of them, indeed! Very well, I'll get you the medicine." And then to me: "A case of opium suicide, or rather two; son and daughter-in-law, furiously angry, both take opium to spite each other."

He got the emetic and as the old man counted out a hundred cash he explained: "We have found it necessary to charge a small amount for each lot of medicine—I have been so overrun with these cases and a good many of them bogus. Two people quarreling, one says: 'I'll be revenged, I'll take opium, and my spirit shall haunt you through all eternity'; then he swallows a lot of black stuff with enough opium to put him to sleep, and when I rouse him, he says: 'Never mind, teacher, I was fooling them'." Not long ago Burgess saved the life of the "little wife" of the magistrate, for which service he is in high favor.

"Infanticide is common," said Mrs. Burgess; "that woman who is nursing Maggie (their 2½-year-old) has killed one or two

of her children, and of seven women in the family to which she belongs, five have done the same."

These are glimpses of the depths which the missionaries sound as they labor among these people. Dr. Edwards at Tai Yuan and Dr. Hagquist at Sian told me similar stories.

I wonder and ponder and wonder again at the marvelous devotion which holds them to their work. In the instance of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess the explanation lies in the fact that they belong to that class of Christians of whom General Booth is an example. I do not know that they have ever been of the Salvation Army, but they work on similar lines.

Also they are sincere Second Adventists. Burgess spoke very earnestly of the prophecy of the reign of Jesus, saying: "We are approaching the greatest event in the history of the world, the return of the Lord Jesus. He is choosing out his elect. If I thought that I was working to convert all Chinese, I would despair and go home, but the Lord is selecting His own. He will come and reign a thousand years and in that time there will be no death. I should not be surprised if He came in the next sixty or a hundred years."

"I hope He will come before that," said Mrs. Burgess, "or I will not live to see Him."

Perhaps you ask how much of this Adventist belief they are teaching the Chinese. Very little, if any, I think.

The China Inland Mission to which they belong is a Protestant co-operative society, embracing men and women of many sects and many countries. Mr. Burgess remarked that thirty-one countries and colonies were represented by those who were studying Chinese at the Society's college near Shanghai, when he was learning there. "We simply preach the Gospel as Protestants," he said, and others of the China Inland Mission have told me the same.

Mr. Burgess is assisted in his work by an old Chinese whose white hair corresponds with a kindly venerable face. "He is a born orator," said Burgess, "and when he was somewhat stronger, he swayed audiences of two or three thousand people."

Another helper, whose chief missionary work is selling Bibles, was recently asked by anxious students: "What do you know about Peter, Peter the Great? Do your books tell of him?" "Of course they do," said he, "here's all about Peter," and he sold many Bibles. The troubled students were seeking information to answer the question put by their magistrate in the great annual examination: "Who was Peter the Great?" and there was a good laugh at their expense. Burgess was in fact at the bottom of it, for he had given the magistrate a world history, from which the question was taken.

From Saturday to Monday we enjoyed his hospitality, being lodged in a newly built two-story house, designed for mission work among Chinese women. We noticed the unusually large tree trunks which ran as columns from ground to roof. "Yes," said Burgess, "there are plenty of them in the mountains, but the Chinese cannot get them out. I went in there, cut them and got them down to the river, and drove them down myself. The lot cost me sixteen taels. As soon as I got them here merchants and others wanted to buy them, and I sold what I did not want for what the whole had cost me. So these stand here for nothing." There you have another side of the man, energetic, thrifty, practical.

*En route south of Hsingan-fu, Shensi, May 18, 1904.* We are well under way again with a coolie-train on the mountain trail. We left Hsingan-fu yesterday morning and made a short day of it to a little village by a river in the hills, Hsiang-ho-k'ou. Today we are following up a small tributary in a narrow, crooked ravine between bluffs of gray slate and overhanging masses of luxuriant green. Harvey is surveying, and Eliot and I, having no attractions off the way, are keeping him company.

The brook and trail are twined like a braid of two strands and as it happens the stream at a crossing is always on top. Where the native spends his days in plowing, harrowing, or planting the rice fields, up to his knees in mud and water, a bridge on the road would be an unnecessary luxury, so we take it as he does and in past and future ford this little river seventy-six times, so we are

told. Wading is not a novel experience and I have learned the truth of a remark which a fellow geologist once made to me: "What you want is a shoe that will let the water out." My boots let it in readily enough, but they have not been bad as reservoirs if often enough filled. They have, however, tramped their last long mile.

The universal footgear here is a grass sandal, of which this skit of one of mine, on which I have come eighteen miles today,



Grass sandal

may give you some idea; it lets water in or out perfectly, especially when worn without a sock, and is so light on the foot that one feels barefooted. It differs from the sandal with which we are familiar in that no string passes between the toes, but the guard of the big toe is extended as a string and carried

back through two loops in the heel guard. They are to be had anywhere. Every old man can braid them, bunches of them hang in the doorway of each rest house by the road, and their price of 10 cash a pair (6/10 of a cent) makes it no extravagance to wear out a pair in a day or two.

*P'ing-li, Shensi, May 19, 1904*

# ARRIVAL

(To my boys)

Two little boys in tall black caps  
And two whose caps were red,  
Jolly little round-faced pigtailed chaps  
Ran up the bank ahead.

Before them soldiers twelve belong  
With spears and scarlet coats,  
And boys who beat the big brass gong.  
Look out there, pigs and goats.

Then comes my chair with bearers four,  
Li runs along beside  
While of pop-u-lace full many score  
Try hard to peep inside.

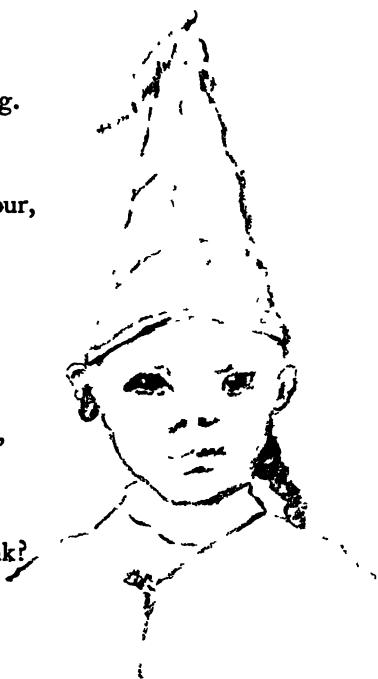
"He's just a man!" "Do see his eyes,  
Pale blue, like light of hell!"

"His hat his horns may well disguise!"

"He's good, I heard them tell."

"Just look at that! What do you think?  
He laughed at Wawa Ch'ang!"

"And yes, I'm sure I saw him wink  
At bright little Shao Fang!"



And now we come where the Hsien in state  
And old men in queer hats  
The coming Wei-kua-ren await,  
Their smile like Pussy-cat's.

You're mouse or rat, they're not sure which,  
A novel kind of game,  
In courteous smile there can be no hitch;  
Be sure you smile the same.

You clasp your hands and bend quite low,  
The Hsien he also bows,  
Then takes a cup of tea just so  
As ancient law allows.

He puts it where the guest shall sit  
Upon his own left hand,  
But stay, you may not taste of it,  
Lest they misunderstand.



"Your health is good? A weary way  
You've come o'er hill and vale.  
We hope you many days will stay,  
Nor risk the mountain trail."

"Your honored years? You look much older!"  
—A Chinese compliment—  
"You Wei-kua-ren are stronger, bolder,  
Your mind's on learning bent."

My thanks expressed, I take my tea,  
In sign I wish to go.  
I hope them all right soon to see,  
To one another know.

The soldiers shout, the gong is beat,  
My chair is raised up high,  
The natives throng the narrow street  
To see Dahren pass by.

There is more truth than poetry in the preceding lines, and though someone may remark that that does not require much truth, they do in fact express the principal features of my reception at P'ing-li. I was a day ahead of Harvey and Eliot, as arrangements had to be made to carry both food and money for the trip to Ta-ning, and so I had to be the whole show. We are almost but not quite, the first foreigners in P'ing-li except Mr. Burgess, who wears Chinese dress. Those who preceded us were the English officers, Colonel Manifold, Captain Bernardston, and Captain Mahon, who have been making a general reconnaissance of the region north of the Yangtze during the past six months. They are the pioneers in this region and were at P'ing-li about six weeks ago. We have hoped to meet them, but they are off to the west or north of us. However, we have excited enough interest, even though not first, to satisfy us.

I was carried through the crowded street and up to our quarters in the upper part of the town on the hill slope among beautiful trees, and was ascending the stone steps of a large, elaborately ornate building, when I was told the Hsien and Colonel had come to call. They had followed me immediately from the reception outside the gate, an extra touch of courtesy. I went down the steps at once to receive them and, assuming the position of host, I seated and teaed and entertained them for half an hour. The accompanying sketch was meant for Colonel Chou and is enough like him to have been recognized by Li, as it lay on my table. The Hsien is a much younger man, large and hearty, one of the most Chinese and best-looking Chinese faces I have seen.

On the following morning I called on them both, and the business of hiring coolies, buying rice, and changing silver into copper cash was put in such train that it was all accomplished by evening. I have more than twelve hundred taels of silver in my boxes, weighing nearly a hundred pounds, but I might as well have paving bricks so far as its use for money goes. Enough of it must be changed into copper cash, of which from 1,000 to 1,200 are worth 63 cents, to pay our expenses for two weeks; it makes several heavy coolie loads and is carried in big baskets covered by a piece of cotton cloth.

I was two days at P'ing-li waiting for the boys, who were detained by rains, and one afternoon went down into a near-by coal mine. The burrow, it was nothing else, was about 250 feet deep and wormed around where the miners had been able to find the much-broken vein of coal. The burrow was just wide enough to let my shoulders pass, often touching both sides, and high enough to walk in by stooping very low. At convenient points were little shafts, good oubliettes to fall into, and at the bottom were three diverging tunnels. There was no ventilation and the temperature was ninety-odd.

As I groped my way down behind my Chinese guide, a naked figure, streaked black and brown with coal and sweat, popped up out of the darkness and offered his hand to help me down. "Thanks," said I, "you are a most obliging devil. Is it any hotter where you came from?" He grinned and taking my dying lamp gave me one he had freshened up, a saucerful of oil in which floated half a dozen bits of something like vermicelli. Several other devils in the same attire, a pair of straw sandals, joined us and I was passed down among them, squeezing by this one and taking a hand from that. When I came out a basin of hot water was offered me to wash my hands and a cup of tea was served to refresh me. One of the devils, who had followed me out, stood unabashed in the by no means small company, and, at first declining, finally accepted my proffer of a few hundred cash for himself and his mates.

Those wicked boys, Harvey and Eliot, have not done laugh-



ing at me yet, though P'ing-li is over the mountains and far away, and what set them going was this. "Sir, Mr. Wei, Mr. Li, the Hsien, send his head servant, please Wei Dahren having some medicine could cure wife?" We were eating breakfast just before leaving and Li San wore his deprecating look.

"What's the matter with her, Li?"

"She getting very angry sometime, she face go all crooked." Li screwed up his face. "Wei Dahren maybe got something make straight?"

That was a poser. The lady's face was not permanently unsymmetrical, but became so when she was angry.

I reflected. "Nerves? Congestion of circulation?" Much puzzled I opened my medicine chest. It was most important not to kill her. My eye lighted on a large tube of lanolin. I had an idea.

With the tube in hand I turned to the magistrate's head servant and beckoning Li San said gravely: "Li San, you tell magistrate's servant very straight what I tell you, very straight. You understand?"

Li San was all attention and the head servant was listening intently.

I rubbed a bit of the lanolin on my finger: "This very good stuff. Very, very good. When magistrate's wife get angry and she face go all crooked, she rub she face with this good stuff *till she forget what make she mad*. Then she get well."

An hour later the magistrate kowtowed to the ground as he thanked me. Yet those wicked boys, Eliot and Harvey, are laughing at me for curing paralysis with cold cream!

(P.S. I learned two weeks later that two Catholic priests, who followed us to P'ing-li, were killed there. Had they no lanolin?)

May 24. P'ing-li is over the hills and far away, and we can count on our fingers the days of travel to Ta-ning, the last days of research in China. We are looking eagerly forward to the end, but we would most gladly escape the experiences of the week ahead. We all dread it.

In this district a year ago there was a so-called rebellion, an

outbreak of violence against native Roman Catholics. It was put down by troops. It occurred just at the harvest season and wheat rotted in the fields. The rice crop was not planted. Later on the magistrate at Cheng-P'ing, being persuaded that chickens and eggs were causing sickness, gave orders that all chickens should be killed. Want is here, famine is not far off; many are living on the pith of fern roots, some are starving. These facts we heard at Hsing-an and they were corroborated at P'ing-li. What is being done in the way of relief from Hsing-an where rice could be brought by boat or from Ta-ning in reach of the Yangtze? What steps are the officials taking in the famine-threatened district? What contributions are well-to-do merchants and farmers of near-by cities and districts making? Oh, nothing! But is there no individual or common impulse to relieve the distress? No, and there is no agency through whom it could be applied even if there were.

A rich man of Peking gave forty thousand taels to relieve the famine-stricken people of Shansi some years ago and placed it in the hands of his most trusted servant. Later he sent spies to ascertain how much had been distributed. Only one half had, the other half had gone into the servant's pocket, although he turned away the starving, saying: "There is no more."

"Well, what can we do as we pass through? Could we carry extra bags of rice and at any village in which we stayed distribute to the most needy?"

"It would be very dangerous to attempt anything of the kind; word would precede you and you would be met by several hundred people perhaps. The story would be circulated that you had been sent by the government or by foreigners, and if you did not give or could not give you would be mobbed and your own supply of rice be taken."

"But how are we to travel and stay among a starving people, we having plenty? Will they not rob our coolies or beg of us? We couldn't turn them away."

"No, they will not beg. They will not steal. They would lose face. A Chinese goes hungry for three or four days, he does not

ask for help, but when his fate is sealed sits down and dies. It is Fate. Finished."

That is the gist of several talks with Mr. Burgess who had recently returned from a trip across a part of the district west of us where the famine is more severe than here and people are dying.

*May 25.* I will not enlarge upon the famine. Thus far we see but little evidence of it. Some very poor are hungry, at many houses baskets or bowls of greens of some sort are being eaten; we are told that food is very scarce and high-priced. Yesterday a little old woman, toiling up the mountain path with a bundle of straw, leaned against the doorstep of a good house and asked for food. The owner answered: "We have not, go on, go on," and gave her one cash. "What good is this?" said she, "I can't eat it, it will buy nothing here!" I gave her chocolate and as the children of the household gathered wistfully round they got the rest. To-day an emaciated old man got part of my luncheon. It may be dangerous, but I can't help it.

We long ago forgot to be afraid of the Chinese. Perhaps we might in time get too careless, for it is well established that a crowd of them is dangerous unless judiciously handled. But as we meet them, ten or a dozen or a score or two, we find no reason whatever to fear them. Through this district we are carrying revolvers, but the natives as a rule do not know what they are, even when we take them out and show them.

The other night we were much entertained by Li San's defense of our privacy. We were housed in a temple with many idols about. It was the hour of the second Chinese watch, when all good and honest men are supposed to have retired to rest. We three will still writing at our table. Glancing up, I thought the eyes of an idol in a dark corner moved. I continued writing but watched that unusually alert demon. Yes, the eyes did move and rolled to and fro, surveying the surroundings.

I called: "Li San, *lai la*." Li came. "What that man doing there?"

Li dragged out a man, much bigger than himself, and hauled

him outside. We heard a few words, two resounding blows, and a stumbling fall. There was silence. Li did not come back.

"Well, Li?" said I next morning, "you and the gentleman who was here last night didn't seem to agree very well?"

"I give him something, sir."

"A piece of silver, Li?"


"No, sir, I asking him what he wanting; he want see foreigners. I tell him I come his house that time night, he don't know me, what you do to me, I say. He don't like that, so I give him two toothaches, he go out."

I laughed. "He go out," had been most ludicrously described by Harvey who saw our little bantam kick the much bigger man through the door.

## XXVII

# *Down to the Yangtze Kiang*

MEMORIES—CHI-SHING-LING PASS—STREAM DIVERSION—CHINESE GONDOLAS ON THE TA-NING-HO—AN EXCITING BOAT TRIP—ARCHITECTURE OF THE CANYONS—TA-NING-HSIEN, THE MAGISTRATE'S TOWN BELOW MA-EHR-TAN, WHERE THE YOUNG MEN SOUGHT AMUSEMENT—SHAO EHR-KO TO THE FORE—POOR PIGGY GOT THE WORST OF IT—I REMIND THE HEADMAN OF THE CONSEQUENCES TO HIMSELF IF FOREIGNERS HURT—A CHARGE OF CAVALRY TURNED BY HARVEY—OUR LOYAL COOLIES FROM HSINGAN-FU—WUSHAN ON THE YANGTZE ABOVE THE FIRST GORGE—OUR EXPLORATION FINISHED—GOOD-BYE TO THE GOVERNOR'S GUARD FROM SIAN-FU, FAR ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—RUNNING THE GORGE OF THE YANGTZE—THE DRAGON PLAYS WITH US—ICHANG, THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION—THE STEAMER *TUNG TING*—"HAVE YOU ROOM FOR PASSENGERS, CAPTAIN?" "WHAT CLASS?"—AFTERNOON TEA WITH MRS. MALLORY—GOOD-BYE, LI SAN—  
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

 CHI-SHING-LING Pass, May 28, 1904. The seventh day

since we left P'ing-li and the twelfth from Hsingan-fu is closed and we are at the foot of the pass by which we cross to the direct tributaries of the Yangtze. We have been coming slowly, seven to ten miles a day, through the most beautiful region I have ever seen. Not the wildest, not the grandest, not the most majestic, but the most beautiful, as that which is perfect is beautiful.



Chi-shing-ling Pass



Between Storm King and Crow's Nest at home on the Hudson is a dell where oaks and birches overhang a brook and the gray mossy granite. I played there long, long ago and watched the sunlight and shade in rippling dance upon the mirror of a pool. The mountains shut in Mother and me. We seemed so far from Idlewild. Swimming once, still long ago, in a deep, narrow gorge toward a waterfall, I turned upon my back and looked up between the overhanging walls past the fringing ferns and trees to the brilliant sky and clouds. I was in the cool darkness of an underworld, they shone with a light like heaven—I have often lingered on the mountainside to enjoy the contrasting impressions of the near and far, of the massive form and the delicate foliage, of the deep invisible greens and golden sunny lights. Along by the sparkling brooks and rivers, down in the deep ravines, under the semi-tropical growth of these splendid mountains, these memories have been called up and intensified.

*Ta-miao-tze, May 29, 1904, Szechwan.* "Mr. Kuang Sheng-ti very good friend you gentlemens'," said Li, as I came into the temple out of the rain. "He very often ask you stop with him." I looked up at the fierce-visaged idol of the God of War and admitted our indebtedness. We have more often stayed under his roof than under any other and have been better housed by him.

Ta-miao-tze, the place of the great temple, is a group of mountain huts and the temple itself is not a large one. We occupy the main building with the idols. In front is a small square court, which is much lower, and on each side of it a little room where our boys cook and sleep. We are over the Chi-shing-ling, the pass at which Shensi, Hupei, and Szechwan corner, and are starting down directly to the Yangtze. What that means those who have not spent eight months in China away from home can hardly realize.

The Chi-shing-ling is a remarkable pass, unlike any that I know elsewhere, and of unusual beauty. Approaching it, we left Cheng-p'ing, the last magistrate's town in Shensi, and spent the day by a clear tumbling river whose course across the mountain ridges led it sometimes through pretty valleys, sometimes through gorges.



Late in the afternoon we passed the mouth of a large western fork and turned eastward up its mate, with high craggy mountains both to north and south. Somewhere in the southern heights was the Chi-shing-ling, but no gap betrayed it. Next day we followed up a brook, which wound beneath high precipices, and presently two mountain spurs approached like jaws closing in the deep ravine. As though escaping through a crevice the brook leaped from between them, from the deep shadow of a pass scarce six feet wide into sunlight, and our path, chiseled from the limestone wall, led into the defile. Thence upward for several thousand feet, path and stream wound past cliffs, till the former turned to zigzag steeply toward the Chi-shing-ling. I climbed it, crossed the mountain ridge, and looked forward, downward toward the Yangtze Kiang. I had long anticipated that view, wonderingly.

A great river in a great valley, great mountains sloping toward it, and their foothills lost in the mist above the stream? That might be expected, but if so what of the heights that form the gorges of the Yangtze? This latter question I had answered for myself some time ago and I was not surprised to see to the southward range beyond range, higher than my position, the summits lost in gathering thunder clouds, the bases carved by profound canyons. But it was curious to note that a stream which belonged on the Yangtze's side of the divide and ran its upper course as a tributary of that river turned northward at the Chi-shing-ling and squeezing through the cranny in the tremendous limestone wall became part of the river we had followed up. Its former course lay plain before me in a valley floor now a thousand feet above the brook, and its modern canyon presents the wild narrows and eccentric features of a diverted stream.

Reasoning back to the cause of diversion, I found the Chi-shing-ling one of the most interesting places I have seen in China. Harvey and I stayed an hour on the pass together surveying and photographing, while the coming storm rolled up in the southwest. With his quick eye and practiced pencil he sighted and sketched the curious relations of the valleys that are and those that were. He appreciated my need of facts and entered into the

problem of diversion as but few men not students of physiography could.

Then we surveyed down the first abrupt pitch into the canyon which leads to the Yangtze, but were caught by the storm some four miles from this temple, the Ta-miao-tze; and it was a pair of dripping foreigners whom the lieutenant in charge of police greeted as we approached it. It really was hard to return his salute with proper dignity, while the water leaked through my old black felt and ran off the tip of my nose! You need not think I wore my sable south of Sian-fu.

*En route to Ta-ning-hsien, Szechwan, June 2, 1904.* We are running the Ta-ning-ho, a river to delight an expert canoeist and to upset an awkward one. Our boats are built on the canoe model and handled by men who live in them and in the river. The Venetian gondola is suggested by the upturned flaring stern and bow and by the position of the two boatmen who, standing high aft and forward, steer and pole. Forty feet long and five wide, the boats have a good cargo capacity, yet ride lightly on the water, and give the swift current but little hold.

The men are powerful fellows, some nearly and some of them quite naked when not conveying distinguished passengers, but in our boats wearing a cotton shirt. Their legs are bare from hip to heel and are muscular as those of athletes. In balancing to push or bracing to fend off, the bow man strikes attitudes of grace and strength, while the helmsman, swaying with the boat, his eye fixed on the broken water ahead, is the expression of alertness and confidence.

The rapids past, they drop into positions of rest and we drift along. The motion quickens again, the water draws toward a dark funnel, beside which it curls and breaks. We speed down the middle, right on to the vertical canyon wall ahead, as it seems, but in the midst of the tossing breakers the bow man has turned our course and we slip safely by. Now it is shallow but swift and there are many rocks. The two men spring overboard and, though they stagger in the current, let us slowly down.

An exciting boat trip could not be made amid more beautiful

surroundings. We have passed below the heights from which we looked across to mountain beyond mountain, but the mountains continue and we are down in them, in canyons of splendid sculpture and exquisite beauty. A gray limestone, toning into buff tints and pearl, is the background of the scene and lends it unending variety.

Now the horizontal strata retreat step by step in castellated crags to great buttressed summits three thousand feet above us; now standing vertically they rise in pinnacled arêtes to similar heights. There are many lower points, terraces, and castles and slanting architectural lines; nor are grandly sweeping arches wanting. The gray cliffs are festooned with green, the light-tinted feathery green of the mountain bamboo, whose plumes like huge pampas grass overhang them or strive upward against their bases. Through the deep shadows of this grandeur and along its moonlit stretches, Mother has floated with me. Can you enter into her enjoyment of it? Can we, any of us, know what the recollection of beautiful scenes was to her or learn to make them equally our joy and solace?

*Ta-ning-hsien, June 2, 1904.* Ta-ning-hsien has been our Mecca for several weeks. Lying on the southern border of the little-known mountain region of Shensi and Szechwan within easy reach of the Yangtze, it has been the open door toward which each day's work has carried us a little farther. The town is among relatively low hills with higher mountains through which the river flows in deep canyons, both up stream and down. It is an attractive little place, its light-tinted wall facing the shingle beach and the house roofs and temple gables appearing among masses of foliage. We are given a room in a large temple, the outer gates and courts of which are very elaborate. Along each side of one of the courts are groups of figures, each about two feet high and altogether perhaps two hundred in number, representing the judging of the dead and their subsequent experiences. According to the groups, by far the majority are worthy of punishment, which is inflicted in most realistic manner by gleeful devils. If terror taught virtue, this exhibition would reform any





A mountain temple

sinner except him whose sense of the ridiculous might neutralize its effect. The manikins are some of them ludicrously funny.

I have been out on the high steps of the entrance porch, where, overlooking the lower buildings, I photographed the picturesque roof lines and foliage and the mountains. The people who gathered to the number of a hundred or more were rudely ordered back out of the way by the official servant, but after I had sat down hard on him they came quietly about me and watched without annoying. It was a different story yesterday at the little village of Ma-ehr-tan.

Even a pig does not know what it may run up against in China.

Ma-ehr-tan is a portage village, there being heavy rapids in the river, and its inhabitants make their living by transferring merchandise. There are many stout young fellows among them and like longshoremen elsewhere they enjoy a rough joke. Eliot was their first victim. As he walked along the street to the inn they drove a fat pig between his legs and nearly knocked him off the cliff.

So good a joke would bear repeating. Half an hour later I came with Shao Ehr-ko, and we stood awhile on a wall at the far end of the village taking photographs. The jokers had plenty of time.

The work done, I passed quietly through the crowd, which did not follow as closely as usual, but presently four large pigs and a score of little ones rushed by me. In two or three minutes back they came and soon passed me a third and fourth time. It's a quick pig that catches me when I'm on guard, but the roughs had begun to hoot and openly take a hand. The funny part was over. The path was merely the top of a wall, the houses crowding it on the left, the river shingle being thirty feet below on the right. It was not more than four feet wide where the scared, squealing pigs charged by for the fifth time. The little squealers and three big ones got past, but the fourth stopped and went down on its knees, half-stunned. It had met my hammer.

Then I turned on the rabble, hammer in hand, and advanced a step. Shao Ehr-ko, "Little Son," immediately jumped in front

of me shouting insults. I was really afraid there might be a fight. I stepped in between. But those within reach of my hammer broke and ran, while others climbed the wall and took up stations to see the fun.

Turning my back on them I walked slowly to the inn. No one followed, but I passed poor piggy, sadly shaking her head and wondering what she had run up against.

I sent at once for the headman of the village and gave him a lecture on the teachings of Confucius, the degeneracy of modern youth in Ma-ehr-tan, and the inconvenience to himself of being bamboozed, if anything should occur in his village and he should be summoned before his superior magistrate. Our inn was not besieged that evening as usual, but in the morning two horses were driven onto us at the lower end of the village.

There the narrow path descended by a long flight of steps to the river. As Harvey and I went down them two ponies came on at a gallop. They no doubt were used to the steps, but would usually take them at a less reckless gait, I imagine. We heard them coming and let the first one pass, but Harvey, who was following behind me, turned and slapped the second in the face with his notebook. Then he seized it by the nose and shut off its wind. As it kicked he twisted it around and sent it back up the steps with a slap on its haunches.

Having thus demonstrated his contempt of the rabble of Ma-ehr-tan he set up his plane table and spent half an hour coolly surveying the river gorge. I stayed with him, but I did not, as I often do, snap elastics with the children or show my instruments. It's a pity the good people of Ma-ehr-tan did not find out how kindly disposed we really are.

Here I want to record the loyalty of our coolies from Hsingan-fu. I do not know their names—there are sixty of them—but we have come a long way together, we have helped each other on the trail and in the ford, yet I have always been Wei Dahren to them and I have not spared them.

When, at Ma-ehr-tan, I had dismissed the headman of the village, I paid off the coolie gang, gave them a bonus for good

service, wished them a good journey home, and regretfully expected to see them start out. They lingered around, talked among themselves.

"What the matter, Li? Not satisfied?"

"Yes, Mr. Wei, sir. They very much satisfied. Like work for you; not like people this village. Say they no good. Say they stay till you safe in boats."

And stay they did. If they had not there might have been an "accident."

*Wushan—on the Yangtze Kiang, June 6, noon.* By a curious coincidence this is the date we set in making plans some four months ago as that on which we would probably reach the Yangtze Kiang, and today we are here; not at Kwei-chou-fu, as I first proposed, nor at Wan-hsien, as I later thought desirable, but at a point well within the great gorges and quite as satisfactory for our purposes.

Our work in China is done. We have had our opportunity and the task remaining is to show what we have accomplished. That we will do, and accept the judgment which may follow. I do not yet realize that the vague possibilities of a long journey in the interior have become realities and been experienced; but I do know that before us is an easy journey and *home* is at the end of it.

From Ta-ning to Wushan has been a charming boat trip, our little shallops floating under superb cliffs and dancing down tossing rapids. Nothing of their kind can be more exquisitely beautiful than these deep defiles, along which the Ta-ning-ho winds across the mountains; I can think of nothing more delightful for two congenial, nature-loving, venturesome spirits than to guide their canoe along the silent reaches and down the swift, foaming waves.

I have spent hours of delight looking up at the grand cliffs, hung with verdure, I have tried to spot the monkeys who threw stones at us, the boatmen said, and I have looked with the interest of a boy at the approach of a fall we must shoot but could not see.

We float lazily down a still reach. Paddlers in the leading



boat ahead take notice of their position and begin to urge their craft toward an angle in the smooth line where the dark mirror of the water meets the more distant view. There is the hidden fall.

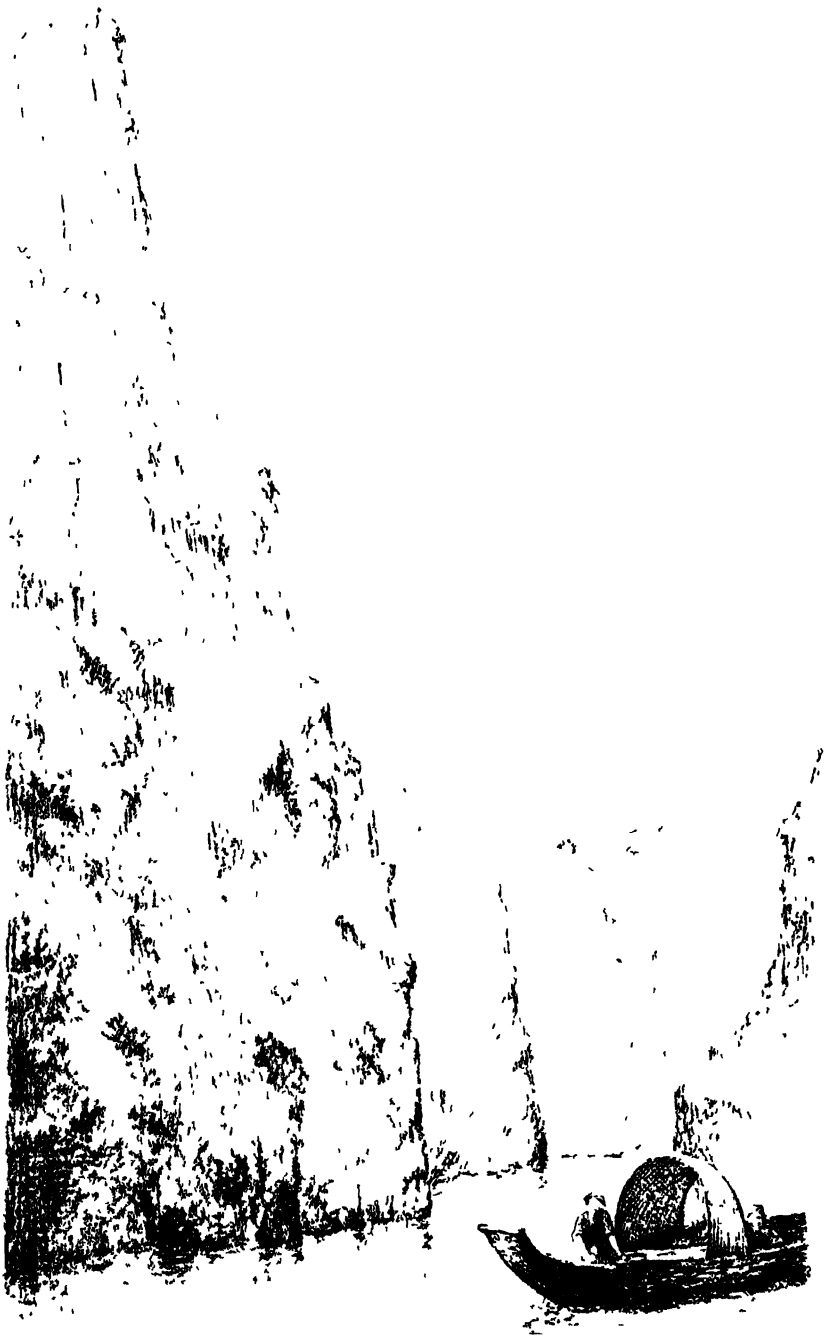
Their boat suddenly speeds forward. It tilts as the bow goes over and in a moment it has disappeared. Perhaps it reappears floating down the reach below; or perhaps we tilt after it and take the jump in our turn. It's a grand sport. We three have each our own little shallop and take our chance with our own crew of two boatmen.

It chanced that my bow man once got his bamboo pole jammed between the boat and a cliff as he tried to fend off and it was split for a foot or two. It hung useless. He looked at it ruefully. I reached for it, straightened it, and taking a stout string from my pocket I wound it as a boy does the handle of a baseball bat, drawing the end of the string under so that it cannot ravel. He watched me closely, tried the pole and found it sound, and nodded to me with a smile.

The knot was new to him, but he would show me. In the next long reach he took the opportunity to cut the winding at the point where it would waste the least of the string and rewind the lashing. Then he passed it to me for approval.

The last fall of all, but a short distance from the Yangtze, most taxed their skill. Falling perhaps six feet in a hundred, the waters are restricted to a channel much narrower than usual between a gravel bar on the west and a cliff on the east. The main current is against the cliff and strong cross currents make a chop sea, which is running fifteen miles an hour. Square in midstream is a big black rock over which a crown of water dashes high. With the waves breaking over the side, we were swept toward this rock by the irresistible current, while the bow man plied his bamboo pole with all his might. We were on to it, above it! It would come through the bottom! No. That great crowning wave tossed us off and we sped on through the breakers to the eddying pool.

*June 7, on the Yangtze Kiang.* Yesterday morning as we broke



A still reach on the Ta-ning-ho



our last camp on the Ta-ning-ho, I sent Li ahead to Wushan to secure a boat or boats to take us to Ichang, the head of steamboat navigation. It was not an easy task, for the Chinese usually want at least twenty-four hours' notice in order to ascertain if the day is auspicious and to arrange for their families, and my instructions were to have boats ready to leave in three hours; but Li managed it and had three boats ready to start at once. An hour was spent at Wushan for Harvey's last bit of surveying and we were off.

Our grip on Chinese associations loosened as just before casting off we said good-bye to the four faithful fellows, the policemen who, having been detailed by the Governor of Shensi, have been our constant companions since leaving Sian-fu. We had become much attached to them for their excellent qualities. One had been daily with Harvey, one with Eliot, and the other two with me. Always ready and willing, never noisy nor obtrusive, in many respects apt and intelligent beyond our expectations, they have won our respect and been most efficient aides. As representatives of picked Chinese soldiers they are a credit to their people. They seemed sorry to leave us and I did not feel that the silver they received was more to them than our good wishes.

We are afloat in three "red boats"—red, the official color. A legend on each side describes them as life-saving boats, or perhaps police boats. When we set out from Wushan our half-naked crews put on sleeveless jackets of bright red trimmed with black and we became brilliant dashes of color on the broad brown flood of the Yangtze. Each boat is a narrow-nosed scow, forty-odd feet long and six wide, heavily built, decked fore and aft, and covered amidships by a low arching mat of bamboo. Five men standing forward row with slender poles swung in rawhide loops to rickety uprights. Their stroke is a quick jerk, begun with arms raised above their heads and finished with hands at the waist. It is half over before the oar catches the water and the oar is half out of the water before the stroke ends. Singing a refrain and stamping their feet, they suggest to one who is not looking a

strong pull and a long pull and a pull all together, but as compared with the power of wind and current, they are flies winging a straw in a gale.

The Yangtze is an awful stream. Its sullen flood inspires fear. Silently it plays with us, now favoring our voyage, speeding us bow on on our course, anon twirling us round and round and mockingly sending us stern foremost into a swift upstream current. The light of day dances on its surface; beneath lie invisible deeps or rocks or shallows. It serpentine among the mountains, dragon-like, and current coils about current like a dragon's brood. A smooth reach invites our steersman and we approach it; suddenly a broad eddying fountain is belched out in our wake and ahead we see opening the funnel-like mouth of a widening whirlpool. Shouting, the men ply their puny strokes, but they avail little. We would go down in the fearful spiral, except that the lazy leviathan sinks into sleep again. May he not yet rouse to engulf us? How many have "sunk into thy depths with bubbling groan, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown?"

It was not with such thoughts that I had expected to pass through the far-famed Yangtze Gorges. Justly famed as they are for splendidly sweeping curves of the mighty river and grandly towering cliffs beside it, they do not equal in beauty the canyon of the Ta-ning-ho, they cannot approach it in delicacy of form or charm of color or exquisite contrast of light and shade. And yet the Yangtze is a superb colossus. As we floated away from the red hills of the valley near Wushan-hsien and looked down the river, the grand gorge of the Wushan ("Five Mountains") came in sight. Limestone strata rise three thousand feet above the stream, curving in a perfect arch, whose soaring lines suggest to me "Let each new temple, nobler than the last, shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast"—so do they rise heavenward. And when the twilight had faded last evening and the Chinese about us had fallen asleep, the eddying flood of the river, the huge mountain forms, and the vast spaces of starlit universe were in harmonious proportion. On the river, over the



Ichang Gorge

Ichang Gorge of the Yangtze



mountains, through the interstellar spaces, my spirit glided into the Infinite.

*Ichang, aboard the Tung Ting, June 8, 1904.* Early this afternoon three little boats bore down on the big *Tung Ting* as she lay at anchor off Ichang and an unshaven, sunburnt chap wearing grass sandals, torn shirt, blue-cotton Chinese pants, and a dilapidated black felt hat made his way over the junks about her and up to the captain's cabin. That officer was just finishing his spick-and-span toilet before going ashore. "Good day, Captain, when do you sail?" "At 4:00 A.M." "Have you room for passengers?" "Y-e-s. What class?"

Running to the side the chap shouted, "All aboard! All aboard for Shanghai!" Harvey and Eliot took up the glad cry, and so our trip through China came to an end.

Fortune has been very kind in all our journey and she is so, still. Without delay we pass on our way and from the papers we learn that the *Mongolia*, the newest and biggest, sails on the 20th, giving us ample time to reach her. We will come by her unless her passenger list is full. May Fortune still be kind in that instance.

As the Captain was going ashore and would take me, I went with him to buy tickets and send a cable. The agent of the steamship company, Mr. Wang, a fine-looking Chinese, swung about from time to time in his office chair as with business-like efficiency he signed bills of lading, made out tickets, and directed his assistant, while all the time chatting in excellent American about his life in Hartford, Connecticut. "The happiest days of my life as yet," he said. "Oh! We had to use our fists, we Chinese boys. We learned to box. Then they pulled our tails, you know, and we thrashed them. Often that happened, and I have had black eyes, two of them, yes."

Mr. Malloy, the courteous customs officer, dropped in to say that a cup of tea was ready for Captain Spink and me. "But, really, I must beg to be excused," I cried, glancing at my ragged rig and bare feet in sandals. Not at all, it would not do for me to disappoint Mrs. Malloy who was awaiting us.



Still protesting, the "distinguished explorer who had been lost for months in the remote interior of China and had survived all hardships and dangers," was presented to Mrs. Malloy at an afternoon reception to the British colony. She probably will not soon forget the shock; nor will I.

Mrs. Malloy is Irish, stout and hearty. Her ample figure was clothed in silk, a tan-colored silk that matched her slightly graying hair but had a Persian pattern, and she wore a large cameo brooch over a deep ravine. I was rather overwhelmed, but I put on my best Chinese manner (the one I used to impress high-ranking mandarins) and the introductions passed off without obvious embarrassment. Then followed tea, which I drank without formality, and having recovered my English manners I soon bowed myself out on the honest plea that there was much to do to help my associates close up our business and get aboard the *Tung Ting*.

Thus ends our trip through friendly China.

We sail from Shanghai on the 20th of June for Japan, Hawaii, and home.

The last hand grip in China was Li San's. I have parted with a staunch friend. I owe to him the success of the expedition, if not my life, and what is more, a sincere respect for Chinese principles.

P.S. Only after twenty-five years could I look up my staunch comrade, Li San, in Tientsin. He took me to his home. There on a shelf in the corner stood the image that represented his ancestors and beside it stood my photograph.

"I say my prayers to you every day, Mr. Wei, sir," said Li San.





















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